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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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# See who's at the door!

By  
MARY CARRUTHERS

How many times a day do you answer the doorbell or send your maid to see who is at the door?

No one else but a housewife thinks it exaggeration when a woman says: "There've been so many rings at the door I haven't been able to get any work done."

THE bell-ringers seem to time their arrival for the moment when the copper boils over, or you're in the middle of a telephone conversation, or your little pet falls down the stairs.

They turn your front doorstep into a shop counter.

They want to sell you anything from a block of camphor to a vacuum cleaner.

There's the well-spoken young man selling brushes—all types from a toothbrush to a special brush for the venetian blinds—who is only making a service call but will be glad to book your order which will be accompanied by

a free sample, and adds tentatively Mrs. So-and-So next door has ordered £5 worth of new brushes and brooms.

Then there's the itinerant photographer, more prevalent in outlying districts than the cities. He wants to enlarge your family portraits into egg-shaped crea-

tions bulging in the middle and colored in lifelike tints.

Some of them you dislike because they are so obviously down on their luck that they make you conscious of your hard heart if you buy nothing.

Others bear their troubles and battered suitcase so bravely that it's a pleasure to offer them a cup of tea.

Often you'll find you've several unwanted purchases on your hands at the end of the day because some



TRAVELLING salesmen and hawkers turn your front doorstep into a shop counter.



... a husky, sunburnt man from the country.

bright young salesman was shrewd enough to find out your name from your letter-box outside your block of flats and address you personally.

Another successful doorstep salesman is the gallant old gentleman who offers you a pot of home-made jam made by his "good lady."

And sometimes a husky, sunburnt man from the country calls to sell flowers or vegetables, which gives the housewife quite a flutter of excitement in an otherwise dull day.

The church paper may be delivered by a parish worker who fixes you with a piercing eye which seems to know just how long it is since you last went to church.

She leaves you in such a weakened condition that when the next bell-ringing introduces an insurance salesman you'll probably take out policies for everything and everybody in the house.

Some vacuum cleaner salesmen have a particularly shrewd and diabolical brand of sales talk.

"As a matter of fact, madam, the lady next door asked me would I please sell you a new vacuum, as your old one is so noisy."

Books may bring you a quiet half hour with your afternoon tea, but they also bring a lot of bell-rings.

A rather aesthetic young man with longish hair conveys to you that without So-and-So's set of the classics your household can have no pretensions to culture. And think of the irreparable gap in your children's education if you don't buy Somebody-else's encyclopedia of knowledge.

The terms are most liberal, he suggests gently, while the potatoes boil dry.

AFTER exchanging with the tradespeople views on the war, the races, the government and the weather, the last straw falls on your doorstep when the department store delivery man arrives a day too early with your new frock and you haven't enough money in the house to pay for it.

But there's a different story on the other side of the door.

Travelling salesmen say the manners of some housewives just don't

exist. There's a high percentage of door slammers and "suspicious sniffers," and a large number of women who order goods and change their minds when the salesman plods back again next week.

The delivery man has a large assortment of crosses to bear. One is the woman who makes C.O.D. purchases and changes her mind. When he calls she wants the goods sent back to the store.

This seems to be a particular habit among women who live in the top-floor flats of liftless buildings. Then there's the "storm tactics" wife who orders some purchase and breaks the news to her husband while the delivery man waits on the doorstep acting as unofficial referee in a domestic argument.

Another cross is the impulsive female who has a new hat sent home, disappears for some time to try it on, then comes to the door to tell the delivery man it must go back because it doesn't match her frock after all.

The worst pest is the "address-conscious" woman who lives on the outskirts of a "social" district.

She gives the store the right street name but the wrong suburb, and the delivery man drives round and round the district. Then she abuses him when her parcel is delivered later than the hour she stipulated.

In country districts and the outback the housewife rarely has to see who's at the door.

Children act as unofficial towncriers.

The itinerant vendor receives a welcome worthy of the Pied Piper from the children of the settlement or the homestead, so the housewife cannot and would not want to "play out."

In spite of high-powered cars in which travellers bring miniature dress displays, the shabby covered wagon driven by an old Afghan hawker is still a familiar, welcome sight along the rough earth roads of the far outback.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



MR. JAMES CROMWELL  
"Allies must win."

MR. JAMES CROMWELL, husband of heiress Doris Duke Cromwell, who, as U.S. Minister to Canada, created a stir by his recent speech when he said: "Germany considers peoples of conquered countries slaves. The lives of the democracies depend on the Allies winning the war."

He was rebuked by U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull, but the "New York Times" said the speech "accorded with the overwhelming belief of the American people."



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL  
Chief of W.A.T.S.

H.R.H. the Princess Royal, Countess of Harewood, like all the Royal family, takes an active part in Britain's war effort. Her promotion from Controller to Chief Controller of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service was recently gazetted.

Extremely popular, she is pictured here in Girl Guides' uniform.



—Keith Bainford.

LIEUT.-COL. H. CAREW NOTT  
Localising foreign bodies.

SENIOR radiologist with the 2nd Australian General Hospital in South Australia. Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Nott.

"X-ray is invaluable to our troops. It is almost as essential in localising foreign bodies as in determining the presence and position of fractures," he says.

## Pears Tonic Action is so refreshing

Stimulating as a brisk country walk . . . Pears' tonic action! A wash with Pears and your skin is radiant . . . smooth . . . ready for the perfect make-up. No soap is so mild and mellow . . . so transparently pure.

### ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is sure to wear thin. The softer, mottled, jelly soap is the bottom in a new cake and becomes part of it.



A. & F. PEARS LIMITED

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# Knew airman son was in danger



FLYING-OFFICER CLISBY (standing) with members of his family. Photograph was taken before he went to Point Cook.

## She prayed while her boy fought German planes

Australia's ace airman, Flying-Officer Leslie Clisby—who recently shot down three Nazi planes in France—and his mother, Mrs. A. E. Clisby, of Walkerville, South Australia, span the 16,000 miles that separate them with telepathy. The strong bond of mental understanding between them is almost uncanny.

"It sometimes frightens other members of the family," says Mrs. Clisby, "but neither Leslie nor I am ever upset by it. Ever since he was a child we have found ourselves doing the same things simultaneously. When separated we have written to each other on the same subjects on the same day and very often at the same hour."

"I ALWAYS know when anything important is happening to him . . . and then I pray. I spent nearly all one week praying for him. Just why, I didn't know."

"Then on the Saturday night news came through that he had taken part in a fierce air battle on the Western Front and brought down two Nazi planes—making three to his credit in all."

Mrs. Clisby can offer no explanation for the curious presentiments she has when her son is in danger.

She simply accepts them without question and immediately begins to pray for him.

## Parachute leap

HER prayers have always been answered.

Perhaps never more so than the afternoon he made a sensational parachute leap to safety, when he was a member of the R.A.A.F. at Point Cook, Victoria.

On this particular afternoon, Mrs. Clisby suddenly became ill for no apparent reason.

Her teeth chattered and she felt very feverish. Members of the family thought she had taken a chill and wanted to rush for the doctor. She dissuaded them, saying, "I am all right, but I know something is happening to Leslie."

And so she prayed hard and long. That night, feeling quite recovered, she received news that the plane her son had been piloting had crashed near Werribee, Victoria . . . but he had landed safely by parachute.

"He is just a boy, and we are very, very proud of him," was Mrs. Clisby's answer when asked how it felt to be the mother of a great air ace.

Talking of her son's dogfight with Nazi planes which he brought down, Mrs. Clisby said:

"My heart goes out to the mothers of the pilots in the planes that were brought down . . . Then, quietly and deliberately, she continued . . . 'But we are at war now, and I feel as Leslie does . . . I have adopted the motto of his squadron, 'First in Everything.'"



LESLIE CLISBY, aged five. He played with aeroplanes.

The Clisbys live in a picturesque climbing-rose covered bungalow. Mr. Clisby has a poultry farm.

Their eldest son, Max, who is 27, is married and lives at Geelong. At home with Mr. and Mrs. Clisby now are Mary, who is nearly 19, and Fay, 22.

They are exceptionally pretty girls and brimming with natural charm. Both have jobs in city offices. They admitted being almost too excited to work when news came through that Leslie had brought down two more enemy planes, including a new-type Messerschmitt.

Leslie was never interested in poultry farming. Even as a little boy, fluffy yellow chickens never meant anything to him . . . he just wanted to watch aeroplanes. He spent nearly every Saturday and Sunday afternoon at Paradise aerodrome . . . just looking on.

He determined to make aeroplanes himself one day. So when he left

## Mother's amazing gift of telepathy



ON SERVICE: A picture of Flying-Officer Clisby after he had brought down three Nazi planes.

Nailsworth Junior Technical School he went to the School of Mines. Then came realisation of his ambition. He became an engineer air-craftsman at Laverton.

Next, he was offered a cadetship at Point Cook. Calm and ever resourceful, with an abundance of steady nerve, he is a born pilot.

Three years ago he was sent to England for further training with the Royal Air Force.

There his good looks won him the title of "David Niven of the R.A.F."

His quiet, unassuming manner, droll sense of humor, and delightfully easy charm gained him friends among some of England's oldest titled families.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are two of his best-liked friends. The Duke of Richmond frequently put racing tickets at his disposal . . . he has had long and interesting conversations with Augustus John, the famous artist.

## At the chateau

BEFORE the war his letters home were filled with news of meeting and being entertained by people whose names are known all over the world.

This letter is typical of his interest in people:

"At 5 o'clock Hilby and I had tea with Madame—we are billeted at her chateau. It consisted of cake, scones and champagne. She showed us a photograph of her wedding, M. Lebrun, President of France, acted as her guardian and gave her away at her wedding . . ."

"While he was at Point Cook," said Mrs. Clisby, "he fell in love with strikingly vivacious brunette Lorna Croker, of Middle Brighton, Victoria—his music teacher's young niece."

From England he sent a wonderful three-stoned diamond engagement ring for Christmas, 1938.

They were planning to fix the wedding date when war broke out, so plans are still vague.

"She is terribly proud of Leslie," said Mrs. Clisby, and cabled him congratulations when he brought down the German plane.



MRS. CLISBY gets a letter from her son with the R.A.F. in France.



CHATEAU where Flying-Officer Clisby was billeted with the Royal Air Force "Somewhere in France."

**It isn't daily use that ruins the look of a hand-basin . . . IT'S HARSH CLEANING!**

Washing your hands in it never yet made a hand-basin look old! It's harsh cleaning that does all the damage. When you scour with a harsh, gritty cleanser you scratch and break up the delicate surface of the porcelain. No wonder the lustre is lost and cleaning becomes harder. To protect the gleaming surface give it smooth-cleaning with Vim's soap-coated grains. You clean and polish with Vim.



**VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!**

284-37



# Norway's women will help Allied soldiers...



NORWEGIAN GIRLS who live near Oslo. Now war has come to their country they are working as motor drivers and guides.

## Trained as map-readers, transport drivers, guides

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE,  
Our Special Representative in England

The Allied forces in Norway are finding Norway's women organised and trained to help in repelling the invaders of their country.

In country centres outside Narvik and Bergen the women of Norway are forming a second line of defence to help the Allies. In Oslo great work is being done.

The Crown Princess Marthe is greatly interested in the work of Norwegian women and is doing her own part in winning the war against Germany.

WITH King Haakon a refugee from German aggression the Royal Family of Norway has felt the impact of war severely. Princess Marthe is trained in nursing and first aid, and her ladies-in-waiting are all competent Lottas.

Although Norway and Sweden have had peace for over a hundred years, the example of happenings in Finland roused the women of both countries to prepare for the worst.

When Lotta Svärd organised Finland's women twenty-one years ago, the women of the

neighboring countries also organised, but until recently they confined their activities to social work.

The Finnish invasion, however, showed that Lottas could do invaluable work for their country if trained along Finnish lines.

Some of the Norwegian Lottas went to Finland to work there, and on their return set to work with such a will that within a few months all members of the Lottas had been taught shooting, map-reading, signalling, and look-out work as well as all departments of A.R.P. duties.

Other invaluable work the women do is to visit isolated farms and tell the inhabitants the true story of Hitler's grab in Norway. They advise the women on first aid, tell them how to recognise English and French soldiers, and explain billeting methods and the preparation of food should they be called upon to quarter soldiers at the farm.

So fast did women and young girls absorb the tuition that Colonel Uggla, thrice Swedish Olympic pole-jump champion, initiator of the morning broadcast exercises and foremost sports organiser in Sweden, declares that Lottas now form one of the most efficient women's organisations in the world.

Madame Colban, wife of the Norwegian Minister in London, who has been back in Norway only a few weeks, said: "Although we have been at peace for so long, I found Lottas magnificently trained."

### Defend themselves

"THEY'VE devoted every spare minute to work ever since Finland was invaded."

The basic principle of the Lottas' training isn't to teach them to fight, but to teach them to defend themselves.

Last year an organisation called "Orienteering," which might be roughly translated as "pathfinding," started to give ex-servicemen refresher courses in ski-ing, riding, shooting, cross-country running, and map-reading.

This caught on so widely that it spread to the schools, and the Lottas, seeing it as ideal for their training, also joined in.

The Norwegian Lottas are so efficient that when organised collections to aid Finland were made, they raised a fund equal to ten shillings per head for every man, woman and child in the country.

With the example of Finland ever before them, Norwegian Lottas have spent the last few months rifle-shooting in the forests and mountains, while they have become so proficient in map-reading that



CROWN PRINCESS MARTHE of Norway and her two children. She is trained in the work of the Lottas, Norway's women's army.

### Our Cover

THIS week our fashion artist, Petrov, has designed a colorful cover of autumn fashions using actual fabrics. The entire design is cleverly worked in the latest overseas tweeds and woollens, featuring interesting new weaves and rich colors.

Its fashion theme is that of Schiaparelli's sensational success—a military-inspired coat, superlatively tailored, with slim silhouette broken by huge knapsack pockets.

almost every young girl in the country can find her way across trackless country.

Norwegians in London stress the fact that Lottas have not organised for military parades, saluting, and marching on the "Hitler Maidens" pattern, as they are much too busy getting down to real work.

### Trim uniform

NOW with their country invaded, they are confident that Norway's Lottas will give a good account of themselves, just as did Finland's famous women's corps.

Their grey flannel uniform of shirt-top and tailored skirt, grey felt hat, with red armband denoting particular corps, are already familiar in almost every town and village in Norway.

Undoubtedly these women and girls will render invaluable aid to the British Expeditionary Force as guides through the country, canteen workers, cooks, motor transport drivers, and look-outs.

Lottas of Norway are already in the field behind Norwegian troops, while women of London's Norwegian colony are besieging recruiting offices wanting to return to Norway to take up the same work.

Norwegian women in England have telephoned or written to the Consulate offering their services in any capacity to help their country. One woman in the country has already organised a knitting and comforts group.

A group of Norwegians at a family dinner in London pledged themselves to do everything possible to assist their countrymen and the Allied forces.

See pictures of Oslo on Page 37

## Confidentially- I LIKE THIS WAY OF TREATING COLDS

It makes me feel so warm and comfy... it chases the misery in my nose and throat and chest... it lets me breathe easily so I can sleep like a top and wake up feeling fit as a fiddle again. That's why I like it.



**NO RISKY "DOSING".** You simply rub Vicks VapoRub on throat and chest and back at bedtime. No risk of upsetting a delicate little stomach as internal "dosing" so often does. And Vicks VapoRub brings quicker relief because it fights the cold direct in the air-passages.



**WORKS IN TWO WAYS.** VapoRub's medicinal vapours, released by the body warmth, are breathed in direct to the air-passages of nose, throat, and chest, right where the cold is. At the same time it acts direct through the skin like a warming poultice.



**RELIEF BEGINS AT ONCE.** VapoRub's double action quickly soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, eases coughing, breaks up congestion, makes breathing easy—and it goes on working for hours while the child sleeps in comfort. Next morning, the worst of the cold is over.

Proved best by mothers  
in 71 countries

**VICKS  
VAPORUB**

Over 26 million jars  
used yearly



# Proposal of Marriage

Complete Short Story

By...

MARGARET  
LANGMAID

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W. DAVIES



Hugh and Lynn faced the intruder in utter confusion.

**M**ONDAY morning. A new typist was being shown the ropes by Lynn Cardew, no less a person than the secretary to Hugh Braddock himself.

"I know what it feels like. I was new four years ago," Lynn said. Four years ago she was seventeen and coitish and naïve, with her thick fair hair hanging long and tucked behind her ears like a school-girl's. And now she was sleeker than silk. She held down the best woman's job on the staff.

"You can take a deep breath," she said. "He won't be here till ten to ten. Then get ready to jump to it. Not that you must be on edge. He doesn't like people on edge. He likes them all calm and steady and efficient. He'll keep you waiting a minute or so before each letter, while he turns it over in his mind. Then he'll shoot the whole thing straight off at you. He never halts or fumbles for a word. In four years I've never known him fumble once."

"Do you like working for him?" the new typist stammered. "Do you like him?" Lynn paused before she answered. Did she like him? Like him? Pretty pale, colorless words, those. Why, to hate he was a super-man. No, he was more than that. He was an idol on a pedestal, a god on Olympus. She never thought of him as an ordinary man at all.

"Yes, I like working for him," she said. "He's so absorbed in his job, he's got me absorbed in it, too. When he took over from his father, four years ago—that's when I was taken on—this firm didn't amount to anything, and now look at it! Talk about drive and energy! He's got a brain like—like some mar-

vellous dynamic sort of machine that never slips up. And efficiency down to the smallest detail. You can't help admiring a man like that, can you?"

At ten to ten a lift gate crashed to, out in the corridor, and the door of the general office opened. Hugh Braddock stroled through, with a pleasant but brief "Good morning" to the room as a whole. Hooley, the office boy, came to take his hat. Hugh nodded at him.

"Thanks. Just one moment, Hooley. I noticed on Saturday that that middle button was missing from the right cuff of your coat. It's still missing to-day. Have it sewn on by to-morrow, will you?"

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry, sir." Hugh nodded again and walked through to his room. Lynn stood by his desk, stiffly, rather like a soldier at attention. All his correspondence was arranged in a neat pile.

**"G**OOD morning—Miss Cardew." He made the faintest pause before her name.

"Good morning, Mr. Braddock. Your list of appointments for the day."

"Thank you." He took the list from her and sat down on the edge of the desk. That brought his face on a level with hers. His eyes jerked up suddenly to look at her again. Then he lowered them to the sheet in his hand.

"Looks as if I've got a full morning."

"Yes, very full, Mr. Braddock. I've just arranged for you to get your correspondence finished before the first appointment. I've kept back the letters I can deal with myself."

"You'll be pretty busy, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, Mr. Braddock, but I like being busy."

"I wanted to fit in the time to

talk to you, as soon as it could be arranged. About a very private matter. Let me see—eleven-fifteen. No, that fool Cummings will still be here. Twelve—twelve-fifteen—There seems to be every single minute booked."

"Couldn't you tell me what it is now, Mr. Braddock?"

He kept his eyes fixed on the appointments sheet. "No, I shall want more than five minutes, and we'd be liable to be interrupted at that." He paused. "In any case, do you happen to have an engagement for lunch?"

Lynn felt a thrill of surprise, like a kind of electric shock. He had never asked her that before.

"No—I haven't, Mr. Braddock."

"Then would you please lunch with me?"

Lynn had to swallow before she could get anything out. "I'd—like to, thank you."

"Thank you. I'll book a table for one o'clock." He glanced at the list again. "Yes, we'll say one o'clock." And he made a brief note on the sheet.

Lynn sat opposite him at the lunch table, her hands clasped in her lap. In response to a courteous inquiry she had told him that she would prefer him to do the choosing from the menu and the wine-list, and he had gone ahead with it, with his usual smooth efficiency. She was wondering what he had to say. He was pausing as he did when he dictated a letter, turning the thing over in his mind. Then, quietly and without fumbling, he came out with it.

Lynn sat with her cool pose quite gone, her eyes fixed on him in utter amazement, her thoughts in a complete whirl. Hugh Braddock was asking her to marry him. The only sign he gave of any disturbance in his mind was the fact that his right

hand had closed itself round the edge of the table and his eyes were fixed on the cloth.

"We've worked very well together," he said. "I'm only voicing my own opinion, of course, but I think we'd get on very well in our private life, too."

Abruptly he raised his eyes. She had never looked as straight into them as this before.

"Your name's Lynn, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind if I call you by it?"

"No."

"Naturally. I wouldn't be saying this, Lynn, if I hadn't grown to care for you very much. It's only just lately that I've realised how much you were on my mind. It came to me in a kind of flash. You see, working beside you day after day like this, I didn't quite understand at first what was happening to me. I hope I'm not startling you too badly?"

Lynn managed to shake her head a little, but she couldn't find any words just then.

"It would have been better if I could have broken the thing more gradually, perhaps. Paved the way, as it were. But in a fortnight I'm taking a holiday, and you know as well as I do, Lynn, that I can't fit it in at any other time. So I thought that if you agreed, we could take that holiday together. A honeymoon—"

"In a fortnight—" repeated Lynn dazedly.

"It's not long, I know. That was why, as soon as I realised what was on my mind, I spoke at once."

There was a brief silence. He had put his case, reasonably and efficiently, and now he waited, the expression on his face carefully restrained.

Lynn sat waiting for the whirling to steady itself, so that she could think. She felt seventeen again, all her sophistication gone. She felt desperately shy, and the beating of her heart seemed to fill her whole body. Asking her to marry him—

She heard his voice again finally.

"Aren't you going to give me some kind of answer, Lynn?"

She broke into speech with a little gasp.

"Oh, yes— Yes, of course— Yes, Hugh, I—I'll marry you."

**T**HE lunch-time was over. They were back at the office, back in his room.

From force of habit she waited for him to speak first. He did:

"I haven't kissed you yet, Lynn."

He stretched out a hand and drew her near. She knew her own hand was trembling in his. She lifted her face and shut her eyes. Sophisticated or no, Lynn had never been kissed before. And then, in a rather shorter time than she had expected, it was all over, and she stood by the desk again, still trembling a little, still desperately shy, avoiding his eyes.

At last he said:

"Lynn, I want to ask you a favor. Would you stay on, right until the time comes? I'm going to find it enough of a job as it is replacing you. You're my right hand, you know."

"Yes, of course I'll stay on," she told him. "The full two weeks."

"Thank you. And, meanwhile, there's no reason why the rest of the office shouldn't know about it, is there? I'll have them all in and make a general announcement. Let me see, say four o'clock—"

"You have an appointment with

Mr. Meredith at three-thirty," Lynn told him. "You wouldn't be through that in half an hour. And at four-thirty you begin signing your letters."

"Say four-fifteen, then. Would you be good enough to make a note of that?"

Tuesday morning.

Different from any other morning that had ever been before. Waiting for ten to ten, with her heart racing like a fire engine all the time. Hardly able to hear the clang of the lift, because of the drumming in her ears. And then the door opened and in he came. Lynn wasn't standing to attention at his desk. She was fiddling with things on it, shifting them here and there, her head bent, her cheeks very pink. He drew her round to face him, but his greeting had to be brief, and he kept the tail of one eye on the door. People were apt to shoot in and out, these first few minutes after his arrival. He released her, and as she began shyly fiddling with his papers again, he spoke.

"The list for the day, Lynn—have you got it?"

She scrambled it up from the desk, and handed it over.

"I want to fit in a quarter of an hour or say twenty minutes, perhaps— Ah, here we are." His eye was skimming down the appointments sheet. "Eleven-forty. I must phone the jewellers, to send someone along with some rings. I want you to choose one, Lynn."

"Oh, thank you," she stammered after a moment. Then she added mechanically: "Eleven-forty. I'll make a note of it."

Please turn to Page 26





Illustrated by KILGOUR

Not noticing Noreen standing in the doorway, Ferrier took Sarah's letters and tore them in halves.

# REACH for the STARS

Ambition sweeps Sarah on in her career, but her heart cries to her to turn back.

Continuing our romantic serial

By ...

MARY HOWARD

## THE STORY SO FAR:

**D**ETERMINED to make her name as an actress, lovely, nineteen-year-old SARAH HURST, the only child of SIR BENJAMIN and LADY HURST, refuses HUGH ASHTON'S offer of marriage, and runs away from Normanhurst, her country home, with LEON FERRIER, a leading London producer, who wants to star her in a new play he is about to produce. On the way to London, Ferrier's car is bogged in a snowstorm, and they are forced to shelter for some days at the home of DOMINIC STEEL, a young farmer. He proves to be a most attractive and unusual young man, but although he and Sarah fall in love, Sarah lets Ferrier persuade her to go on to London, pretending to Dominic that she is going back home.

In London Ferrier takes Sarah to stay with NOREEN MANET, a brilliant young actress and leading lady of his company, and he is surprised when Noreen, hearing of their adventure, tells him that she knew Dominic very well three years before. Sarah, however, deliberately thrusts all thought of Dominic from her mind, even though her courage is strained to breaking point in the first anxious weeks of rehearsing.

Then one evening, when Ferrier is visiting her at Noreen's flat, and her self-confidence has been restored by trying on her costumes for the play, three letters are brought to her, bearing Dominic's handwriting, and readdressed from her home.

## Now read on:

Three plain white envelopes . . . Miss Sarah Hurst . . . Normanhurst, and what inside? Perhaps "I love you . . ." perhaps, or, perhaps, "I'll wait for you . . ." But even if he would wait, and the thought of Dominic with his splendid arrogance waiting was absurd . . . it was no use.

She looked up at Leon, childlike, lovely, uncertain.

"What shall I do?"

He picked up the three letters and tore them across and threw them into the small paper basket near Noreen's bureau.

"There—that's finished. Completely. You belong to me now—"

Faint echo of remembered ecstasy. "We belong to each other now." She closed her eyes and tried to shut out that picture of snow and sunshine and piercing beauty.

There was a slight sound at the door. They had both been too absorbed to notice Noreen standing there. Now she came forward in a dramatic dress of violet velvet, watching them with her wide, dark eyes. Ferrier nodded abrupt approval and turned to Sarah.

"Don't bother about your other dresses," he said. "There's plenty of time . . . I'll see them in the morning when I see the others at the theatre. Stick on a hat, and we'll go to a movie."

Sarah agreed eagerly. They went to see a new film at a big West End cinema, and afterwards on to a club

to dance. It was well after midnight before she returned to Noreen's flat.

She turned on the light and went slowly into her room. She felt gay, and a little light-headed, for Ferrier had insisted on her breaking her rule of taking some champagne to drink "to the future." It was absurd of her to dread leaving the lights and music and being alone.

The bed was turned back, and her chiffon wisp of a nightdress laid ready by Noreen's efficient maid. She had only to undress, slip into bed, and be fast asleep . . . safe from her memories. She took off her coat and hat and put them away, and turned to the dressing-table. There, the envelopes laid neatly half-to-half, were the three letters from Dominic.

**S**ARAH started, almost as though she thought someone was in the room with her. Who had put them there? Noreen? But why, why, why? Noreen didn't know Dominic, or about Sarah and Dominic . . . unless she had heard Ferrier speaking to her. Unless she had guessed the letters Leon had torn were important to Sarah? Sarah gave up . . . she was too tired, too emotionally exhausted to care. She only knew, miraculously, the letters were here.

She sat down at the dressing-table, picked up the two halves of the nearest letter, put them together, and read it . . . Leon was

not here to bully promises out of her now.

"Oh, so white. Oh so sweet . . . but we'll have to write in something about your golden hair, and your wide serious eyes . . . that's how I'm thinking of you, day and night." She put her hands over her eyes. Dominic . . . hard lips against her mouth, eyes that challenged an existence for either of them away from each other.

She took up the next letter. He was puzzled . . . why hadn't she written? Were her people being difficult? He was comfortably off, and could rake up some quite creditable ancestors, if that was what they wanted? The last letter, incredulous, but stubbornly faithful . . . simply not believing that the magic ecstasy that had flashed to life between them on the snowy, sunny hilltop could be meaningless. "One more chance, my darling . . . if I get no letter to-morrow, I'm coming to fetch you."

And so he had gone to Normanhurst, and found she had not returned there, that she had lied their love into obscurity . . . that she had been frightened of the depth and intensity of the passion that had swept them together, and she had run away . . . that she had had no intention of seeing him again.

She put her fair head down on the letter wearily . . . her temples were throbbing. The evening of gaiety, of putting him out of her life and crowding it with the present was utterly defeated. The tears

slid slowly down on to the torn paper. Alone, like this, was she always to find heartbreak and defeat?

Sarah woke next morning with a bad headache. She shivered. No more champagne for her. In spite of Ferrier's persuasive arguments she knew what was good for her—and late night champagne parties certainly were not. She had a cold shower, dressed and went in to breakfast.

Noreen was up, smart and charming in her elegant black suit, and her sharp eyes noted the shadows under Sarah's usually clear eyes.

"Hangover?" she said sternly. "I'd stay in o' nights until the show opens, if I were you."

"I'm all right," Sarah said shortly—she poured herself out some coffee—her healthy unspoiled appetite had deserted her this morning. "Leon insisted on champagne last night . . . said it would cheer me up." The lugubrious wrinking of her small nose was expressive. "Leon always has a good excuse for another drink."

A shadow crossed Noreen's face. She didn't like this new touch of hardness about the girl . . . it was not like Sarah. But with a man like Ferrier it was so easy to become hard . . . one developed a tough defensive shell like a tortoise, until one saw through his schemes, and then one didn't care.

Please turn to Page 46



A clever man and a lovely woman cross swords in this dramatic short story of the British Secret Service.

**C**OUNTER espionage is forty per cent. routine and sixty per cent. inspiration," Sir Walter was fond of saying.

Tall, thin, pale, with gaunt cheekbones and deep-set blue eyes, Sir Walter Blacket looked as if he might die at any moment. Actually he possessed the constitution of a fighting bull. He needed it, for in the latter half of 1939 the guarding of official secrets was of greater importance to the safety of the British Empire than it had been for twenty-one years. The agents of Germany, Italy, and Japan were active everywhere. Information concerning the preparations of the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry was constantly being transmitted to the countries interested, and Sir Walter had plenty on his mind.

A number of effective arrests had been made; but there were not enough. Sir Walter knew too well that the words of Colonel Nicolai, the head of the German Secret Service, still applied. Colonel Nicolai wrote:

"This number of spies captured represented but a small fraction of those actually at work, and the spies captured included only the smaller, less dangerous, elements. The big spies knew how to avoid the counter-espionage police."

Sir Walter had read and re-read this passage and always shook his head: he knew well enough that the big spies were getting past him. Then one day the break he wanted came. A letter was intercepted, addressed to the manager of a firm in



Lucilla watched idly, as Sir Walter picked up her scent spray and squeezed the bulb.

# Inspiration

By . . . ARTHUR MILLS

Holland which was known to the British authorities to be a clearing-house for agents in England, but which the Germans did not know we had discovered. The letter stated that the writer had bought a small house with a garden in Sussex and would be glad to receive a catalogue and order form of the firm's spring bulbs.

It was the signature of the writer of this letter that caused Sir Walter to jump out of his chair. The person who required the bulb catalogue and order form was Mrs. George Tracy, a lovely creature of Spanish-American extraction, who mixed far too much for an alien with people in high positions.

After the letter had been tested for invisible ink and examined by the cipher experts, Sir Walter allowed it to be sent to the firm in Holland. In due course the catalogue and order form asked for came back. It was at this point that Sir Walter believed he had got his woman.

He waited until Mrs. Tracy had filled in her order form, intercepted the letter in the post, and called in the cipher department once again. They reported that the order for 200 Darwin tulips (scarlet); 3 doz assorted anemones; 100 early double-flowering tulips (yellow); the special advertised collection of 500 assorted spring bulbs, appeared to be genuine.

Sir Walter fumed. Banging his hand on the order form he said: "This firm is known as a clearing station for enemy agents."

"And they also sell bulbs," said the head of the cipher bureau.

"Yes, they sell bulbs," Sir Walter admitted.

The head of the cipher bureau shrugged: "We can't do anything; it is a perfectly straight order."

"But this woman!" exclaimed Sir Walter. "I've been checking up on

her; she goes to every party in London; she is the pet of a high army officer; she hears things; I've proof of it. She—" Sir Walter stopped abruptly.

"But this order form does not prove she is sending information to Germany," said the cipher expert. Sir Walter shook his head. "I'll send it round to Professor Rock today. If his report is negative, I'm sunk."

"Yes, you are," the cipher expert agreed. The document duly went round to Professor Rock, with an invitation to dine at Sir Walter's house that evening.

The professor arrived at eight. Dinner was served in the small oak room, scene of many special meetings between Sir Walter and his staff. When the butler had put the port on the table and closed the door, Sir Walter began his business.

"**A**NY luck?" he asked the professor, who had a face like a bookmaker and began to smoke before he tasted his port. Professor Rock shook his head.

"Do you think it is a genuine order for bulbs?" Sir Walter asked, turning his head to avoid the cloud of cigarette smoke the professor blew across the table.

"It may be; on the other hand they may be one up on us again."

"How do you mean?" Sir Walter asked, observing with distaste the professor's nicotine-stained fingers.

"Well, I applied all the known tests, but I could not bring any secret writing to the surface. That does not mean there is no hidden writing there. They are very clever with their inks."

"The Germans?"

Professor Rock nodded. "They

have some very good chemists over there, and those chemists realised long ago that a country that possesses a secret ink, for which the reagent is only known to the recipient of the letter, can carry on espionage with impunity."

"Quite so," said Sir Walter. "Has such a situation ever existed? Have another glass of port?"

"Thanks." Professor Rock helped himself and lit another cigarette. "Yes, it existed for quite a time. You probably remember the phase when spies were being picked up because their socks or a tie had been found to be impregnated with secret ink?"

Sir Walter nodded.

"It was a clumsy device; they thought out something much better than that."

Sir Walter leaned forward. His companion was one of the greatest analytical chemists in Europe.

"They used pure water," said Professor Rock.

"Pure water?"

"Yes; the spy had only to go into his hotel bedroom, fill a tooth glass from the tap, take a piece of note-paper—it must not be glazed—dip an ordinary ball-pointed pen in the water and write what he had to say. Over the message he wrote an ordinary letter crosswise in ink."

"Would not heat have developed

Illustrated by WEP

the water marks?" Sir Walter asked.

"Not if the message was lightly written. Nothing would bring it out; nothing, that is, that we could discover. Of course, we did not at that time know they were using pure water; in fact, I don't think water was generally used. It is not always reliable. But I do know that in addition to water they were using an ink very similar for which we could not discover the reagent. It was a serious position."

"I should imagine so," Sir Walter agreed.

"The German Secret Service was able to correspond with its agents at will," Professor Rock took a gulp of port. "But not indefinitely. Our people found that an iodine vapor bath would bring out a mes-

sage written in pure water, or any other liquid; the iodine sank into the disturbed tissues of the paper, making the writing visible even to the naked eye. That discovery cost several spies their lives. But the Germans beat us once again. They next devised a paper that would not reveal secret writing when passed through an iodine vapor bath." The professor emptied his glass. "We were able to counteract that; so the game went on."

The professor took an envelope from his pocket and drew out a sheet of ruled paper covered with handwriting. "That order form has been subjected to every known test. What do the cipher people say?"

"Their report is negative; they say that it is what it purports to be—an order for bulbs. I am convinced it contains a secret message, and if the ink could be developed we would have one of their best agents like that." Sir Walter closed his hand. "Is there nothing you can do?"

The famous chemist flicked the ash from his cigarette. "If the woman is using secret ink she must have a supply of it somewhere," he said. "If we could obtain a sample of the ink, I could analyse it and discover the reagent. It would then be possible to develop any secret writing."

"I see," Sir Walter said thoughtfully. When his guest had gone he drew a chair up to the fire and sat gazing at the reddened underside of a log. Presently he took out the order form addressed to the Dutch bulb firm:

300 Darwin tulips (scarlet)  
3 doz assorted anemones  
100 early double-flowering tulips (yellow)

1 special collection assorted spring bulbs.

The order was signed "Lucilla Tracy."

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# Gentleman Julius

A Complete Short Story

By . . . SINBAD

A SOFT breeze blew down the beach, making the palms clack, half-a-dozen native craft swung lazily at anchor in the harbor. The native part of Ternate was deeply at peace. There were noise and terrific heat inside Kyung-Ito's thatched palace of pleasure that had bloomed since the successful piracy of a steamer or two in the Banda and Celebes Seas.

Ternate, without being in any way sympathetic to the revival, found itself harboring queer characters, whose only point of contact was evil, whose only place of gathering was Kyung-Ito's.

Kyung-Ito was fat, lazy-lidded, seemingly indolent; but his toughest customers tried their hands on him only once. He had been a champion wrestler, and, for all his fat, retained his sinews, and an unholy cold-bloodedness.

Three gangs, strangers to one another, made night hideous within the low, rambling shack. They had all arrived during the day in a junk, a ketch, and an old brig from three different directions. Their first meeting only resulted in their fore-gathering, and drinking in fellowship. Liquor had separated them into their rightful groups.

A big Russian, who had tried to knife Kyung-Ito about noon, lay under six inches of sand down the beach, badly injured. There had been a pause in fighting talk after that, but it was beginning again.

Kyung-Ito started his orchestra—three native fiddlers. And he brought out from his private apartments a dancing girl whose first appearance cut short the uproar.

Kyung-Ito hissed, and the girl whirled out upon the floor, a mad-cap.

In a dim corner, beside a bamboo table, sat a man who belonged to none of the gangs. He had drifted ashore alone in a ship's boat, starved, parched, ragged. So far as he knew, he was the sole survivor of the steamer Rotana, abandoned sinking in Banda Sea. He had suffered during the drifting; but he had a money belt about his body with a few gold coins, and anybody could buy food and drink of Kyung-Ito if he had money.

GEOFFREY BINGHAM was full fed and glowing with just enough liquor to have wiped out the memories of his ordeal. He had listened to tell talk all afternoon, hoping to hear some word of sanity which would indicate perhaps a way out for him, a castaway. Some of the talk had made him uneasy.

He had decided to slip out and find some soft, sandy spot for a bed, when Kyung-Ito sent his dancing girl whirling across the floor.

Like magic the floor space was widened; men drew back and gazed upon Myrna dancing. To them she was just a dancing-girl—more lovely than most, perhaps. Bingham, however, rising from his seat, saw a white girl who, in spite of her assumed gaiety, danced there unwillingly.

Bingham saw beyond Kyung-Ito's hissed command—he saw outraged decency, innocence made wise, stark terror not quite driven desperate, but right on the line. Moreover, she was a white girl—really white.

There had been much talk of a new, terribly efficient white pirate making history on the islands. None here had actually met Gentleman Julius, but all knew of him. Mostly, they spoke of him in awed tones.

Illustrated by  
WYNNE W. DAVIES

But a gorilla-like Swede had got tired of hearing the praises of this unknown sun above his own blatant boasting. Any pirate who wore gloves, carried a cane, and dressed to match promised to be easy victims for a he-man. So the Swede had been proclaiming, when the dancing-girl flashed across the murk of the place.

Bingham stole from the corner and waited outside at a rear window until the girl finished her dance, and, panting, tried to go back to her room. He contrived to utter a word that reached her astonished ear above the hubbub.

"Carry on! I'll get you out of here. Trust me!"

He slipped away into the darkness. He knew that she had caught his drift—that she wanted to believe him—that hope flamed anew in her eyes.

Bingham had no clear-cut idea how to make good his boast. Just before the girl was thrust forward to dance the hubbub had centred around a stranded derelict somewhere down east of Ombi. At first there seemed to be no connection between this wreck and the Rotana, for the steamer had been abandoned sinking in the Banda Sea, and that reef east of Ombi was far distant from her. But some of the conversation sounded clear enough; especially a remark to the effect that Gentleman Julius was on his way to loot the steamer, and was coming to Ternate to pick up a gang.

That the Rotana had found her way through reefs and shoals past islands, from the Banda Sea to a reef east of Ombi was no queerer than a thousand other happenings in those mazy archipelagos.

Bingham would have liked to cut

in on the looting of his old ship, but that seemed wide of possibility at present. He had a real fancy for that white dancing girl, a frenzy to haul her out from among that gang and give her a chance.

He wandered round the shack. Voices came up from beachward, and he sank into the shadow of a sea grape while two men dragged up a boat and made their thirsty way to the bar. They grumbled as they blundered up the dark path.

"Think I'd stay aboard while all hands is shakin' a leg in here!"

"Let the brig watch herself, says I."

"What's to harm her, anyhow? Ain't everybody ashore out of every craft here?" the other men chimed in.

"It's a silly job, anyhow, waiting for this here Gentleman Julius. Why don't we go after the steamer ourselves, an'—"

The cane screen fell behind them, and Bingham heard no more. But he had heard enough to give him an inspiration. A quick glance at the ashless window showed him the girl dancing again. He also saw Kyung-Ito ward off the Swede's attempt to grab the girl from the floor. For a while she would be safe, simply because her master would it so.

Bingham ran to the brig's boat and dragged it to the water. The

Myrna sat beside Bingham, gay and carefree, apparently enjoying the adventure.

tide was full. In ten minutes he was alongside. Bingham was a sailorman from the toes up. That he had been third mate of the Rotana was nothing against him. That had been a job offering him a chance to get home for the first time in ten years. That the steamer had suddenly developed a leak which defied steam pumps was a chance of the sea. That something had stopped the leak before she foundered was but another miracle of the wide waters.

Bingham was a sailor of sail when it came to a question of ready wit, resourcefulness, quick decision. He sensed that the brig was deserted. He slipped aft and into the saloon like a ghost.

There he struck a match from his waterproof case and lit a lamp. An he made a swift survey of the cabin he could still hear the noise ashore. But he rummaged with an expert eye, and in fifteen minutes he found the very last item in the outfit that he lacked, and put it on. Then he stepped out on deck with an experimental swagger.

He sculled to the beach, and hauled the boat up.

Before going up to Kyung-Ito's he closely examined a thicket of canes until he found one having a natural crook. He cut that and rubbed it in the sand, then polished

it between two leaves of a sea grape.

Two minutes later there stepped upon the floor of Kyung-Ito's a dapper, newly shaved, white-duck clad stranger, wearing no headgear save his own curly hair, but sporting a natty cane and wearing white gloves.

"Haw, haw, das muss' be Yentleman Yulius his own self!" bawled the boastful Swede. The dancing girl was terrified.

At the Swede's table sprawled four hulking drunks. All hands even the girl, stared at the clean-looking stripling who entered so coolly.

"Step up and drink. I'm payin'!" said Bingham sharply. His eyes flashed around the suffocating den. "That means you, too, Squarehead!"

The shack was silent for the first time that day. The girl peered at the newcomer as if eager to recognise him. Bingham tried to send her one little eye flicker, but could not be sure that he succeeded; for the Swede suddenly lurched to his feet, facing Bingham. Kyung-Ito slid around the bar. The girl went to the only untenanted spot there was, beside the seaward opening.

"Ay can take Yentleman Yulius apart und—"

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# FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 27, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



## **New York Model**

• Photographed in natural color for The Australian Women's Weekly, Molyneux's superbly sophisticated new dance frock in real purple velvet. The low-cut neckline and long, moulded bodice contrast with the tiered skirt, highlighted with two huge roses. With it a knuckle-length kolinsky cape.



# Off to the WINTER SPORTS



• SHE WATCHES POLO in a teddy bear swagger coat of beige camel hair with snug hood and deep inset pockets. With it primrose flannel slacks and knitted sweater.



• SHE CYCLES in Allen Solly's suit of pale blue tweed with knee-covering shorts, man-tailored jacket, and jersey turban to match. Royal-blue hand-knitted stockings and sweater. (Left.)

• SHE HIKES in a wind-breaking camel-hair jacket with pixie hood and soldier pockets. The waist is accented with a negligent navy-blue cord to match the trimly-tailored skirt. (Top left.)

• SHE GOLFS in a superbly tailored cream wool jacket and culottes of brown-and-cream shepherd's plaid. A cashmere jumper of corn-yellow adds a cheery splash of color. (Above.)



## Suggestions for the cocktail hour



• Agnes makes this cleverly draped and snooded pillbox in brilliant Legion-red jersey.



• Slim jacket of black corded silk, with yoke and pockets accented with silver-embroidered crescents.



• Very Victorian black felt pillbox with open crown and huge snood of coarse chenille-dotted mesh.



• Lilly Dache, creator of the draped turban, designed this exotic, swathed model of olive-green jersey.

• Striking color contrast in silk jersey. The bodice and draped front panel in beige-pink, the back and high surplice neck in brilliant bluish-purple.

Individual, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and overseas fashion photos. Price from 3/6.

## The Modern Miss



### takes Beecham's Pills



Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

Worth a Guinea a Box

Petrov.



## All's well with the Breast-fed Baby



THE most valuable service a mother can render her baby is to ensure that he will be fed from the breast. Upon this may well depend his future health and happiness.

Maternal milk is the one perfect food for baby. It is naturally constituted to suit his delicate digestion and to provide every nutritive element required to ensure healthy growth and development.

Doctors and Nurses know the remarkable value of 'Ovaltine' to expectant and nursing mothers. Taken regularly before and after baby comes, 'Ovaltine' not only promotes a rich and ample supply of breast-milk but it maintains the mother's strength and vitality.

Prices: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-  
All Chemists and Stores.

# 'OVALTINE'

Enables Mothers to Breast-feed their Babies

A. WANDER LTD., 1 YORK STREET NORTH, SYDNEY.

03-18-40.

## Woman's Hands became softer and whiter during the Night!

"Just look at my hands now," said Mrs. Macalpine of St. Kilda Road, St. Kilda. "Aren't they lovely! And to think I used to be ashamed of them! I tried all sorts of hand lotions, and everything was too sticky—felt awful. Then my chemist recommended Pond's Hand Lotion and it was marvellous! Not the slightest bit sticky, so I decided to leave it on all night, and look at my hands now!"

**Every Day You Take the Beauty out of your Hands!**  
Washing up, housework, being out in the sun and wind—these are just the things that every day rob your hands of their natural beauty. No wonder they need daily protection! Keep your hands smooth, soft, white—use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's Hand Lotion will give

your hands new loveliness—a softer and whiter beauty than ever. And here's another thing. Pond's Hand Lotion is rich and concentrated. You actually need less of this creamy hand lotion. See how inexpensive it is!

### Do this Every Night for Soft, White Hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll be thrilled to see how white and soft your hands become. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- at all stores and chemists and 2/9 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.



## For your wee daughter

• Dainty pyjama suit in pastel flannelette or winceyette ready for making up.

THIS attractive night-time garment for the small girl is obtainable from our Needlework Department in white, cream, or mauve flannelette, or in pale blue, pale pink, or yellow winceyette.

The pattern for cutting out the garment and also the embroidery design are traced on the garment all ready for you to make up and then embroider.

To do the embroidery use either stem-stitch or satin-stitch.

Prices are:—  
Sizes 1 to 2 years, 4/3 each; 2 to 4 years, 4/9 each, postage free.

Paper pattern for making up the design in your own material is also obtainable from our Needlework Department, price 1/-. No transfer is available.

### NEEDLEWORK notions



B. 1827



A. 1827

A1827—Little girl's pyjama suit traced for cutting out and embroidering on colored flannelette or winceyette.

## For your young son, too

• Pyjama suit that will give plenty of wear, but is quick and easy to make up.

YOU can obtain this pyjama suit for the small boy from our Needlework Department in white, cream, mauve flannelette or in pale blue, pale pink, or yellow winceyette.

The pattern of the suit is traced on the material ready for cutting out and making up, so is the embroidery design.

The embroidery should be done in pastel shades in stem-stitch to harmonize with the material chosen.

Prices are:—  
Sizes 1 to 2 years, 4/3; 2 to 4 years, 4/9, postage free.

Paper pattern for those who want to make the design in their own material is 1/-. No transfer is available.

B1827—Little boy's pyjama suit traced for making up and embroidering on colored flannelette or winceyette.

## Lovely linens for the traymobile

THESE traymobile sets are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green Irish linen in slipper orchid, romulea or tiger-lily designs.

The sets include a traymobile cloth, size 14 by 25 inches; serviette 11 by 11 inches; tea-cosy 13 by 10 inches; d'oyley 8 inches across; and sandwich d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches.

Prices are:—  
Traymobile cloth, 4/6; serviette, 1/-; tea-cosy, 3/9; d'oyley, 1/-; sandwich d'oyley, 1/-; postage free.  
No. 1, Slipper Orchid Design. Work in buttonhole with centre of flowers in stem-stitch.

No. 2, Romulea. Work flowers in satin-stitch in mauves, P411 and P412, centres in gold, P442, and leaves in green, P497. Edges should be done in broader cotton to match color of linen.

No. 3, Tiger Lily. Work in natural colors of the flowers, deep orange, P687, and light orange, P804, and black for spots. Or use broader cottons in the same color as the linen. Do outside edges in buttonhole and flowers in satin-stitch.

Broder cottons are obtainable from our Needlework Department, price 3/6d. skein, and 2/6d. skein.



EXQUISITE traymobile set obtainable ready for working from our Needlework Department. For addresses, see pattern page.



## Instantly REDUCE your WAIST and HIPS

Keep your figure forever young. Reduce 2 inches in a week; 3 inches in 10 days. Wear a Figure Control Corset for a slender, graceful figure . . . to look slimmer, younger and smarter.



This beautiful corset will never let you down. It will give you straight, slender lines, thus enabling you to wear chic, youthfully-cut clothes immediately. Figure sag vanishes. Bulges are smoothed out—you actually REDUCE at waist, hips, and thighs. You look and feel younger and smarter.

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET gives natural, balanced support, slims your hips and waist, and flattens your abdomen with positive cross-over frontal control. Its gentle, almost imperceptible, massage-like action reduces your waistline and beautifies your figure with every move you make.

NOT MADE OF RUBBER. The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET is tailor-cut and tailor-made, to your own measurements, of beautifully figured corset fabric to reduce and control the figure in comfort and safety. NOT made of rubber; it is, therefore, positively odourless and hygienic.

## Sent on 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET, for 7 days at my expense, to prove, quickly and definitely, that it will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and lift to your abdomen, and, lovely, sin youthful grace and energy to your figure. Every Corset is NEW—direct from the workshops to the wearers. If not perfectly satisfied, return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Post the FREE coupon, NOW.



## POST THIS COUPON SEND NO MONEY

Miss Florence Brodshaw, FIGURE CONTROL CORSET CO., P.A. Building,

239-43 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY.

Without cost or obligation send me full particulars of the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and your 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Address

W118



# Fashion PATTERNS



## Special Concession Pattern

THREE pleated skirts and a tailored waist. Sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch bust, with 36, 38, and 40-inch hip.  
No. 1—Requires 1½yds., 54 ins. wide.  
No. 2—Requires 1½yds., 54ins. wide.  
No. 3—Requires 1½yds., 36ins. for skirt, and 1yd., 54 ins. for jacket.

## CONCESSION COUPON

Available for one month from date of issue. 1d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 2d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under:  
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Box 4029, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
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Tasmania: Box 165, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
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(N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)  
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.  
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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Pattern Coupon, 27/4/40

F1900.—Ensemble with slim frock and boxy jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds. for frock, and 1½yds. for jacket, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

F1901.—Swing-skirted frock, with pinafare bodice effect. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

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F1903.—Enchanting style for girls 8-14 years. Requires: 1½ to 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1904.—Flattering hat for autumn suits. 21 to 22½ins. head. Requires: ½yd., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. French canvas. Pattern, 1/6.

F1905.—New notion in petticoats, with blouse front for your suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/6.

F1906.—Evening gown with dramatic draperies. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds. and 2½yds. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

## Please Note

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



# Don't Delay



## A WORD OF WARNING

The increased cost of raw materials will take effect on our next consignment of machine heads. You are advised to order early, as these prices cannot last.

## AT THIS PRICE WHILST STOCKS LAST

There are still a few left at this price. Buy now and save 2's.

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deposit secures delivery. Balance in easy payments to suit your income.

## SPECIAL OFFER TO FIRST 15 PURCHASERS

- FREE Illustrated Dressmaking Course, usually given with higher-priced machines. Contains 299 lessons and 680 illustrations. A wonderful help to home dressmakers. Our expert dressmaker will give you personal assistance. Overcomes your problems. FREE Hollywood and Parisian patterns cut to your own personal measurements. Save while you sew by investing in a LIFETIME GUARANTEED Bebarfald Bureau Sewing Machine. A wide variety of cabinets to suit all tastes.

Before you decide to buy a Sewing Machine, read this

# Free Book!



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Please send me full particulars of your Bebarfald Bureau Sewing Machines, and a copy of your book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

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W.W.374

# "I never miss a morning"...

"I don't take chances where health is concerned... and I know what Schumann's does for my complexion. That's why I never miss a morning. I'm the fittest girl in the office... and Schumann's keeps me that way."

If you want a clear youthful skin and freedom from sickness, start each day with half a teaspoonful of Schumann's in a long glass of water. It will rid your system of insidious toxins... give you complete internal cleanliness; build up your energy; give you a new joy in life. But don't rely on mere "fizzy" drinks. Take the genuine Schumann's as soon as you are out of bed.

1/6 & 2/9 at all chemists & stores.

# SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS



## Inspiration

Continued from Page 7

A CHEQUE was enclosed. Every scrap of paper, including the envelope and cheque, had been tested. The document could be held back another twenty-four hours at most. Then it must be sent on through the post, otherwise the organisation would know their "letter box" in Holland had been discovered.

Sir Walter tried an elementary test himself. He put the document close to the fire, then held it up to the light. The only reaction was a slight smell of acet. There was nothing unusual in a woman's correspondence smelling of scent, but Sir Walter noticed it because it was a perfume he did not know. He had trained himself to recognise a great number of different scents, the faculty having often proved useful in dealing with women agents. He was a little surprised that Professor Rock had not drawn his attention to the fact that the order form smelled faintly of perfume. Then he remembered those nicotine-stained fingers; no heavy smoker had a keen sense of smell.

He sniffed the document once more; then sat back and closed his eyes. The perfume was talking to him, bringing back a picture. He could not get the scene in focus yet. Somewhere out East. Little white flowers tucked over the ear. Jasmine! No, this scent was not jasmine; he would have recognised it at once. But it made him think of it. The cabin of a sampan, perfumed with the smell of aprigs of jasmine worn by Chinese girls in their hair.

The scent on the document could be accounted for if Mrs. Tracy had used a spray on her hands just before writing out the order for bulbs. Sir Walter looked back into the fire. Forty per cent. routine, sixty per cent. inspiration! He picked up the telephone, gave an order over a private line, and sat back.

Half an hour later his telephone rang. He lifted the receiver, listened, said "Thank you," and hung up. Crossing to the fireplace he rang his bell.

"Bring me down a tail coat and a white tie," he told his man, "Wait a minute." He went to a writing table and wrote on a sheet of paper. "Half an hour after I have gone, you are to do this. Are you sure you understand?"

"Yes, Sir Walter."

"Make him comfortable; get him a cigar and whisky and soda and say you expect me back at any moment. But," Sir Walter looked his man hard in the eyes, "don't let him go."

"Very good, Sir Walter."

Having changed into tails, Sir Walter left the house. He stopped a taxi and told the man to take him to the Cafe de Paris. Arrived at the restaurant, he went up to the balcony and from there looked down at the supper parties in the room below. According to the information he had received, Mrs. Tracy should be in a party with a junior cabinet minister, another woman, and the

officer on the general staff with whom she was friendly at the moment.

Sir Walter soon located the table. He knew both the cabinet minister and the staff officer personally. Sitting well back in the balcony, he watched through the rails until the first phase of his plan was put into operation.

A page boy came up to Mrs. Tracy's table and spoke to the general staff officer. The staff officer got up, went into the lobby and entered the telephone box. Keeping well out of view, Sir Walter saw the staff officer return, speak to Mrs. Tracy and the others at the table, then leave the restaurant.

After waiting a few moments, Sir Walter got up and went down to the restaurant; he walked slowly between the tables as if looking out for a friend until he caught the eye of the junior cabinet minister at Mrs. Tracy's table.

"Hallo!" he said, looking up to the minister. "I'm going for the Marbys; have you seen them?"

"No, join us till they come," said the junior minister. "Tim Hunt has been here, he has just had to go; someone waiting to see him at his house or something."

Sir Walter nodded, he had thought of everything, even making sure how the message to Colonel Hunt was delivered.

The junior minister made introductions: "You know my wife... This is Mrs. George Tracy—Sir Walter Blacket."

Dark limpid eyes; an olive skin; vividly contrasting with fair hair; slender, rippling figure. The eyes were looking into his curiously. She must know, of course, exactly who he was.

Sir Walter took the empty chair. "May I be Colonel Hunt's deputy till he comes back?"

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Tracy, looking at Sir Walter's pallid, skull-like face.

Sir Walter was thinking: I hope she won't refuse to dance. He said: "Bad luck having your party broken up."

"They are all so busy now at the War Office, aren't they?" Mrs. Tracy answered.

Sir Walter held his head on one side, listening to the band. "My favorite tune; will you dance with me?"

"I'd love to," she pushed back her chair.

Out in the centre of the room he held her close to him. Just behind the ear; that was where they put it; he breathed gently through his nose, once, twice, three times.

The scent Mrs. Tracy was using was different from the scent on the bulb order, but the handwriting was hers. He said: "That is a most lovely scent you are using."

Her fingers closed lightly over his.

"Do you like it?"

"Yes—what is it?"

"A new one from Paris; they call it Cleopatra."

Please turn to Page 16

## What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1—"I tell you the Star of the South shall rise—in the lurid clouds of war." Those fine lines, so appropriate to Anzac Day, were written last century by the Australian poet

Henry Kendall—A. B. Paterson—Henry Lawson—Adam Lindsay Gordon—J. Brunton Stephens.

2—What does f.o.b. mean?

Fee or bounty—final office balance—free of ballast—free on board—full of beans.

3—No doubt about it, it IS pretty impossible just at present to keep up with European politics, boundaries, and what not, but at least, perhaps, you can pick from these the countries that have been under the same King as England:

Spain—Holland—Denmark—Greece—Poland.

4—You've heard of the game of badminton. It's played with

A mallet and ball on a lawn—marbles on a board—a shuttlecock over a net—cards and counters.

5—Another name for the humble garden mint is

Peppermint—spearmint—sage—antimony.

6—A robot is a mechanical man, and its name comes from—take it easy, now—

Latin—Greek—French—Czech—Chinese—Swedish.

7—Did that trick you? Well, watch this one, too. The horns of a rhinoceros are made of

Bone—hair—ivory—skin.

8—Just where is (or are) Niagara Falls, anyhow?

In America—in Canada—in both.

9—Suet, melted down, forms

Beeswax—tallow—petroleum jelly—just dripping.

10—Of course you know the picture, "The Laughing Cavalier." It was painted by

Van Dyck—Franz Hals—Rembrandt—Velasquez—Titian.

Answers on Page 16



FOR CAREFREE TEETH

Use CALVERT'S twice a day for sound, strong, sparkling teeth. Dentists use and recommend powder to keep teeth and mouth really clean.



There's a Lift TO LIFE on the GREAT BARRIER REEF Queensland

For information and bookings apply QUEENSLAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU 17 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY

## To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Earsal (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take one tablespoonful four times a day. This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.



# Disappearance of popular society girl

## Police search Australia for Lucy Brown Craig

All Australia has been stirred by the news of the mysterious disappearance of Lucy Brown Craig, daughter of a well-known Macquarie Street specialist.

On April 12, Miss Brown Craig left the B.M.A. Building, where she was engaged in secretarial work, at the usual hour—five o'clock.

HER plans were to proceed to her home in Edgecliff Road for dinner and go on to a theatre party, which included members of her family.

She did not reach home for dinner, and, as she was habitually punctual and kept her engagements faithfully, her family was disturbed.

However, they anticipated that something had detained her and she would join the party at the theatre later.

She did not do so and no word was received from her. Her parents and all her friends were firmly convinced that she would communicate with her people if she were able to do so.

Miss Brown Craig was extremely happy in her home life and had an exceptionally

wide circle of friends. Her father said that she was in excellent health and spirits, and had nothing on her mind.

The police search for her was extended to other States.

Miss Brown Craig is a pretty brunette, cultured, musical, with a winning and most amiable personality.

### Parents' request

HER parents, convinced that she was being held somewhere against her will, asked The Australian Women's Weekly to co-operate in the search for her by publishing this picture.

The circumstances of her disappearance provide the police with the most baffling mystery of its kind for years.



**Are you Embarrassed by a skin blemish—a shiny nose?**

THOUSANDS of women have discovered that a thin film of COVERSPOOT gives a beautiful matt appearance that stays fresh looking all day long. It also forms an invisible protection against sun and windburn.

As a blemish concealing cream, COVERSPOOT has no equal. Rubbed well in, it will conceal pimples, dark circles under eyes, and all blemishes of either permanent or temporary nature. Wonderful for arms, shoulders, back and legs to hide freckles and uneven sunburn.

You try it. It's a revelation! Four shades: Purple Size 1/6, Economy Jar 2/6 from chemists and stores or direct from Tasha Cosmetics Pty. Ltd., Box 4211XX, G.P.O. Sydney.

**Coverspot**

Safe—hygienic—cannot harm the finest skin.

Conceals all skin blemishes—ideal all-over make-up.

**£6'6"00** will buy the **HAYWIN** all-British VACUUM CLEANER

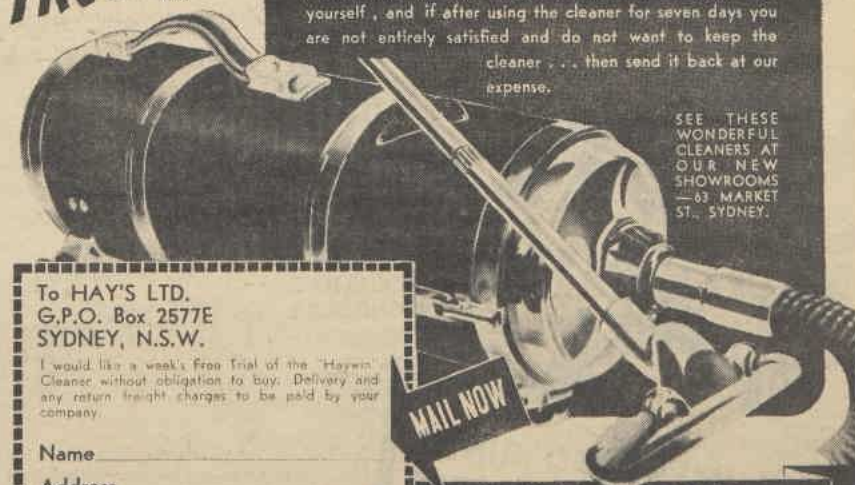
THE CLEANER WITH THE UNCONDITIONAL 12 MONTHS' GUARANTEE

Never before has there been such a vacuum cleaner . . . full-sized and full power . . . with all the necessary attachments to do a complete household cleaning job. Never before has such a vacuum cleaner been offered at such a price. With its low price there has been no sacrifice of quality, and a signed guarantee for 12 months is issued with every Haywin.

All we ask you to do is try it in your own home, entirely free, for one week. No salesmen will be present to emphasise points, to persuade, to urge. You judge the "Haywin" for yourself, and if after using the cleaner for seven days you are not entirely satisfied and do not want to keep the cleaner . . . then send it back at our expense.

SEE THESE WONDERFUL CLEANERS AT OUR NEW SHOWROOMS—63 MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

Try the **HAYWIN** in your own home for a whole week **FREE!** FILL IN AND FORWARD THE COUPON BELOW NOW!



To HAY'S LTD.  
G.P.O. Box 2577E  
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

I would like a week's Free Trial of the "Haywin" Cleaner without obligation to buy. Delivery and any return freight charges to be paid by your company.

Name

Address

MAIL NOW

HAY'S LTD. (INC. IN N.Z.),  
63 MARKET STREET, SYDNEY MA 2434

A.C. Adv. N.W.2

THIS attractive picture of Lucy Brown Craig was taken by The Australian Women's Weekly photographer at a dance she attended at Royal Sydney Golf Club.

## GLO-RUB stops a cold before it takes hold!



Just two simple things to do. One—inhale the medicated vapour given off when a teaspoonful of Glo-Rub is put in boiling water. Next—rub the chest and throat liberally with Glo-Rub at bedtime. For heavy colds that have already developed and for coughs and chest troubles, Glo-Rub is effective indeed when used in conjunction with any cough mixture—but when used with HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE the effect is positively amazing. Glo-Rub costs only 2/- a jar at all Chemists.

W.S. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC.



## PRE-WINTER PRICE OF BLANKETS and TOWELS BUY By the Bale and SAVE



POST FREE.

This Huge BLANKET and TOWEL BALE at Wholesale Price. DIRECT from the IMPORTERS.

2 Double Bed Cream Blankets, full 90" length. Soft, Thick and Warm, with whipped edges.

2 Extra Large, Coloured Jacquard Bath Towels. Will wash and wear well.

2 Large Jacquard Bath Towels, soft, absorbent and hard-wearing.

2 Heavyweight white Bath Towels, Coloured Borders. Unsurpassed for everyday service.

2 Interwoven Diamond Design Bath Towels. Strong and dependable. A good family towel.

FREE! FREE!

To the first 200 purchasers of this MAMMOTH Blanket and Towel Bale we will give absolutely FREE 1 large size Super Cloth in delightful texture and the very latest word in modern design.

This HUGE BLANKET and TOWEL BALE ONLY 30/- POST FREE.

Send Now! Send to-day! and receive your FREE GIFT.

Send Cheque, Money Orders or Postal Notes. A deposit must accompany all C.O.D. Orders. Exchange must be added to all Country and Interstate Cheques.

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BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies 7/6 (if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.)

## THEY danced on:

she was dancing close to him, letting her hair touch his face. All the time they danced Sir Walter's mind was working, trying to figure things out. This pretty creature knew well enough that he was head of the counter-espionage bureau; that she was trying to endear herself to him was consistent with this knowledge. Women agents always tried to lay up a store of sympathy for themselves with important people, which they hoped to be able to draw on if they got into trouble.

As the music ended, she snuggled against him, saying, "I enjoyed that."

"So did I," said Sir Walter, squeezing her hand.

"Is Colonel Hunt coming back?" he asked, when they returned to the table.

"He said he would if he could," Mrs. Tracy drank champagne. "But we have got you now," she smiled at Sir Walter.

The cabinet minister's wife pushed back her chair. "We really must go; come on, Tommy. Have you paid?"

Sir Walter put his hand in his pocket.

"No, this is my party." The cabinet minister beckoned up a waiter.

"I'll see that Mrs. Tracy gets home safely," Sir Walter promised.

When the taxi stopped outside Mrs. Tracy's flat, Sir Walter experienced a few anxious seconds.

Would she ask him in?

He got out and gave her his hand.

"You'll come in for a drink, won't you?" she said.

"That is very kind of you."

By the light of the street lamp he saw the glint of her varnished nails as she turned the latch-key. Inside the hall, painted ivory and gold, he took off his overcoat. Four doors led from the hall, one he supposed to the kitchen, one to her bedroom, the other to the sitting-room, and the bathroom at the end.

"Whisky?" she asked, when they were in the sitting-room.

"Thanks," Sir Walter said. He saw a decanter of whisky, a bottle of fruit

cordial, glasses, and a siphon on a silver tray.

"Help yourself," said Mrs. Tracy.

He poured out a measure of whisky then looked round. "Can I have plain water with it?"

"Of course. I'll have to get you some; it is in the kitchen. Do you mind it out of the tap?"

"Not a bit," he came with her to the door, stood in the corridor as she passed through to the kitchen, and the moment she was out of sight, stepped across the passage and opened the door opposite.

He found the switch as she came out of the kitchen.

"I was looking for the bathroom—just to wash my hands. What a pretty bedroom you have!" Sir Walter stood squarely in the doorway looking into the room.

She came up to him. "You like my room?"

"It is charming." He took a step forward. "May I look round? How is that lighting done?"

"It is let into the ceiling; these are my pets—are't they sweet?" She showed him a collection of china animals on the mantelpiece.

He picked up the animals one by one; a pig, a toad, a monkey, a dog; all the time he was edging nearer to the dressing-table. Face creams, jar of cosmetics, a big powder-bowl, a scent spray, silver-backed hair-brushes. His eyes swept over the collection. As for Lucilla Tracy—well, a man in her bedroom did not throw her into confusion. So much was clear. Whether she was quaking inwardly he could not tell. If she suspected why he was there she could not do anything. Her best chance was to stall him and hope that he would leave the house. That was how Sir Walter read the situation. Also he had to admit that her behaviour was consistent with a clear conscience.

He picked up the scent spray on her dressing-table, squeezed the mesh-covered bulb, and sniffed: "That is the scent you have got on now?"

## Inspiration

Continued from Page 14

She laughed gaily. "You ought to know."

Those dark eyes were watching him, weighing him up, trying to read what was in his mind. He could not make her out. Why didn't she try to get him out of her room?

He said: "You know it is a great treat for me to be allowed to see a lady's bedroom."

"I shouldn't have thought so."

"I'm an old bachelor." He picked up another bottle. "What have you got in this?"

"Let me see," she stepped forward, unhesitating, holding out her hand.

Before she could take the bottle Sir Walter unscrewed the top and put his nose to the bottle. It was the scent impregnated with jasmine that he had smelt upon the order for the bulbs!

"That is not the scent you are using now," he said, screwing the top back and putting the bottle on the dressing table.

"It is not so nice, is it?" Lucilla Tracy said. "Let's go in the other room."

She turned to pick up the tumbler of whisky and water which she had set down. As she did so Sir Walter snatched up the bottle of jasmine scent and dropped it in his pocket.

He remained chatting in the sitting-room for a quarter of an hour, then said he must leave.

"Come again," said Lucilla. "I like men with brains."

As he walked towards a taxi he thought: She will find out I have taken that bottle. I must act at once.

Professor Rock was brought down from his bed to receive his visitor. Sir Walter laid Mrs. Tracy's bottle of scent on the table. "You told me if I brought you a sample of Mrs. Tracy's secret ink you could analyse it and discover the reagent."

The professor unscrewed the stopper and smelled the contents. "Scent!" he exclaimed.

## The answer is—

- 1—Henry Lawson. (In "The Star of Australasia.")
- 2—Free on board.
- 3—Spain (Under Mary and Philip), Holland (William and Mary), Denmark (Canute).
- 4—A shuttlecock over a net.
- 5—Spearmin.
- 6—Czech.
- 7—Hair. (Tightly stuck together.)
- 8—In both.
- 9—Tallow.
- 10—Franz Hals.

Questions on Page 14.

"The same that is on this paper," Sir Walter held out the order form for the bulbs.

"Give me half an hour," said the professor.

Sir Walter returned to his house. He found Colonel Hunt waiting for him in the library.

"I say, I've been here ages," the staff officer began.

"Very sorry; I couldn't get back sooner; I've been taking care of a friend of yours, Mrs. Tracy."

"Lucilla! I left her at the Cafe de Paris; I was obliged to when I got your message."

"I know, I took her home."

"You!"

"Yes, nice bedroom she has got."

"The staff officer looked closely at Sir Walter's eyes to see if he had been drinking."

"And bewitching scent," said Sir Walter, "but, of course, I don't have to tell you that."

Colonel Hunt moved towards the door. "I'll talk to you when you are sober."

"Sit down. You will talk to me now. I want to ask some questions officially. How long have you known Mrs. Tracy?"

Sir Walter's changed tone reminded Colonel Hunt who he was. "About a year," he said.

"Since you have been at the Air Ministry, in fact?"

"Yes."

"You occasionally take your work home with you?"

"I have done."

"And you have also invited Mrs. Tracy to your flat?"

The colonel nodded.

"Thank you. Ah, there is the bell. I hope that is my friend Professor Rock. Help yourself to another drink." Sir Walter walked out into the hall.

He returned with Professor Rock who had forgotten to put on his tie. The professor was talking excitedly. "A discovery of paramount importance, Sir Walter," he waved the bottle of scent.

"She doesn't use that kind when she is out with you, Hunt," Sir Walter said amiably, as he saw Colonel Hunt staring at the bottle.

The professor turned to the bewildered staff officer. "Their new ink I've analysed it! I've found the reagent. Look!" He spread out the table the order for bulbs.

Some writing in a yellowish ink stood out on the paper crosswise. Sir Walter examined this writing. "So one hundred of our latest bombers are being despatched to Singapore on Monday, Colonel Hunt!"

The colonel's mouth opened, but he said nothing. Sir Walter crossed over to his telephone. Wretchedly Colonel Hunt watched his index finger dial the same number three times. Nine! Nine! Nine!

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Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and slightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment to-day.

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Now the NEW IMPROVED RINSO in the NEW BIG PACKET

SEE? NEW RINSO GETS WHITES SNOWY—DIRT SIMPLY FLIES!

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SEE? NEW RINSO GETS WHITES SNOWY—DIRT SIMPLY FLIES!



# Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• NO TIME TO STOP. Mrs. Archie Rankin, of Newcastle, works on her ninety-second table-mat set while Mrs. Telford Simpson admires some of the others. Mats for Canberra Government House Fair.



• A FINAL SMILE as Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hull leave St. Philip's for their wedding reception. Pretty bride was Nancy Russell.



• SYDNEY HOLIDAY for Bubbles Bell, of Brisbane, and Dick Dutton, of Adelaide, enjoying an evening at Prince's.



• DINNER AT PRINCE'S. Countess of Bective, in Sydney on shopping expedition for Canberra Fair, and Mr. Henry Charles Osborne, whose wife was hostess.

## All roads led...

"THERE'S not a room to be had in Canberra," Phil Parkinson, Lady Gowrie's private secretary, tells me as she snatches a moment from preparations for Government House Red Cross garden fair.

"Every hostess in Canberra has as many guests as she can manage, and G.H. no exception," she says.

Lady Gowrie's guest list: Countess of Bective, Mrs. Leon Lyons, Mrs. Hugh Poate, Miss Joan Darling (Melbourne), Miss Margaret Rankin (Newcastle), Mr. Peter Lubbock, Hon. Geoffrey Browne (London), Mr. Peter Dawson, Squadron-Leader F. J. Moir and Miss Ida Turner (Adelaide).

All M.P.'s and wives in Canberra for opening of Parliamentary session stay on for week-end festivities.

Transformation of Yarralumla grounds into vast fair starts two or three days before.

Maybe because it's to the seat of the Federal Government, but the State Government gets very generous and donates special train to bring up all the goods.

Never has the dignified A.C.T. seen such sights. Practically a world fair in miniature.

## Two a week...

EXCITEMENT in the Meagher clan.

Two weddings in a week. Madeleine (known as Minty), of Temora, pledged her troth to Dr. Max O'Halloran, at St. Bonaventure's, Leura, last week. Guest at that ceremony was cousin Joan, who chooses St. Mary's, Ridge Street, North Sydney, for Saturday's wedding. Bridegroom Harry Chisholm, great-grandson of pioneer Caroline Chisholm.

## Dance in haste...

ONLY ten days for Sancta Sophia students to prepare "informal" dance. Reason for haste is that they suddenly find that every other available date has been taken by some committee, college or school.

Giving my winter wraps their first airing for the year, arrive at Sancta to find 250 guests have been collected at the short notice. Beatrice McGillr, in black taffeta, skirt striped in powder-blue, efficient dance secretary. Finds time for organisation of college activities, between attending third year Law lectures and working on the Lord Mayor's Younger Set committee. Just now awaiting with slightly bated breath results of M.A. exam.

Others I nod to as they dance by are senior student Joan Fotheringham, Dr. Helen Macdonald, champion golfer Marie Crowe, about to graduate in science and going on with third-year medicine, Mitta Foy, Phyllis Shewcroft, Annette Playoust, Marie Droulers, Yvonne Parmentier and Marcelle Playoust, to represent French community.

## Professor's plea...

"I KNOW that you'll make allowances for me to-day," says Dr. Doug. Miller, with a twinkle in his eye—absentminded professor for the day. Students had just given him a riotous welcome in traditional recognition of the occasion, the birth of his son and heir.

Doug and Phil Mort were married in England last year. Phil and the baby are still in St. Vincent's. Name not yet disclosed.

## Baby—and music...

AFTERNOON tea with Yehudi Menuhin. "You're missing the really brilliant members of the trio," he says with a disarming smile. "My wife and baby are the magnets on this journey." Adoring father, he produces passport containing laughing picture of baby Zamira, beside a far less flattering one of himself. He doesn't seem to mind that.

I ask him origin of baby's name. His wife, he tells me, thought of all the attributes she would like her to have, and he looked them up in a Russian dictionary. So their choice came to Zamira, Peace.

Brilliant conversationalist, his talk turns to music and composers. Thinks Elgar the most balanced since Bach. "Wonderful," he says, "to meet a gentleman composer." But adds, "Surprising how many I have met, contrary to popular superstition" ... Has brought nothing new in the way of compositions to Australia but baby Zamira, he says.

## Frozen off...

SHIVERING in the biting westerly I make my way hardly to the Phillip Park open-air theatre, cheering myself with the thought, "Well, it's for the little ones." The Children's Library Movement, to be exact.

On arrival, however, discover performers—Polish-Australian ballet—not so brave. Early in the morning cancelled affair because too cold to dance in the open air. Organisers make valiant effort to reach hundreds of would-be audience. I, it seems, was one they missed out.

## No place like it...

FIND difficulty in holding telephone conversation with Marea Borthwick last week. Heavy hammering in background as accompaniment to her talk of plans for wedding with Henry Cayley, at St. Mary's.

"What's that?" I say. "It's only the carpenter," says Marea. Explains, between hammers, that she so much likes the flat in which she has been living for three and a half years that even marriage can't move her out. All last week it was being redecorated and refurnished, and after the honeymoon back she and Henry go to it.

Henry, by the way, is the only son of one of the most popular English naval men we've ever had out here—Rear-Admiral H. P. Cayley, now back in London. His son became such an Australian enthusiast that he made his home here permanently.

## Heard around town...

DR. AND MRS. DAN THOMPSON have moved into a new flat at Aston Gardens, vacating the Rupert Moses' Bellevue Hill flat.

Mrs. Niels Storaker in great demand at the C.U.S.A. hut on account of her prowess as a carver.

## And seen...

MRS. BENNETT BREMNER conducting her kindergarten school into their classroom at the R.M.Y.C., Rose Bay. Five small boys and one little girl.

Nancy Lipscomb, Joan Dickson, Gordon and Douglas Richards, Gilbert and Sullivan fans, keeping tryst at the Theatre Royal. Doug, just passed final Law exam, with honors.



• AHA! A KING, says Ruth Walker as she takes a trick at the Red Cross card party.



• VICE-REGAL VISITOR. Lady Wakehurst signs the book while Mrs. Arnold Johnson looks on at Active Service Comforts Fund depot.



• LAST WEEK'S BRIDE. Mrs. Philip Ashton (centre) lunching with Lorna Mac-Smith, just out of hospital, and her cousin and bridesmaid, Frances Balfour, of Melbourne.



• CATALOGUE IN HAND. Mrs. Gregory Roberts admires a picture at John Moore's exhibition for Finnish Relief and Red Cross.



# An Editorial

APRIL 27, 1940

## MASTERS OF THE SEA!



"SURELY Nelson must be chuckling in his grave," said a French newspaper commenting on the British Navy's successes in Norway.

The joke, of course, being the amazingly conceived plan of "Admiral" Hitler to take on the British Navy in an effort to seize and hold neutral Norway.

The wily Adolf dearly loves the smash-and-grab tactics of a Blitzkrieg, but the navy showed him something new in lightning wars.

In a few days Hitler had lost more than half of his navy; the British Fleet was pursuing and destroying the other half, and minefields had been laid from the Skagerrak to the borders of Lithuania in the Baltic.

With the flower of his fleet sunk and communication with his army in Norway cut off by sea, Hitler faced his first great reverse of the war.

Volumes of history will be written about the glorious exploits of the navy in Norway.

When the destroyer Hardy was sunk the sailors who survived threw arms and ammunition into the boats, reached the shores of Narvik, formed orderly lines and marched into Norway, an heroic expeditionary force of 50 against a German army.

That incident will live as long as history records the courage of man.

When the battleship Warspite steamed up the narrow fiords leading the force which destroyed seven German ships of war, even hardy experienced sailors were amazed at the daring strategy of the enterprise.

As one expert said: These men manoeuvre giant ships like a boy does a tiny canoe.

The whole campaign bristles with bravery, resource and initiative.

It is a glorious example of free men fighting for freedom.

—THE EDITOR.



# "No Man's Land"

By "THE SENTINEL"

## Nurses in gaiters

EACH one of the Victorian nurses and masseuses who have gone or are going abroad with the Second A.I.F. will be equipped with two pairs of specially designed gaiters for wear in the tropics as protection against mosquitoes.

When Dr. Featherston, leading light of the A.A.M.C. in the last war, told women of the Prahran (Vic.) Patriotic Society how nurses used to wrap hot, unwieldy puttees round their legs rather than face mosquito bites in 1914-1918, they immediately set about designing and making cool, comfortable gaiters of strong, light cotton material.

Matron Wilson and nurses of the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, tested them out and pronounced them effective.

## Two-piece socks

ACCORDING to old soldiers, much wool and labor were wasted in the last war by knitting a complete sock—because, while socks with holes in the heels and toes are hard on the feet, badly darned socks are just as crippling, and few foot-sloggers are darning experts.

Result, when the feet wore out they used perfectly good tops for grooming horses or for polishing.

It remained for an old soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Heath, who was in charge of the Australian General Hospital in Egypt during the last war, to suggest a possible solution—a two-piece sock.

He made the suggestion in Perth at a conference of the Red Cross recently, and described a sock in two sections—a short sock for the foot and a long top for the leg from the ankle up.

## Call him "Bean"

A CORPORAL in camp tells me that Saturday mornings always produce a rush for the electric irons in the recreation hut.

"When we go out at the week-end we like to have razor-edge creases in our strides, and our tunics smartly pressed," he says.

"But one of the boys has it on the rest of us. He has become friendly with a tailoress. Each week-end she spends about an hour on his suit with the iron and needle, and she turns him out like a fashion plate. We call him 'Bean,' now."

## Eight kinds of fish

AS warships are taking up most of the space on the North Sea, there's not so much room for the fishing fleets, and the Englishman is in danger of missing his breakfast herring.

Australian fishermen, however, have come to the rescue, and the English housewife can now buy eight new kinds of fish—barracouta, mullet, fresh-water cod, tunny shark, tunnar, flathead, snapper, and sea bream—all from Australia.

## Winnie the war winner



FIRE!

## Take some handling

THE Blue Cross branch of Our Dumb Friends' League has all the equipment in France for a large convalescent hospital where war-shattered horses and mules may be taken from the front line.

Handling war-nervy horses and mules will be no easy task, but the Animals Committee of the National Air Raids Precautions in England has some teasy problems to solve, too.

First rule on the list of "Do's" and "Don'ts" compiled for pet owners to observe is, "Attach metal identification tags to all pets."

An elderly woman immediately asked how to tag her pet—an eel named Sam. No. I haven't heard the answer.

## IN AND-OUT OF SOCIETY .... By WEP



# Island of peace in war zone

By SHEILA PHILLIPS, Wife of Commander G. C. Phillips, of H.M.S. Ursula

SARK—tiny Channel Island—lies untouched by the drama of war. While the fate of large islands in the seven seas hangs on the decisions of diplomats and the clash of arms, little Sark lies dreaming of her feudal record of peace under the British flag.

She is our smallest possession and in the centre of the war zone, yet gas-masks and air-raid precautions are unknown to her simple people.

Here in the peace of Australia, I remember the Old-World charm of Sark, with its quaint historic interest, that has drawn tourists from all countries.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sark was created a fief by the Queen herself, who presented it to Helier de Carteret, a resident of Jersey, at the rent of £40 sterling and 50 shillings a year on condition it was inhabited by forty British male subjects, the land in turn passing to their heirs.

The Dame of Sark, Mrs. Hathway, whose book, "The Maid of Sark," is so widely read in England, lives at the Seigneurie, which is built on the site of an old monastery on Sark.

She owns one of the most attractive and unusual gardens I have ever seen.

It is rustically lovely.

Although Mrs. Hathway actually owns the island in her own right, her husband is the recognised ruler and holds parliament three times a year. She accompanies him and assists him in every way.

I visited Sark determined to explore the garden of the Seigneurie.

As I entered a minute rustic gate leading off an overgrown country lane, I found myself inside an extensive walled garden where I wandered along numerous well-ordered pathways up and down stone steps, through tall arches and small hedge gates dividing each section of the garden.

## Protected from gales

IN each separate garden, great varieties of flowers, fruit and vegetables were growing in abundance well protected from the raging winter gales.

Part of the present walls once sheltered an ancient monastery garden, where hooded monks and not Sark gardeners tilled the land.

Indeed, I was extremely pleased to meet a gardener who spoke English as well as his own language, a French patois, and not a silent monk, as there are said to be ghosts who frequently walk the island and inhabit the gardens!

He was pruning and tying the branches of young peach and pear trees to a trellis running flat along the length of the wall. This enables the fruit to get the full benefit of the sun, and at the same time shelters it from the wind and storm.

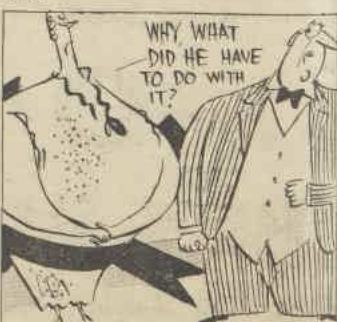
At the end of the pathway and through an iron gate, I entered the main garden with its smooth wide lawns partly surrounding the Seigneurie itself, and I was arrested by its simplicity and rural atmosphere.

Except for a modern thatched-roof summer-house built against the creeper-covered wall, one might have stepped into a seventeenth century scene.

I wandered slowly through the grounds, trusting that no infuriated housekeeper would emerge to warn me off, and destroy this peaceful Old-World setting.

Attached to the other side of the Seigneurie is a natural woodland completed by a fern gully, log bridge, and stream entirely in its natural state I believe since the Seigneurie was built.

It is still allowed to remain unmolested for as long as Sark is ruled by its present ruler, Mrs. Hathway, and her American-born husband.







L. W. Lower couldn't afford to keep bulls to feed bull-frogs—so he gave up being a grazier.

## FIGHTING GOLDFISH and their bathroom blitzkrieg

### King of liars sticks to the truth

What is regarded as the best lie of the season was reported in the newspapers last week.

A gentleman claims to have seen a large catfish leap out of a lake, wrap itself around a browsing sheep, strangle it, and then dive back into the lake, taking the sheep with it.

I DISAGREE with those sceptical people who think this is a lie. I've seen it happen myself dozens of times. In fact, it was something like that that made me give up being a grazier. I couldn't afford to breed sheep to feed catfish.

Bull-frogs were also a contributing cause of my ruin. A bull would go to the dam for a drink and the frogs would flash out with their hind legs, kick the bull in the face, stun him, and then drag him into

deep water. I suppose that's why they call them bull-frogs.

I harpooned one of these frogs once and dragged it ashore and the water-level in the dam went down three feet. Of course, I threw the frog back as I couldn't afford to lose all that dam water.

I even had to give up keeping goldfish. I think I made the mistake of feeding them on a too-monotonous diet.

The cat was sniffing around their bowl one day when they suddenly leapt out of the water and tore the cat to pieces.

By  
**L. W. LOWER**  
Australia's Foremost  
Humorist  
Illustrated by WEP

When I came home my wife told me about it and I went to have a look at the goldfish bowl. There was only one goldfish in it, and he was so bloated with cat that he couldn't turn around.

There was no sign of the other four goldfish. I found out where they were a few minutes later. Unable to jam themselves into the bowl they had gone into the bathroom, turned the tap on, and walked in the bath-tub. Unfortunately the soap had slipped into the bath, and they were blowing bubbles so big that when they burst the concussion broke the bathroom window and wrecked the bath-heater.

I hurriedly shut the door and sent for the police. A sergeant came along and shot the four of them, but not before he was severely mauled. He was later awarded the Police Medal, with bar.

It was a mistake giving him the bar, because from being an honest, teetotal policeman he became a thorough drunkard.

### Blame Jonah!

SPEAKING of the police: there was a remarkably intelligent police dog attached to the force which met with an untimely end.

An escaped prisoner's hide-out had been located, but when the police got to the house he had fled. However in his haste he had left one of his boots behind.

The dog was allowed to sniff this, and after casting around for a bit it set off into the bush with the police following.

After going about twelve miles, the dog paused, sniffed the air, and then proceeded to make a wide detour.

"He seems to be heading back the way we came," gasped the sergeant.

Sure enough, the dog, baying loudly, led the way back to the house, dashed through the door, dived under the bed, and came out with the boot he had been given to smell, and laid it at the sergeant's feet.

With a scream of rage the sergeant leapt on the dog and bit it in the neck. The unfortunate dog died shortly afterwards of blood-poisoning and tetanus.

I am always dubious about fish stories. I think Jonah rather spoilt the market, but I had a most uncomfortable experience while out fishing in a small boat last month.

I had been fishing for some hours with little success. Mostly small stuff of five or six pounds which, of course, I threw back.

I had only about a half-pint of my lunch left in the bottle, but I decided to try just once more.

You know how it is. Just when you decide to knock off and go home they start to bite.

I felt a sharp tug on the line; it felt like a large flathead to me and I paid out the line as fast as I could. When I had no more line left I braced my feet against a seat and the boat started to move off.

After about ten minutes I noticed that the flathead was heading towards the jetty near the boatshed. I thought that this was extremely lucky for me at the time, as it would

save me a lot of rowing, but of course I could not foresee what was to happen.

I was about ten feet away from the jetty when the fish started to swim round and round one of the piles at such speed that the wash it left behind nearly swamped the boat and caused me to be violently seasick. It then spat out the hook and made off to sea.

You'd think that would be enough, but when I climbed out of the boat onto the wharf part of the structure collapsed, smashing the boat and hurling me into the bay. It seems that the fish had wound the line so tightly around the pile that it had cut it right through.

It just shows you what strange things can happen.

I have told you all this because I never pays to sneer at a strange and extraordinary happening just because you didn't happen to be there at the time.

On a golf course once—but no, I will spare you that.

If there's a bigger and better liar than the average golfer it must be either Goebbels or Hitler. And neither plays golf.

Personally, I believe that the truth always pays.

There have been plenty of occasions when I have been tempted to tell an innocent lie on this page, but I feel that if I did I would have a guilty conscience for life.

I prefer to stay as I am, with no conscience whatever.



## How did she get that Attractive FIGURE

You, too, can have that attractive slim figure so much admired by the opposite sex. You, too, can look lovely and keep in radiant health, as she does, just by taking Bile Beans regularly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system and daily remove all food residue; thus improving your health and keeping your figure youthful and attractive.

Don't just envy others, but get that lovely slim figure and perfect health yourself with the aid of Bile Beans.

"I would like you to know how pleased I am with Bile Beans, which have removed all my surplus fat and reduced my hip measurement by four inches. They also keep me in splendid health and youthful in spirits and appearance."

Mrs. A. Farwell.

"I was worried about putting on weight. But since taking Bile Beans I have 'reduced' by thirty pounds. To all who want to regain a slim figure and without dieting—I say take Bile Beans nightly."—Mrs. M. E. Lowe.

# BILE BEANS

Make You Happy, Healthy & Slim

## DO YOU KNOW?

### KISSING FROG CURES TOOTHACHE!

MARCELLUS, FAMOUS ROMAN WRITER, GAVE THIS ADVICE TO ALL WHO SUFFERED FROM TOOTHACHE: "REPEAT THESE MAGIC WORDS THRICE, 'ARGIDUM, MARGIDUM, STURGIDUM', THEN KISS A FROG ON THE MOUTH SET HIM FREE, REQUESTING HIM TO CARRY AWAY YOUR TOOTHACHE. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR TEETH FREE FROM DECAY WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS, LEAVES TEETH SPARKLING."

### TEETH That Prove RIGHT TO THRONE!

WHEN THE KINGS OF AN AFRICAN TRIBE OF ANGOLA DIE, A TOOTH IS EXTRACTED FROM THEIR HEAD AND PLACED IN A BOX. THIS BOX CONTAINS TEETH SIMILARLY EXTRACTED FROM DEAD PREDECESSORS. ONLY THE MAN POSSESSING THIS BOX CAN SUCCEED TO THE THRONE!

### DEADLY BACTERIA Live in your MOUTH-- KILL THEM OR DENTAL DECAY STARTS!

YOUR MOUTH IS A BREEDING PLACE FOR BACTERIA. UNLESS YOU KILL THESE YOU GET "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND DENTAL DECAY FOLLOWS. KOLYNOS SWIRLS RIGHT UP BETWEEN THE GUMS IN YOUR TEETH -- KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS. KOLYNOS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN, SPARKLING WITH NEW LUSTRE. AND REMEMBER, KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY PASTE. ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLenty.

### KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 AND 2/3



## NEVER WITHOUT A PARTNER



### —thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

She may not be the most beautiful girl in the ballroom, but her lovely clear complexion, protected by Wright's Coal Tar Soap since the day she was born, makes her the centre for admiring eyes.

Wright's is the perfect soap for the skin and complexion. Deep-cleansing, yet gentle to sensitive skins, it removes every trace of dirt and dandruff from the pores; keeps the skin smooth, clear and radiant.

Wright's is the only soap to contain "Liquor Carbonis Detergens," the soothing antiseptic lotion, used and recommended by leading skin specialists.

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

**WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP**

W1-69

**T**HE Swede moved as he spoke; but Bingham moved faster. He had formed his plan, and there was nothing allowed for hesitation. He stepped nimbly aside as the man advanced, slid forward swiftly and his gloved fist hit the Swede once, on the chin. The Swede fell forward on his face, and lay without a quiver. Kyung-Ito's small black eyes glittered.

"Yumping Yimminy!" muttered the Swede's nearest crony in an awed voice.

"Gentleman Julius!" the murmur ran. Bingham daintily wiped off his gloves, stirred the Swede with his foot, and ordered quietly: "He's badly hurt; take him aboard his vessel. If anybody knows enough to help him, hop to it. He'll die otherwise."

Muttering, seven men picked up the Swede and bore him to the beach. Bingham watched them take him off to the ketch.

He managed a quick whisper to the girl. Then he swung around to Kyung-Ito. "Who owns that brig? I'll need her to freight some stuff. I'm Gentleman Julius. If you have any doubts about it, and I'm taking that brig down east of Ombi to-night, Kyung, I need stores. And how about that drink I ordered for all hands?"

Kyung-Ito had seen that terrible blow that struck the Swede's jaw. Even he could not have done better than this clean, dapper stranger, who, if he really were Gentleman Julius, might be worth cultivating. The girl slipped out while the proprietor produced liquor.

When everyone was either quarrelsome or sleepy, Bingham gathered the brig's crew, and curtly told the men belonging to the ketch and the junk that he wouldn't need

them. Then he strode through the door, the brig's men at his heels, grinning at the unwanted crews whose voices rose as he moved from their immediate vicinity.

Gentleman Julius seemed indifferent to muttering and to evil eyes alike. He brushed past Kyung-Ito, stood for a moment outside, calling the girl, and when she ran to him with a little cry of eager gratitude, he gripped her elbow and hurried her towards the beach.

Kyung-Ito came after him like a fat bear, chattering a stream of Oriental language, the gist of which might be guessed by his very intensity. The disgruntled discards from junk and ketch fell in behind Kyung and came roaring. Here was sport. This smooth Gentleman Julius was due for a scraping down, and bound to get it. Old Kyung-Ito was no clumsy Swede.

Kyung, reaching between Bingham and the girl, gripped the man in a vice-like clutch that fastened to flesh through coat and shirt. And Bingham knew he was helpless in that grip once he let it turn him. He spoke to the girl and she swiftly stepped aside. Then, before Kyung could step in to follow up his grip, Bingham swung around like a flash, his fists chugged upwards, and Kyung-Ito, the terror of brawling sailors, slumped to the earth and lay there like a dead man.

The girl ran to Bingham's arms, but she gave no glance at Kyung-Ito. The brig's men trooped after her rescuer in awed silence. The men of the ketch and the junk clustered around the fallen Kyung.

The brig stood seaward, and Bingham bade the girl follow him below. The brig's mate grinned and made

## Gentleman Julius

Continued from Page 8

some sailorese remark; the brig's skipper glanced respectfully at the back of Gentleman Julius and silenced his subordinate.

Bingham went on his way unconcerned and the girl followed him in complete trust. In the tiny saloon Bingham tried to get at the girl's history. But to most of his queries she returned evasive answers; to one concerning Kyung-Ito's treatment of her she answered decisively:

"I have been terrified by him. He has made me go out and dance, and talk to drunken men, and pretend to drink with them to make them buy more drink; but he never let me really drink, and he never let me suffer actual harm. He gave me my own room, and guarded it. But he let me suffer insult, indignity, humiliation, and his eyes watched me like two black devils. I was afraid of him, and I don't know even now what he had in store for me. I meant to run away again if you hadn't come."

"Again?" he asked. "Did you try running away before?"

"Not from here," she said, then bit her lip and refused to say any more. When he sensed the end of her willingness to talk, he laughed and touched her shoulder gently.

"Lend a hand to chuck out these things, and you can have this state-room," he said, entering the skipper's room. He examined the door, found the lock in order, and bundled the skipper's loose gear out on to the saloon table.

"**W**ELL shift the rest to-morrow, and have the room cleaned out," he said. "Lock your door; open it only to me, and only then if you want to. I'd bid you good-night if I knew your name. So long, anyhow."

"My name's Myrna. Good-night, Gentleman Julius, and thank you very much," she said quietly, and her eyes questioned him as she spoke his name.

The brig sailed well. By next noon she rounded Ombi and stood east. At dawn, a sharp-eyed Finn had seen two sails astern. When day came clear, there were the ketch and the junk, hanging to the brig's wake like sharks.

Gentleman Julius and Myrna walked the deck together.

"So, after all, Gentleman Julius is you," she said.

He was wondering over that innocent remark, or the manner of it, when he had to set a new course for the skipper.

**B**INGHAM took off his gloves and laid aside his coat as the morning grew. He had taken the second mate's room for his own. It was the second mate who gave trouble. It was the second mate whose white clothes Bingham had taken for his transformation into Gentleman Julius. Myrna saw him emerging from his little cabin, coatless and gloveless.

"Better keep your gloves on, Gentleman Julius," she called to him.

He did not, and when he reached the deck she was close behind him, as if unwilling to let him out of her reach. The brig's second mate, Lampke, eyed him from head to toe, and an ugly twist distorted the hard-creased face.

"Gentleman Julius, I seen a fellow yesterday afternoon in rags in Kyung-Ito's place, and he was the spittin' image o' you. Who's yer tailor?" Swiftly the second mate reached out a grimy hand, taking a pinch of the material of Bingham's trousers in his fingers.

Close at hand Bingham heard Myrna breathe urgently: "Strike! Knock him down, quickly!"

Lampke had never taken Bingham's Gentleman Julius claim as readily as the rest of the brig's crew had done. Prompt action was called for, and Gentleman Julius supplied it. He stepped forward, and sheer remembrance caused Lampke to back away in spite of his challenge. It was impossible to forget those terrible blows that had felled the Swede and Kyung-Ito.

The punch that landed on Lampke's chin scarcely brushed him; but in backing away he stumbled over the bucket rack, tripped, and fell backward. The decks rang with jeers, and his shipmates had no pity for him.

The little incident was closed, apparently. The skipper gave his second mate a raking down, and outwardly Lampke regarded Gentleman Julius with respect. But Myrna protested that Gentleman Julius should remain fully dressed, even to the gloves.

"You think if I look the part it's enough?" he grinned. "You don't think, perhaps, Gentleman Julius earned his reputation with more than togger?"

"Gentleman Julius earned his name with his fists!" she said fiercely. "He wore brass knuckles under his gloves. That's why the gloves. You had better do the same. If the Lampke fellow had not fallen on his head he wouldn't have been hurt a bit. As it is, he knows there's no poison in your bare fist."

Bingham stared whimsically at the girl.

Please turn to Page 22

# 3 steps to a lovelier figure

**one**  
The fitter measures your bust, your waist, your hips

**two**  
—then, by bringing these 3 measurements into line on the Berlei Type Indicator, she finds out what type of figure yours is

**three**  
—next, she fits you with a true-to-type Berlei designed for your figure. A foundation that fits not your size alone, but your individual shape. The Berlei true-to-type system gives every woman a made-to-measure corset at a ready-made price.

take years off your figure with a

## Berlei

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

The Foundation of Happiness!

## FEET KEPT HEALTHY WITH Zam-Buk

**Y**OU can't be happy in spirit unless your feet are happy too. Tired, aching feet make a burden of the day's work and take all the pleasure out of your shopping and recreation. But you can be sure of happy, healthy feet if you follow the Zam-Buk treatment. It's easy, yet so effective.

First bathe the feet in warm water at bedtime (and morning if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

### Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; soreness and blisters are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are made comfortable. Let Zam-Buk help you to get through your work and enjoy every moment of your pleasure.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All chemists and stores.

**Use ZAM-BUK Regularly**



"For removing soft corns, soreness and swelling, I found nothing so effective as soaking the feet in warm water and rubbing them with Zam-Buk." Mrs. J. Harding.

"For years I had tired feet. I could get very little relief. When I started with Zam-Buk the effect was magical, and I now walk or stand without the slightest pain or discomfort." Mrs. A. Coleman.



## MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"You make me nervous, Mopsy. Why don't you sit down?"  
 "I'm too tired, Mother. I've been skating all day!"

GLADYS PARKER

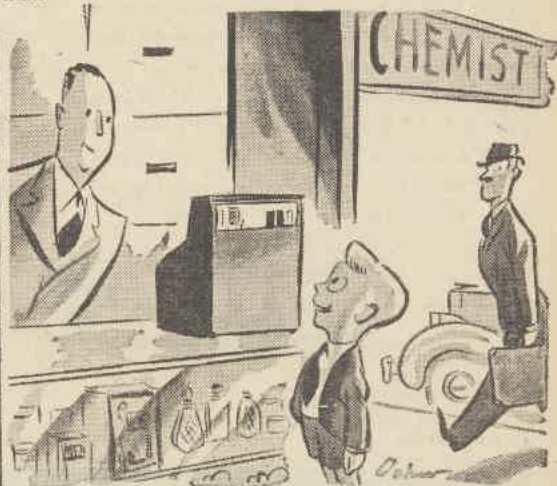
## Some NEW LAUGHS



"He left her at the altar."  
 "His courage deserted him?"  
 "No, it returned."



HAROLD: What will it cost to send a telegram?  
 TELEGRAPH CLERK: Where to?  
 HAROLD (sheepishly): Ruth.



TOMMY: Please give me another box of those pills I got yesterday for mother.  
 CHEMIST: Your mother has used them very quickly.  
 TOMMY: She didn't use them—they just fit my airgun.

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"I SUPPOSE you'll want me to give up my job when we are married?"  
 "How much do you earn?"  
 "Five pounds a week."  
 "That's not a job; that's a career. I would not want to interfere with your career, darling."

"WHAT plans are you making for your holiday?"  
 "No need to make any. My boss decides when, and my wife decides where."

HE took her hand and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days previously.  
 "Did your friends admire it?" he inquired tenderly.  
 "They did more than that," she replied: "They recognised it!"

"YOUR digestive system is out of gear," said the doctor. "Take the pills and, what's more important, sack your cook and get another. It's very simple."  
 "Simple, Doctor? Why, I'm married to her!"

GOLFER: I'm not playing the game I used to.  
 Caddy: What game was that, sir?

WIFE (seeking husband in camp): His name is Smith.  
 Sentry: There's a Smith in the mess. Would that be him?  
 Wife: That's him all right; he's always in some darned mess or other.



## WHITE Clothes

turn  
YELLOW



unless they have the last rinse in BLUE... White things that have gone greyish-yellow can only be restored to sparkling whiteness with a last rinse in Blue water on wash-days... Remember! There can be no pure white without Blue.

Reckitt's BLUE  
 Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!



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Take care of cuts and wounds! Sharp things like knives, scissors, tin openers, can cause poisonous wounds to you and your children. Bathe cuts and wounds with 'Dettol' Antiseptic. You can buy 'Dettol' everywhere, and Doctors and Hospitals use it. Always keep a bottle in your house to safeguard your family—use it for wounds, for bathing and personal hygiene. 'Dettol' is a powerful antiseptic (three times more powerful than Carbolic Acid) but it is non-poisonous and will not stain skin or clothing.



'DETTOL'  
 THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Reckitt's (Globe) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney





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Look at those deformed hands . . . fingers knotted and swollen . . . inflamed joints so racked with pain that every movement is torture.

That's just how badly rheumatism, if it is neglected, can cripple anyone.

Rheumatism is caused by weak kidneys failing to remove poisons and impurities from the system, especially uric acid which is deposited in the joints. Gradually the deposits of tiny razor-edged uric acid crystals grow until the joints become inflamed, stiff and enlarged—just like the rheumatic hands shown above. No wonder every movement is agony, when sharp uric acid crystals are tearing into tissue and bone.

De Witt's Pills, by restoring weak kidneys to healthy activity, tackle rheumatic troubles at their very root. With kidneys working normally uric acid is expelled from the system. The swelling disappears and joints become supple again. Your pain ends, because the cause has been removed.

In 24 hours after the first dose De Witt's Pills give you positive proof, from the changed colour of the urine, that they have reached your kidneys—the root of your rheumatic troubles. That is the first and most important step to end crippling rheumatism.

With pain ended, vigour and vitality will return. Then you will soon be feeling younger.

Start to get well NOW, take—

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### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be retained at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The

Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Prices: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

## Gentleman Julius

Continued from Page 20

"So you don't believe I'm Gentleman Julius?" he smiled. "Why?"

"I'll tell you later, perhaps."

Lampke was talking to some of the men in the waist. Coming up astern of the brig, the ketch and the junk gained fast. The junk was almost within hail.

Ombi was slipping by; the breeze was fresh and the sea sparkled like blue glass. A warm scent came from the land, and far ahead, a speck on the sea, lay a tiny dark object that all hands hoped was the wrecked steamer.

The brig drew near to the reef, and there was no doubt as to the identity of the steamer lying across it. It was the Rotana, and Bingham, who knew every rivet in her, keenly scrutinised her situation.

At first sight she seemed hopelessly lost. Then, as the brig's approach changed the angle of view, she looked more likely to be salvable with the aid of powder to blast the reef away. But none of these thoughts was communicated to the brig's crew. They were licking their lips at the loot in sight, with no thought of anything else.

The junk was almost as well up to the reef as the brig was. And the ketch was piling up the sea before a freshening squall.

Coming into the field of strong glasses, far back under Ombi, another sail now appeared. It was a small sail. It could scarcely belong to anything bigger than a ship's boat, or at most a half-decked sloop or cutter. But it was coming right after the others. Bingham spent quite a long time aloft with the glasses watching that sail. Then he took the wheel.

"You stand by and see that none of your gang takes in sail when this squall strikes," he said, and the skipper obeyed meekly, though his old brig was in no shape to stand up to a squall.

The first breath of it brought the ketch up foaming.

Then the full force of the squall came down. The distant sail faded behind blinding rain; the ketch headed into the wind and lay to.

Bingham stood to his helm. He had taken a swift bearing of the reef end, and hoped the squall would blow itself out before he ran too far.

That junk could sail clear across the reef at one end, and bring up in the sheltered lee of the wreck, with luck.

THE squall passed, and in an unbelievably little time there was brilliant sunshine and blue sky. There lay the reef, close ahead as the curtain of rain swept beyond it.

There lay the junk, a mile astern, her great mat sails in the water, her bulwarks crushed by the fall of the huge unstayed masts.

There lay the ketch, not far astern of the junk, lying-to, but unhurt—and speeding up to her was the small sail last seen clearing Ombi.

It was a smart little half-decked cutter, handy enough for two men, and, so far as the glasses could show, two men sailed her.

Bingham tried hard to identify them. He could make out Kyung-Ito, bulky and spider-like, obviously working as crew for the smaller figure in white at the tiller. He made a keen guess that this was the real Gentleman Julius.

Bingham, intent on his task at the wheel, was amazed to see Myrna come and sit beside him. She was gay and carefree, apparently enjoying the adventure.

For the time being, however, Bingham could pay her no attention. As he snapped out an order to bring the brig to the wind, the cutter got a line to the ketch and the smaller white figure leaped aboard.

"Well lose out to them fore-n' afters if we don't keep 'em, cap," the skipper grumbled.

"We'll lose out anyhow if we don't get the junk's gang with us before that cutter gets to them," retorted Bingham, and stood ready to hail the helpless junk. The brig slashed across the short mile intervening, on the heels of the departed squall, and the junk men crowded the broken rails.

"Chip in with us on shares?" Bingham bellowed through a canvas funnel.

There was a noisy argument. Shrewd spirits aboard the junk saw the very great possibility of that ketch beating the brig to the wreck.

The brig's mate hove a line, caught

by the junk's skipper, and the argument stopped. The vessels drew close and the junk's gang crowded over the brig's rail.

"Tell me," Myrna whispered, "that other man in the cutter is the real Gentleman Julius, isn't it?"

"I had an idea you knew," he said. "What else do you know about Gentleman Julius?"

She hesitated and shook her head until the brig was well on her way again. Then, when it was certain that nothing but failure of wind could beat the brig in her race for the wreck, she drew Bingham aside, and turned a troubled face towards him.

"I fibbed when I told you I had no idea what Kyung-Ito's intentions were towards me," she said.

"I told you I ran away. I ran away from my people because life seemed too dull. They live in Hongkong, in Government service, which is ruled, ordered and lived according to regulations.

"My brother Mortimer left home long ago for the same reason, and we've never heard of him since."

"I was sent home to school, and I returned to Hongkong with ideas of my own, and when my people began all over again to lay down to me what had driven Morty from home, I rebelled."

"I heard about this new white pirate, Gentleman Julius, who was making Governments sit up, and his sheer impudence gave me a thrill. There was romance attached to his stunts, and I was for romance at that moment. I simply ran away from home, with only the scraps of my month's allowance for funds, and like the silly schoolgirl I was, I set out to find Gentleman Julius and be a girl pirate!"

As she stopped speaking, he stopped also to survey the situation of the vessel. The ketch was coming up astern under full sail, towing the little cutter. The reef was close ahead, within half a mile. As he looked, a man dropped into the cutter from the ketch; the ketch cast off, the cutter's lone hand setting her mainmast to follow.

It was no time to listen to a story, even such a story as Myrna's promise to be. This was going to be a race, and there could be no question as to the grim purpose of it.

Myrna seemed to be impatient now that she had told part of her story. She stood beside him at the wheel and carried on with her tale.

"I came to Ternate after calling at half a dozen little ports where he was supposed to be," she said. "Everywhere I went I heard tales

## ANZAC, 1940

If once again I go—  
Brand of Culture,  
System, Creed or Fame—  
'Tis none of these that takes  
me hurried  
To some far-off bloodied  
trench  
Far o'er our Navy-guarded,  
precious seas.  
But one small cottage,  
Half-hid amid my Home-  
land hills,  
That shelters those I love:  
Where voices sing o'er simple  
tasks  
And kindness lives—  
There, nightly, homage to  
our God is given  
And every heart breathes  
blissfully in tranquil  
sleep.  
THIS takes me  
And ready to purchase such  
continuance  
With my blood!  
—J. C. Goudy.

which gave me a vivid picture of the man, and each one rather increased his fascination for me. I posed as a novelist, seeking material. When I reached Ternate, on a perfectly positive report that he would be there, I thought I would know him on sight. But he was not there—and I was broke!

"That's where Kyung-Ito came in. I asked him for a loan to get home. I had to tell him a good deal about my folks; then he looked at me queerly and told me I could work for him awhile and earn my keep and enough money to get home with."

"But I was being saved for Gentleman Julius, so that Kyung-Ito could share in any profits that might accrue from the new pirate's black-mailing ventures!"

"And you had run from home to be a lady pirate with that same Gentleman Julius! Then Kyung-Ito knew all the time that I was a fake?"

"Not quite," she said soberly. "Reports of him had reached Ternate, of course. But they were chiefly stories of his daring exploits. About all Kyung-Ito knew about the man was that he was an average sort of man who dressed rather on the dapper side for a pirate, that he had apparently been an English gentleman—and had curly hair."

Please turn to Page 24

## YOU MUST USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



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Being a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap, Cuticura serves a twofold purpose. It keeps your skin gloriously clear and rosy in spite of frequent exposure to the weather; while its silky, emollient lather refines and beautifies coarse, sallow skin, making it smooth and supple as velvet. Start using this 2-purpose beauty soap today—it

will endow you with a new peach bloom loveliness, radiant with health.

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# Cuticura

PREPARATIONS



## Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

### CAREFUL THINKING

AUSTRALIANS have been accused of being a people who do not think enough!

If this be true, it is essential for us to remedy this defect. Never has there been greater need for wise and logical thought by the individual than now.

The upheaval which is rapidly spreading through overseas nations cannot fail to have a profound effect on our own people.

We must have a clear conception of what is involved in the present struggle; something more is wanted than the worn-out clichés that used to satisfy us.

Bacon's advice applies as much to-day as when he first wrote "Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted . . . but to weigh and consider."

El for this letter to Mrs. G. E. Wells, Warooka, Yorke Peninsula, S.A.

### UNWRITTEN LETTERS

MOST flagrant of present-day breaches of etiquette is the "unwritten" letter.

I mean the letter we should have sent in prompt acknowledgment of a friend's gift, service, or hospitality. The letter that might have relieved anxiety or given comfort to those far distant.

Not many people would greet another's cheery speech with contemptuous silence. Why, then, are they so careless about replying to similar opinions expressed in writing?

Miss M. Thompson, 110 Balmalm St., Richmond E.I. Vic.

### NERVOUS WOMEN

IS the nervous fear of being alone in a house, to which so many women confess, merely pretence, or are women natural cowards?

I prefer to think that this attitude, in pretence, which is fostered by uncontrolled nerves, the reading of murder literature, and the stupid idea that such nervousness appeals to men.

Alas for the latter illusion—men mostly admire courage in women.

Alisa Knight, Lynne St., Gulgong, N.S.W.

### GRIEVANCES

NURSING grievances is an unfortunate pastime indulged in by lots of people.

Feeling hurt by real or imaginary slights, they brood over them, sometimes for years, until they become of serious importance. This is foolish.

Life is so short that when offended we should try to forgive and forget, which is a wiser course.

Eather McLennan, 213 Lyons St., North Ballarat, Vic.

### EXIT SPORTS GIRL

IT is becoming old-fashioned to be energetic and fond of sport . . . it isn't only fashion that has reverted to the wasp-waisted, lethargic era.

The modern girl in the late twenties, the young mother of to-day, was criticised severely for her tomboyishness, but what did that matter, for look at its result—probably the healthiest set of young married women who have ever existed.

It is a bad outlook for the future when one realises just how many girls cannot be bothered with energetic pursuits.

Gertrude Stockwell, Tiaro, N.C. Line, Qld.



## For and against shorts for men workers

EMMY WISEMAN (6/4/40) is aghast at our country workers discarding their surplus clothing during the summer.

For some years society and eminent physicians have tried to persuade our men to discard unnecessary, heavy clothes during our hot summer months.

Though the process is slow, at last men are beginning to look healthier, browner, happier, and true to the "browned Aussie type" since working in shorts.

Mrs. F. Payne, 11 Daryl St., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

### Set bad example

IT seems to me that the wearing of shorts by country workers will lead to similar action by city men.

Except in the far north, surely Australia is not nearly hot enough to warrant this step.

I think it would look hideous to see trains and trams filled with men in shorts going to their offices. It is bad enough to see them in the



country districts in cars and on bicycles.

Also, too much sun is far from being beneficial to health.

Miss K. Stone, Crystobel Crescent, Hawthorn, Vic.

### More comfortable

THE way to get the best results from work is to work in comfort. We all know that.

If men feel more comfortable wearing shorts, why try to stop them?

Apart from this, the sun is the best tonic anyone can have.

E. M. Power, 80 Queen St., Brisbane.

### Looks untidy

I QUITE agree that the state of undress in which some men work nowadays makes them look odd.

As for comfort, I can't imagine that the scorching rays of the sun pouring down on bare skin would be very comfortable.

Miss I. Gentle, 17 Helen St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

### Saves laundry

THESE arguments about shorts are never-ending.

Surely the summer outdoor worker has the best right of anyone to adopt shorts as a uniform.

If I had laundry work to do I would much prefer to wash shorts than the long, heavy, blue dungarees that men used to wear.

Hairy legs are not exactly beautiful, but when sun-tanned at least they look healthy.

R. D. McCarthy, Jeffcott St., North Adelaide.

### Fair healthier

THE day is gone when people were shocked to see a man's chest and some honest sweat mixed with dust on a worker.

He is freer and healthier in shorts, is able to go home in clean clothes after a shower or wash, and leaves behind him the dust and sweat which otherwise his wife would have to wash out of those clothes.

I notice our soldiers have also joined the shorts brigade, and in spite of hairy legs seem to be popular.

E. Dorelle, c/o P.O., Rockdale, N.S.W.

## Is travel needed to broaden the average mind?

I AGREE with I. L. Peirce (6/4/40) when she says travel should not be necessary to broaden the mind.

Still, anyone who is broad-minded does not acquire it through just staying at home.

One must go out and see things and meet all types and classes of people, at least in your own city.

Usually it is fear of the unknown that makes us insular in outlook, but familiarity with places and people gives tolerance and real understanding.

Miss M. Devine, c/o G.P.O., Melbourne.

### Prepare first

WE all know people who have the opportunity to see other lands and yet in months of travel see nothing that they could not see at home.

The only thing that impressed one woman whom I knew, after a world trip, was the price of butter in other lands.

Those, however, who read beforehand about the places and beauties they wish to see gain much from travel.

You can always build, even in knowledge, if you have a foundation on which to build.

Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angus St., Adelaide.

### Gives advantage

TRAVEL does broaden one's mind.

Charming and interesting though some untravelled people may be, I still think that the bore who has travelled has the advantage over them.

Face to face with customs and traditions of other places we must find the right perspective for them.

Our minds expand with experience, and we are never too old to learn.

Mrs. L. Handley, 259 Wardell Rd., West Marickville, N.S.W.

### Cannot impress

TRAVEL, to some people, is just a wild rush from one big hotel to another.

When they return they will spend hours telling you of the meals in New York, as compared with those in London, or what made the trains in America more comfortable than those of Europe.

The historic beauty of the Old World or the modern glamor of the new leaves them quite unmoved.

Their minds are so small that nothing could broaden them.

Mrs. J. G. Richards, Swan St., Hobart.

## War weddings and their chance of success

PERHAPS a young couple are entitled to a short period of married life prior to the young man's departure to the war, Mrs. Dixon (6/4/40).

But is it wise? Is it not the excitement and the thought per-



Glamor of wartime wedding.

haps of not seeing each other again that rubs them into a hasty marriage?

It would be better if they waited until the man returned and then, if they found their affections unaltered, to marry.

Otherwise, I think only discontent and resentment would be the outcome.

Miss E. Greenslade, Railway Tee, Westbourne Pk., S.A.

### Affection rules

WAR weddings may not be wise, but what does love care for wisdom?

People who believe the old saying about "marry in haste and repent at leisure" can frown at war weddings, but I think that the knowledge of forthcoming separation only deepens the affection between a soldier and his wife.

If the soldier husbands return, then the couples must make their way in the world like others.

If the soldiers make the supreme sacrifice, at least the young widows will have a glorious memory.

Mrs. E. Hamby, 23 Rickard St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

### Can face future

MY fiancé is going to the war, and against strong opposition from our relatives we have decided to marry before he goes.

We have faced all the grim possibilities of the future, but we are certain that whatever happens we have a right to our happiness now.

Supposing that he does return, with a changed outlook due to the life of a soldier? Surely as a soldier's wife I also will have matured, and be able to adjust my outlook, to be a true helpmate to him then, as well as now.

J. Greene, P.O., Frankston, Vic.

## £1 for Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

### WARY OF SUNSHINE

WHY are so many women reluctant to let sunshine and fresh air into their homes?

I have visited friends on numerous occasions, and even on a lovely spring day have been surprised to find the blinds drawn and windows closed, completely shutting out any light and fresh air.

I would far rather renew my curtains twice a year, if necessary, than close the beautiful sunshine out of my home.

Mrs. E. Francis, 33 Woodbury St., Marickville, N.S.W.

### CHILD WELFARE

IN time of war it is inevitable that all problems which are not directly concerned with the national state of affairs are shelved.

During the last war juvenile crime increased and recent police court reports tend to prove that history is repeating itself.

Many adolescents are being deprived of a father's authority, and in a war-crazy world opportunities of pursuing the downward track are numerous. Would not the present time, when committee enthusiasm is approaching fever heat, be an opportune one to launch a Welfare League for Soldiers' Children in our towns?

S. C. Wilmington, Quay St., Bundaberg, Qld.

### SPREADING RUMORS

DO we listen too much to rumors?

Once begun, even the smallest bit of scandal is magnified each time it is retold.

By the time someone really squashes a rumor, several persons have been hurt, mostly through other people jumping to conclusions.

To kill rumors, we should refuse to believe them, and certainly refuse to pass them on.

D. Bell, 1 Manallack St., South Brunswick, Vic.

### PHYSICAL CULTURE

EDUCATION is said to be free. Why then are textbooks so dear?

Another thing which is scarce in most schools is physical culture.

Instead of encouraging the pupils to be active they are given piles of homework and detention exercises which keep them indoors still longer than the school hours.

Pupils cannot be expected to learn the work if they don't get physical exercise as well as mental exercise.

Miss N. A. Elms, 470 Auburn St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

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**"BEYOND  
REASONABLE DOUBT"**

**2GB**

MON., TUES., WED., THURS.,  
7.45 p.m.

COMMENCING MON., April 29

## "H

OW charming!" he grinned. "I'm surprised at you, Myrna. But take a look at that chap in the ketch. You can see his curly mop anyhow, and his dapper white suit, and his gloves. That's your real Gentleman Julius, I'll bet. Hello!"

The ketch suddenly swung in for the reef, spotting a passage. The brig was just far enough ahead to be able to cut in.

"It looks as if we'll have to fight for it," said Bingham. "You'd better go below."

It was then that something happened to the ketch and changed things.

The over-board skipper, running the unfamiliar reef, grew too cocksure when his vessel was almost up to the bows of the steamer. The ketch struck. Running - fast under all sail, she rebounded and swung half way around before going clear. Then she hung in irons to leeward of the wreck, leaving Bingham plenty of room to shove the old brig between and fasten on to the steamer.

The chance came so suddenly that it stopped the gang's approach. It stopped Myrna going below.

The ketch's men were unable to get the vessel moving again until they hauled down the mizzen and backed the head-sails, by which time the craft sagged well to leeward.

Bingham had used his eyes to good purpose. He saw the Rotana, fast on the reef, but her water line was no higher than on that day he had seen her abandoned in the Banda Sea. Something had happened to stop the leak; it might be a fish, weed, anything from among the million wonders of the sea.

"Myrna!" Bingham snapped, snatching her arm and turning her towards the brig's side. "Get aboard the steamer! Up with you! Don't let anybody get there first!" She obeyed unquestioningly, scrambling up to a handhold on the steamer's rail. He landed beside her as her feet struck the deck, then stood at the Rotana's rail and shouted down:

"Listen to me, men! I'm a certified officer of this steamer, as I will prove to you. She's no longer abandoned. Any attempt at looting will be piracy, and a hanging matter. I'm not Gentleman Julius. But I'm Gentleman Geoff, if you like, and I'm going to salvage this ship and take her to port for the owners. I'll need your help, and there'll be salvage for you. Or you can join the other gang and try to stop me."

The injured Swede stood side by side with Gentleman Julius. He yammered vociferously, shaking a fist at Bingham. The brig's skipper was inclined to the legitimate side of the business; but his mate, urged by Lampke, seemed undecided until the Swede saw him. Then there was an exchange of stale amenities left over from bar-room jealousies in Ternate, and that decided the mate. He and the skipper clambered aboard the steamer, and promptly the crew and the junk's gang followed, leaving only Lampke behind. His hesitation lasted until the ketch ran alongside, and then he was too late. He was swept in with the swarming rascals licking their lips in anticipation of the feast of plunder.

## B

INGHAM ordered Myrna below and told her to go to what had been his room on the port side of the saloon. She ran down the companionway stairs; he stood at the rail, all his crew lined up beside him.

Bingham had forty men to back him; there were scarcely as many to follow the real Gentleman Julius up the side. They stood for a moment on the brig's quarterdeck regarding Bingham.

"I command this salvage party," Bingham said. "I shall oppose your boarding, and if you persist, it's piracy. That being off my chest, according to law, come on if you want to. Let's see what you've got!"

The answer was so swift it almost defeated the salvage gang, for Gentleman Julius sprang to the brig's main rigging and in a second or so the entire swarm of pirates had a grip upon the rails of the Rotana.

Bingham expected to see the real Gentleman Julius face to face. He knew that Lampke had told of his impersonation; he was sure that Kyung-Ito had added a bit. But Gentleman Julius did not appear.

## Gentleman Julius

Continued from Page 22

Bingham was busy, but he fancied he heard a cry from over the side—as if it came from the porthole of his own room—the room where Myrna was.

It was impossible to reach the companionway. The deck was a seething mass of free-punching sailormen.

When the scrimmage reached the after end of the bridge-deck, it became stationary for a moment. Somebody yelled. The Swede yammered excitedly. Somebody looked, saw, and yelled again, and the fight amazingly stopped.

The backed yards of the brig, her sails left standing by sheer lubberly impatience, pressed her sternwards. She was fast to the steamer. The tide was high. And the breeze, freshening again, had driven brig and steamer stern-first off the reef.

But there was more. The little cutter, which had been brought alongside by the lone hand left to handle her, now leaned merrily to the breeze and sped towards Ceram, a solitary white-clad figure at the tiller and looking straight ahead.

Bingham burst through the mob and dashed down the stairs.

"Myrna!" he shouted.

## H

ER door opened at once and she met him in the doorway, her eyes gleaming with recent tears.

She raised her face to his, achieved a smile, and said simply:

"He looked in through the port as he climbed—and that was when I cried out—it was Gentleman Julius—it was Morty!"

Bingham was staggered. He gripped her arms. The thing was so stupendous that he was incapable of taking it wholly in, and blurted out his doubt. "But why didn't you recognise him when the ketch was close?"

"I never saw his face, did you?" Bingham had not seen his face.

Few aboard the brig had. But Myrna's trouble was plain enough.

"Well, be glad you saw each other

before he boarded us," he said gently.

"He took Kyung-Ito. I heard him promise to slice him up for what he had done to me. Morty was laughing. It made me creep. He used to laugh so infectiously before he went away."

"Don't worry about Kyung-Ito," Bingham told her, patting her shoulder. "I don't believe Morty's quite the devil he's painted. Anyhow, I'll bet he doesn't hurt a cripple and Kyung-Ito's all that. Let's go on deck. Look at 'em dropping overboard! There goes another! Our lads don't expect to share salvage with the crew of that ketch. Look—that's Lampke."

The deck was cleared when he went up. Lampke, still trying to establish a claim as second mate of the brig, was the last to go.

"We'll let her drift awhile, keeping the brig fast," Bingham decided. "But some hands get aloft and make fast the sails. Who knows enough to stoke a boiler? Extra pay for stokers, lads. We have to get steam up in case we need the pumps. Look at that cutter gal"

By evening there was steam at the Rotana's steam pipe and smoke at her funnel. By full dark her propeller had been turned gingerly over by Bingham himself. The steering gear was tried. Nothing happened that shouldn't happen. The steamer stayed afloat, her kicker kicked, her helm worked, she began to leave a lengthening wake astern, and her nose was pointed straight for Hongkong as geography permitted.

The brig followed fully manned under the mate's charge. The skipper and the junk's gang worked the steamer.

Myrna watched Bingham until he was satisfied that the steamer was able to make the passage; then she shyly joined him.

"We'll take half of the missing family home to the folks," he told her with a cheerful grin. "And perhaps we can promise the other half. Anyhow, I'm going to offer myself as a substitute for the time being. Do you care, Myrna?"

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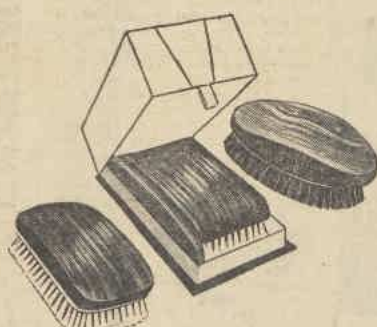
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Stationery, Ground Floor





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FIT, AND THE  
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BEAUTIFUL.

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THE ring was duly chosen and Lynn badly wanted to wear it straight away. It seemed to her to fit well enough. But in Hugh's opinion it was just the merest bit loose, and it had gone back immediately for alteration.

In the next moment's lull he sent for her again.

"Lynn," he said, "you'll have to take the afternoon off. I'll manage here without you somehow. There's something important I want you to do."

"Yes, M— Lynn pulled herself up just in time. She had almost said "Mr. Braddock." "Yes, Hugh?"

"You know the address of my flat in Baker Street. Possibly you're not so familiar with the address of my house, out of town, without looking it up. Would you take it down, please? Now I want you to visit them both to-day. I'll phone, so that you're expected. You'd better get some lunch straight away, so that you'll have more time."

"Visit them?" Lynn repeated.

"To look them over and make reports on them. Take a notebook and pencil with you, of course. There's nothing much that can be done about the flat, if you don't like it, except get another. But as far as the house is concerned, you could submit quite a detailed report if you wished. And then we'll go over all the various items, and if your criticisms seem reasonable—" he smiled, "they'll be attended to."

"What sort of report?" Lynn felt suddenly completely helpless.

He was patient with her.

"Put it under headings. The layout, exterior and interior. Decorations and furnishings. Impressions

## Proposal of Marriage

Continued from Page 5

of the staff. And finally a section for general comments."

Lynn's throat seemed oddly dry.

"But it sounds so sort of cold-blooded—"

He raised a surprised eyebrow, and she hurried on:

"Couldn't we just walk round them together?"

"I'd like to go with you very much, Lynn. But I'm up to my eyes in work. I'll be staying like a nigger to get everything cleared up before the holiday."

"But this evening—or we could take several evenings—"

"I want you to see them both by daylight. You can't form a correct judgment otherwise."

"Well, next week-end."

"Time will be getting too short. If there's anything really essential to be done I shall want to put it in hand."

"Hugh, I— Lynn struggled for words. "I'll like everything as it is, I know I will. Or if we could just drift round some time in a comfortable, haphazard kind of way—"

He smiled again, faintly, but she fancied that he winced a little, too.

"Haphazard" isn't a word I'm fond of, Lynn. No, we must start on a sound basis, and do the thing properly. Now you go along and make those reports, and I'll join you down at the house this evening and we'll have a spot of dinner together and then I'll drive you back."

Lynn went off to get her hat and coat. Also her notebook and pencil.

She finished with the flat fairly soon. It was a service flat and run

on oiled wheels. The place was large enough for six people, let alone two. And there was no possible fault to find with it whatever.

She took a train down to the country. She had bought a magazine, but somehow she forgot to read it. She sat staring down at her notebook, making a lot of meaningless lines and squiggles on it.

There was a car to meet her at the station. The chauffeur approached her unhesitatingly.

"Miss Cardew?"

"Yes." She was rather surprised for the moment. The man must have been prepared to meet several trains for her. "But how did you know who I was?"

"Mr. Braddock phoned your description, madam. There was no mistaking you at all."

She gave an odd little laugh.

"No, I can imagine that."

ON to the house. sleepy-looking and mellow in the late afternoon sun. But there was nothing sleepy about the inside of it, she found, when she finally braced herself to ring the bell. Within half a minute the staff had all presented themselves in the hall. They stood in a line. A butler, who seemed to be the general boss. A housekeeper, who was second-in-command and who looked the "manageress" type from tip to toe. A cook, who wasn't the usual fat, comfortable sort at all, but a super-efficient-looking creature who had no doubt taken at least fifteen diplomas. And three maids.

Lynn wandered from room to room. Each one had an internal telephone in it, communicating with the kitchen. The bedrooms were sound-proof, and so was Hugh's study.

She sat down finally on the top stair. What was she going to put down in her report? General comments—"Suggest the name might be changed to Big Business Manor." Or simply, "This place is so well run that it gives me the willies."

No, she couldn't put that. That wasn't "reasonable criticism." She'd better just tell him everything was perfect.

Hugh had said he would be there by seven, and by seven he was there. The table was laid for dinner for two. And in the centre was a bowl of yellow roses.

He stood looking at them. He went to the phone and got through to the gardener's cottage.

"I told you to send in red roses, Brooks."

A pause for a reply. Then:

"I'm not really concerned with the excuses, Brooks. I said red roses. This is sheer crass inefficiency. Send some up at once, will you?"

Red roses, Lynn was thinking. Red roses for love. But something had gone astray in the carrying out of the order, and there had to be finger-flipping and clipped words.

After dinner she'd say she was tired. She'd get him to drive her home early.

Wednesday morning.

The appointments sheet. "10.15, board meeting." Hugh, chairman and managing director, would take his place as usual at the head of the table in the board-room.

## Animal Antics



"SAY baa-a-a!"

It was just after ten, when "the board" were beginning to arrive, that Lynn suddenly went completely crazy. The lift gate had clanged, there were footsteps coming towards the door.

Then it was that Lynn gave a violent shake to her head, bringing the neat curls tumbling over her forehead. Before Hugh's brow could move upwards even a quarter of an inch she was upon him, too. She ran her fingers wildly through his hair and pulled his tie out.

The door opened. The senior member of the board, about to enter the room, stopped short in blank astonishment.

"Oh," Lynn patted her hair in order, one mass of girlish confusion. "We were—we were—I don't think Mr. Braddock realised you were quite due yet, or he wouldn't have been letting himself go like this."

"If we're interrupting—"

"Not a bit." A short, hard breath, a brief glance at Lynn, and Hugh was himself again. He tucked the tie in and smoothed back his hair. "Miss Cardew and I have been having a tussle with one of the windows, which stuck a bit. Come in."

She was about to leave when his voice, well lowered, stopped her.

"Those notes you took down in me—the points I want to mention at this meeting. You haven't put them out. Will you let me have them, please?"

She did not lift her gaze at all. She fumbled in her notebook, took out a sheet, folded it and handed it to him.

A few minutes later, everyone finally settled, Hugh opened out the sheet of paper and ran his eye down it. For nearly ten seconds he just stared at it. It read:

Three pairs of sunken stockings. Take blue suedes to be needed.

Remember tell Hooley about shopping tea in saucer.

Have hair set.

He folded the paper again, his fingers rather stiff. He began to speak.

The meeting was over at last. "The board" had gone. Hugh pressed a button on his desk and after a short wait Lynn came in.

He held out the piece of paper without a word.

Please turn to Page 28

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and  
PINTS



# Betty's "racey" narratives

Here's a man who raced and beat a pony over 100 yards

By BETTY GEE

Talking about the race between an elephant and a racehorse, mooted in Sydney recently, did you know that a man once beat a horse in a 100 yards race?

Well he did, my Granpappy says, but it was a tricky sort of contest under which the horse was at a distinct disadvantage.

The footrunner was Frank Scurry Hewitt, a noted pedestrian of the day, who had won all the big races of the time, including a race called the Carrington, worth £1000.

Grandfather knew him as a little, light-framed person who looked so frail he could be picked up by a puff of wind, and carried at phenomenal speed.

But he COULD run. An old-time bookmaker made a side wager of an even £200 that Hewitt could beat a horse over a 100 yards course.

But this was the trick. They had to run 50 yards out in a given direction, and race straight back to the starting-point.

The racehorse chosen was a pony 14.2 hands high belonging to the unregistered pony tracks.

He was a performer of some merit on those courses, but far below what might be regarded as best thoroughbred standard.

The pony caught the footrunner before the end of the first 50 yards, but turning to come back put him so completely out of his stride that Frank Scurry Hewitt got home a yard to the good and won the bet.

Of course in a straight course the human footrunner wouldn't have a snail's chance.

Our best racehorses travel 35 miles an hour.

The pedestrian goes at the rate of 22 miles an hour, but maintains that speed for less than 200 yards.

Granpappy is no fool in racing matters, and he declares that the organisers of Frank Scurry Hewitt's race put up a bit of a joke.

They must have picked the slowest known pony, he declares. Be-



Randwick again, and Betty's best bet is Tinker Bell.

cause he reckons that some unusual footrunners, noted for their speed out of the slips, might beat a racehorse for one stride, but after that the animal would go right away from the human.

And some horses, he says, notably Ajax, Trimmer, or Manrico would beat the footrunner in the first stride, and leave him more than half a mile behind in a mile race.

And that goes for me, too. Malde says now, of the horses we throw away our money on couldn't beat a pedestrian.

But look out, Ma! There's a risk in that sort of thing. Granpappy remembers an old-timer named "Puddin'" Woods, who used to start running when the field came along, cheering his horse home.

He did it safely on the little courses. But when he tried it at Randwick he forgot the handstand was right in the middle of the lawn, and he took a header into the drum and came out the other side with shreds of parchment all over him.

But getting back to the elephant: Joe Cook, who offered to have the race with the mastodon, treated it as a joke.

## Jumbo v. St. Constant

MR. J. FLANNAGAN, second in command of the Elephant Brigade at Wirth's Circus, who wanted to make the match, claimed that an elephant only had to get going and eventually he would outpace any horse.

He wanted to have a go at Joe Cook's best performer, St. Constant, who had just won at Randwick.

But Mr. Cook treated the challenge so lightly he offered to race the elephant on one of his utility ponies which the kids use about the stables.

Joe said he would back St. Constant to beat the elephant any distance. "Over a mile, or two miles, or right round the girdle of the earth."

We race at Randwick again on Saturday—another Warwick Farm meeting transferred.

I have a quiet tip from Rosehill to back the two horses from Mr. Alf. Papworth's stable, Our Barney and June, each way on the Tote.

And the Head Waiter says Peekmond is "a sitter for the Encourager, Miss," and Asnam can't lose the Sunnybrook Welter.

What sort of stayer do you think we should find in a full blood sister to Peter Pan, twice a Melbourne Cup winner?

Well, here she is. Meet Tinker Bell. She is still a maiden, but not for long the way she's galloping, according to Dickie. So we're backing her for the Farm Novice, because it's a mile and a quarter, and Dickie says the long distance is made to order for her.

The Bottle-o says the lads of the Kelso stable tell him that Bristol is all ship-shape for the April Handicap.

Bristol is a great mud-horse, he declares. He's good on a dry track, too. So don't mind what the weather is.

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## HOLIDAYS!

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"Oh, this is a—  
—reminder list I made out for my-  
self, some days ago," she murmured,  
as she took it.

Hugh managed to speak.

"I didn't let them see anything  
was amiss. You'd made us quite  
conspicuous enough already with-  
out any further hitch. So I had  
to rely upon my memory."

"Oh, you were quite all right?  
Covered it up? Carried everything  
off quite efficiently?"

He was handling a pencil on his  
desk. It snapped suddenly across  
in his fingers.

"I wanted to ask you, Lynn, if  
you'd completely taken leave of your  
senses this morning."

She was silent a moment. Then  
her words came out with a rush.

"I don't know. But I just won-  
dered what you'd be like if ever you  
felt at a loss. I wanted to see you  
look human and even flustered for  
once. I wanted to see what hap-  
pened when that blessed efficiency  
of yours wavered for a minute. I've  
been your right hand, haven't I? Always  
the perfect secretary, part  
of the perfect machine. Well, I  
decided to misfire a little, and see  
if anything really interesting hap-  
pened to the machine. But it didn't.  
You just changed gear and went on.  
You were more efficient than ever."

He was staring at her, his grey  
eyes so dark that they looked almost  
black.

# Proposal of Marriage

Continued from Page 26

"What in the name of Heaven  
and earth are you talking about?"

"I'll tell you a bit more plainly.  
I've never known you as a man  
before these last couple of days.  
And what sort of a man are you?  
Have you ever tried to put your  
right shoe on your left foot by mis-  
take, or put a sock on inside out?  
Have you ever lost your latchkey,  
or left your umbrella in a res-  
taurant? Not on your life you  
haven't!"

She was standing near him now,  
her hands closed tightly over the  
back of a chair.

"I've more than liked you as a  
boss, Hugh. I've almost—idolized  
you. I used to think you were a  
god. But as a husband you'd drive  
me clean off my head. Suppose  
you had found you had time to  
propose to me during Monday morn-  
ing. You'd probably have jotted it  
down on that darned appointments  
sheet. 'Propose to Miss Cardew.'"

She laughed a little suddenly. And  
yet it wasn't quite a laugh. He  
said nothing at all. He stood as  
still and rigid as a statue.

"I'm sorry," she went on. "Really,  
I'm sorry. But I can't marry a  
machine."

He walked over to the window and  
stood with his back to her. He  
spoke finally:

"You've been talking rather wildly.

but at least you've made yourself  
plain enough. If you feel like that  
about it, there's nothing I can say."

"I'll have to give you notice, of  
course. It would be too uncomfort-  
table for both of us otherwise. I'll  
find something else. But I won't  
leave you before—your holiday. And  
I'll go on being your right hand. And  
perhaps it would be easier if you'd  
call me Miss Cardew again, and I'll  
call you Mr. Braddock."

Thursday morning.

Meeting with averted eyes and  
muttered, formal greetings. The ap-  
pointments list was fuller than ever,  
so they saw little of each other.  
Hugh was due off himself in the  
afternoon on an urgent business  
call. He summoned her into his  
room at once.

"I haven't had time to give you  
any instructions for this afternoon.  
There are one or two things that  
have arisen that will want dealing  
with. Would you object very much  
if I discussed them with you over  
lunch?"

"If it's really the only opportunity  
you've got—" she said.

They went to a different place,  
farther afield. She didn't know it  
at all. It was small, intimate, ex-  
pensive. They had their lunch and  
they discussed their business, Lynn  
making notes on her pad.

Then the waiter brought the bill

## LYRIC OF LIFE

### HATE

Hate is a monstrous thing;  
I've cast it by,  
And now, serene, content, I  
watch it die.  
This ugly thing that warps  
our very souls  
And changes humankind to  
vengeful ghouls.

I have seen men, and women  
too, destroy  
With this corroding passion  
human joy.  
Long years of love, the con-  
fidence of friends,  
That they may win, through  
Hate, their hostile ends.

And I have often wondered if  
they find,  
Through mists of hate, some  
solace of the mind,  
Some recompense for what  
they've crushed and killed,  
Or for their lives, twisted and  
unfulfilled.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

and left it discreetly folded, and  
Hugh put his hand in his inner  
breast pocket for his notecase.  
Lynn was fitting the rubber band  
round her pad. She strummed at  
it once or twice, restlessly.

"Couldn't we go now?" she said.

"I'm afraid not. I'm just won-  
dering what one does in a situation  
like this. You see—I happen to  
have left all my money behind on  
my desk."

Lynn looked up.

"No!" she breathed.

She just let the word spin round  
her.

"I can't explain it or excuse it,"  
Hugh was saying. "I must have  
been crazy! I suppose I took it  
out with my wallet and forgot to  
put it back."

After a while, as Lynn had made  
no attempt to speak at all, he went  
on:

"They don't know me here. I've  
never been here before. That's  
what makes it so confoundingly awk-  
ward! I'll have to explain it all and  
then wait till something can be done  
about it. Meanwhile, my room's  
locked, and Gregory" (Gregory was  
the head clerk) "will have taken the  
key and gone to lunch, too, by now."

Lynn drew a long, slow breath.  
And then, walking through the  
tables, she saw Gregory himself. He  
came up, halted by Hugh's side. He  
placed the notecase on the table.

"I saw it on your desk, sir. I took  
a taxi straight away."

Hugh looked at it for quite a  
while. Finally he looked up at  
Gregory.

"Very—efficient of you," he ob-  
served.

"Not at all, sir. It was entirely  
your own efficiency, if I may say so.  
Leaving word on your desk that you  
were coming here for lunch. Know-  
ing where you were, it was perfectly  
simple."

GREGORY had  
been duly thanked and had gone  
again. Hugh sat turning the notecase  
in his fingers and staring at  
the table. Lynn found she could  
speak again now.

"So you don't have to explain to  
the management. There's no awk-  
wardness at all. You didn't even  
realise how beautifully right every-  
thing was, all the time? That's  
because you do these things  
mechanically. You'd do them in  
your sleep. If you make a slip, by  
a thousand-to-one chance, you've  
covered yourself even before you  
make it."

She found herself laughing. And  
then she broke off because he  
dropped the notecase on the table  
with a hard slap.

"It was just crass inefficiency,  
that's all!" he shot out.

"But even if you did forget it,  
you'd already—"

"I'm not talking about forgetting  
it! Oh, there was nothing ineffi-  
cient about that! I left the thing  
behind on purpose. I thought if I  
worked matters properly we might  
be stuck here an extra hour, and  
what with one thing and another,  
you might be more in the mood to  
—talk things over. But the sheer  
stupidity of leaving that piece of  
paper with the name of the restau-  
rant on it!"

He flipped a finger suddenly at  
the waiter and paid the bill. She  
produced her voice again on the way  
out.

"A proper slip up? A really proper  
one? But if we'd been stuck there  
an extra hour, what about your ap-  
pointment?"

"Well, what about it? Is it as  
important as all that?"

They were out on the pavement  
now, quite unaware of passers-by.

After a long moment he hailed a  
taxi, vaguely, and she found herself  
put in.

"Drive round anywhere," he said.  
The taxi made for Regent's Park  
and proceeded to drive round and  
round it. At long last Lynn man-  
aged to say:

"Why didn't you kiss me like that  
the first time?"

His answer came through the curls  
on top of her head.

"You seemed so—shy or me. Sort  
of—bowed over a bit—I—"

Something ran through her mind:

"He never fumbles for a word. In  
four years I've never known him  
fumble once."

"Not half so—bowed over as I  
am now," she murmured sadly.

At last she managed to straighten  
her hair a little, though it was look-  
ing anything but plastic.

"You must get another perfect  
secretary for the office, Hugh. But  
I think I can cope with you—at  
home."

(Copyright)

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Delicately modelled topper with swirling, cascading ostrich plumes  
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Black, Black Grey, Brown (other colours to order). Sizes  
21½ inches in 23½ inches. Similar shape,  
same trim, 21½ inches, 24 inches. Special Price.

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Same shape, smart tailored trim .. 13/11  
Velour .. 17/11

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19/11

12/11  
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Special ..

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comfortable for all ages.  
All popular colours. This  
hat may be trimmed fur  
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# The Movie World

April 27, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly MOVIE WORLD

First Page

## Meet Mrs. Bill Powell ...Diana Lewis



**WILLIAM POWELL** and his twenty-one-year-old bride **Diana Lewis** are enjoying a gay round of parties given in their honor by their friends in Hollywood. • At every dinner and party you will see Diana wearing the ring, pin, and clip, all of exquisite matching rubies, which were Bill's wedding present to her. • Their marriage last January—two weeks after they met—took Hollywood completely by surprise. • Powell proposed to Diana a few days after meeting her on the MGM set. He spent a few days getting to know her parents at their home in Palm Springs before going to the dude ranch where the ceremony took place. • Bride and groom returned to Hollywood two days later—so that Diana could start work on the Eddie Cantor film, "Forty Little Mothers." • Marriage has proved lucky for Diana. After appearing in only minor film roles she has just signed to play lead opposite Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante."

From John B. Davies  
in New York



• Above: Diana Lewis, William Powell's blue-eyed, laughing bride, who is under contract to MGM studio. You'll see her in "Forty Little Mothers" and "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante."

• At the Franco-British War Relief Dinner Dance, held in Hollywood's Coconut Grove, Diana and Bill find Myrna Loy's line of sales talk highly amusing, when she pauses at their table. In the background is Richard Barthelmess.



Fantasia

### By Famous Continental Stylist

"Vivacity characterises to-day's heads—as a challenge, no doubt, to the times," says *M. Stegmar*, late of Maison Wielsch, premier Salon of Zurich, who has won many international awards, including the London Grand Prix, for designing coiffures to symbolise the world's fashion trend.

"My 1940 creation, *FANTASIA*, has a sparkling sophistication, becoming to lovely Australian women. . . ."

"But of course no stylist would attempt to create such an elaborate coiffure without first using *VELMOL* to make the hair soft, pliant, and wave-holding. . . . And no woman would attempt to wear it, without the aid of regular *Velmol* 'damp-sets' to keep each swirl perfectly and naturally in place."

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Yes, and "damp-setting" is the secret behind those latest Hollywood hair styles you most admire, too! For a *Velmol* "damp-set" is so simple . . . works perfectly on any hair . . . and takes just 4 minutes!

Whether your style is a simple coiffure, or a gorgeous extravaganza—give yourself the lasting thrill of a fashionably-modeled head by using *Velmol* to "damp-set" it.

and to keep it lustrous, silky and always "in place"!

No need for costly sets to vanish into disarray after one night's slumber . . . an hour in the wind.

No more need to crowd rebellious tresses under "invisible" nets . . . if you will just spend 2/- to-day for a bottle of *Velmol* at your chemist or toilet counter. Leading hair stylists use and recommend *Velmol* "damp-sets."

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair.)



# Wants parts he can really live

**J**OHAN GARFIELD is a young man with a purpose. He doesn't want to make big money, or to be a star. What he wants is to say lines he can believe in, to play characters that really live.

To understand Garfield's attitude towards life you must know something of his past life.

It's an adventurous one—the stuff films are made of. He was born in one of the toughest sections of New York—the lower East Side. His mother died when he was seven. His father was a tailor who was always moving because he couldn't pay his rent. Young Jules (his name was changed to John when he signed up with Warner Brothers' studio) was expelled from a dozen schools, and finally landed in Angelo Patri's school for problem children.

It was this eminent educator who changed the course of John Garfield's life. He took the 13-year-old boy, taught him how to box so that he became a semi-finalist in a Golden Gloves tournament; gave him an interest in oratory so that he was a runner-up in a national speaking contest; lent him money to attend dramatic school under Eve Le Gallienne and Ouspenskaya.

John went out into the world with an ambition to be a fine actor added to his diadain for wealth.

It wasn't easy breaking into the stage. There were years of dish-washing, hobnobbing all over the United States, working in the Nebraska wheatfields, and fruit-picking in the San Joaquin Valley.

## From BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

Then he got his first real acting job. It was in "Lost Boy," at \$4 a week. He showed he could act. Something about him made him stand out from the rest. That got him the part of the office boy in the road company of "Counselor at Law," and he kept this part in the Broadway production in which Paul Muni played.

It was at this time that he became interested in the Group Theatre—that gave the world Clifford Odets and his "Waiting for Lefty" and "Golden Boy."

"It seemed to me that in the Group lay the future of American drama. So I joined it. Sometimes we didn't have enough to eat . . . but we believed in what we were doing. I mean the social significance. We put on such plays as 'Waiting for Lefty,' 'Johnny Johnson,' 'Awake and Sing,' 'Weep for the Virgin,' and 'Peace on Earth,'" says John.

Odets had told Garfield about his play "Golden Boy," and Garfield had asked for a part in it. But before production began he was offered the lead in "Having Wonderful Time." The play was a hit. Garfield had several motion picture offers.

But when Odets was ready to put on his play Garfield threw up his good job to play the part he felt was more worth while. He had turned down all motion picture offers. "I was morally afraid of big money," he explained. "I still am. I don't

## JOHN GARFIELD'S ROAD TO FAME LED FROM NEW YORK SLUMS VIA GROUP THEATRE INTO HOLLYWOOD

think you can take it without losing something. I didn't want to be a star and appear in a lot of inane pictures. The story is the thing, not the star."

What made him change his mind about Hollywood?

"Because I saw a couple of pictures," he says. "One was 'The Story of Louis Pasteur.' The other was 'The Life of Emilie Zola.' I realised then that pictures could be fine."

Garfield intended doing only one picture when he came to Hollywood for the part of Mickey in "Four Daughters." He walked away with the picture . . . but that wasn't what made him stay in Hollywood. The part was so good that his fears were allayed.

He signed up with Warner Brothers and is now a full-fledged star. He made "Blackwell's Island," then "They Made Me a Criminal," "Daughters Courageous," "Four Wives," and "Years Without Days."

But he insisted on a clause in his contract giving him the right to do one play a year. He doesn't want to lose all contact with the theatrical world, where he went hungry for the sake of an ideal.

Now he will stay in Hollywood—as long as the studio lets him act in good pictures.

"But if they let me down, I'm leaving pictures," he says. "If I feel that all this is going to my head, I'll leave, too."

For the twenty-seven-year-old star is still deadly serious. He's a top-ranking star. But that's not what counts with him. He still refuses to sell his integrity as an actor for fat salaries, fine cars, and loss of perspective.

It might be a good thing for pictures if more serious young men like John Garfield headed West.

• John Garfield is determined not to have his head turned by success. He refuses to play parts unless he considers they are worth while.



• Priscilla Lane and John Garfield played the role of a runaway couple in Warner Bros.' "Dust Be My Destiny."



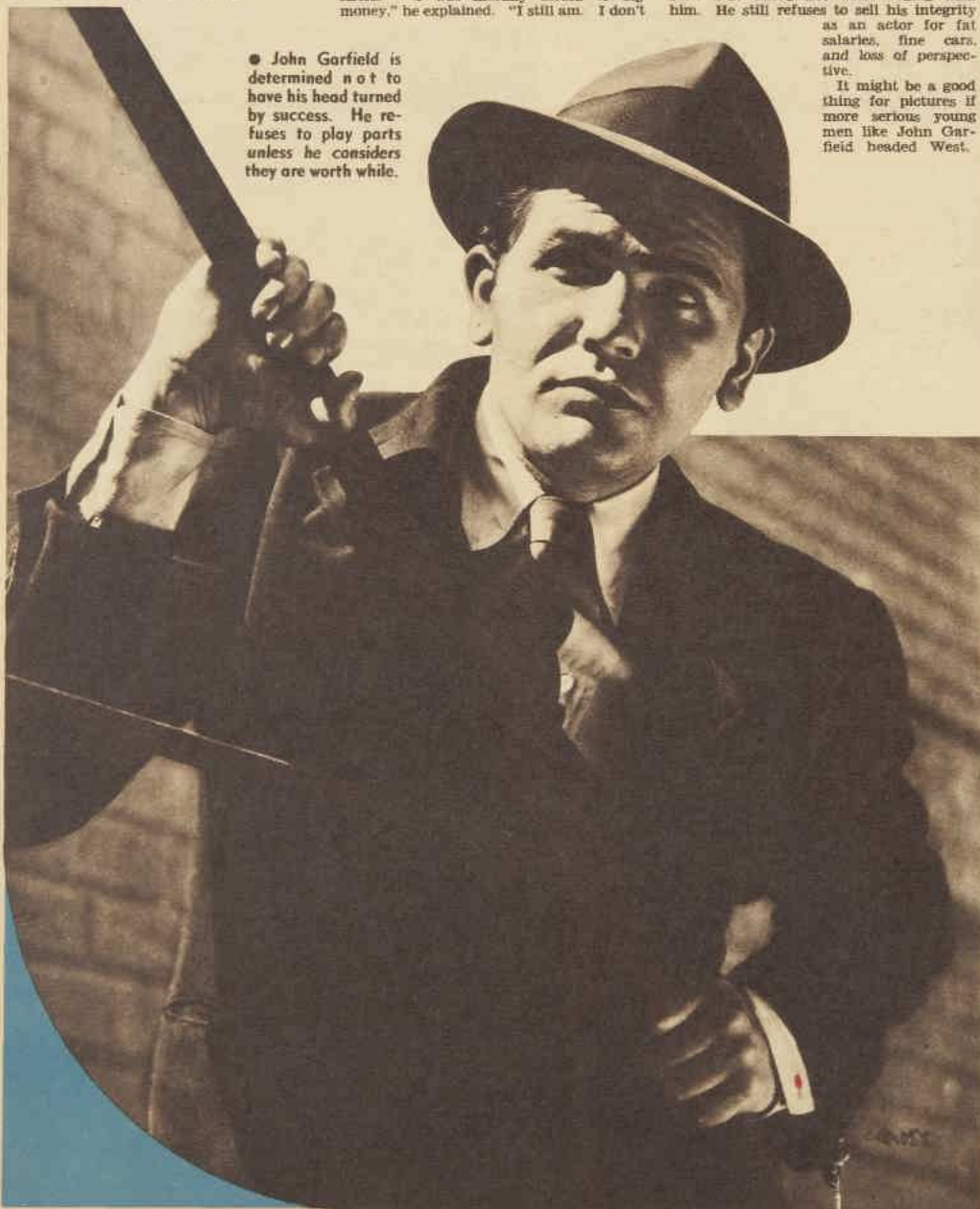
• Mrs. John Garfield, the New York girl who married young Garfield when he was a stage actor and called Jules.



• Anne Shirley with John Garfield in his latest Warner Bros. film, "Saturday's Children."



• Garfield with Ann Sheridan in the drama, "Years Without Days," in which the actor has another virile role.





Popular heroines are

## SEÑORITAS of the SOUTH

### GOODWILL PLANS TO SOUTH AMERICA ENGAGE HOLLYWOOD

By JOAN McLEOD  
in Hollywood

FILM audiences for years have watched trim, sophisticated, young, city-bred belles walking purposefully across the screen. There's Norma Shearer, who shows at her best in a drawing-room, preferably one mellowed by centuries of gracious living. Then there's Myrna Loy. The ideal young city matron describes her recent roles very aptly. And hosts of others. Very charming, in their way—but audiences like variety.

"Let's have a woman who looks as if she has never seen a skyscraper," is the cry to-day. "Someone who's apparently never stepped, cool and collected, out of the latest air-conditioned train. Let's have someone whose film manners are not obviously modelled on the traditions of Debut." "

And film producers have responded. They have translated this vaguely-expressed wish for new heroines into pictures more adventurous, more romantic, with feminine stars who are spontaneous in their emotions, who are not too self-conscious to show their gaily, their sadness, their anger.

IT began some months ago. You all remember how Dorothy Lamour leaped into fame wearing a sarong in her luxurious, tropical tales. Now producers want the real thing. They have introduced the lovely Hungarian, Steffi Duna, into pictures set in Mexico and in the farther south. They have gone to South America and brought back the most beautiful actresses, singers, and dancers from those countries of beautiful women.

It may be that the sudden new importance of the South American countries in the international sphere has had something to do with it—for such things do influence Hollywood. Those countries that lie south of the Equator and west of Greenwich have in recent months become enormously valuable. With its European markets hit so hard, Hollywood is turning to the south for new trade.

There is no doubt that the production of films featuring the life and personalities of these countries would do much to win popular support in them for American pictures.

**SIGNIFICANT** fact pointing to the increased popularity of this theme is the appearance of Tito Guizar in several Paramount films, singing old Mexican melodies to the accompaniment of his guitar.

And another tropical beauty has been signed up for a Hollywood contract—Carmen Miranda, the Brazilian singer, who took New York by storm recently when she appeared in the musical show, "Streets of Paris," singing three short, lilting Portuguese songs. She became the rage in the States, and is now under contract to 20th Century-Fox, where she will soon make a musical, the scene of which is to be set in the Argentine. Its title, appropriately enough, is to be "The South American Way."

Steffi Duna has acted in several films, has taken the part of a lovely Mexican dancer. But most recent development is to give her more sympathetic roles to emphasise her spontaneity, her natural vivacity and charm.



## FASHIONS FOR DEBUTANTE STARS

By ORRY-KELLY  
Hollywood Stylist

**G**IRLS from fifteen to twenty need no longer dread those gauche years, when they learn to walk from schoolgirl awkwardness to glamor.

This, at all events, is the opinion of Dolly Tree, designer for such famous middle-teens as Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, and June Presser.

Experience has proved that the miss in the teens and early twenties has every bit as much glamor as the woman of the late twenties and thirties—only it's of a different variety.

This Hollywood designer's pleasant task is to dress up this younger appeal, to emphasise its particular charm.

While working with Edith Fellows in a recent Warner Brothers' picture, Dolly Tree found that girls of Edith's age, contrary to opinion,

crave only to be the age they are. They very sensibly don't like being dressed any older or any younger than they are.

And this young star is very particular! When the dressers set a pink felt bowler straight on Edith's head, she immediately gave it a forward yank that suited her very much better. As she wore it, it was a smart hat for a seventeen-year-old, in that it combined the manish quality that Garbo likes, but was softened for a younger face with a decided bend in the brim.

A girl no longer shows she's "come of age" by suddenly jumping from low-heeled shoes to spiked pumps, and twisting her schoolgirl plait into a topknot. Such a sudden metamorphosis is as outmoded as a spinning wheel.

Instead, to-day we find young daughters growing up gradually, remaining very young and skittish for certain occasions, and blossoming out into more sophisticated appearances for special occasions.

So Judy Garland looks very youthful one day in her green-and-white rompers with bright green harem sandals turned up at the toes; but when she goes out to a party or premiere at night she becomes utterly sophisticated, in a pleasantly young way, in ermine jacket with white braid sleeves.

The eighteen-year-old wears a tailored suit with all the verve of Marlene Dietrich, but she looks best in colors, and can let her fancy stray here more than the older woman can. Ann Rutherford, in a grey suit with tailored cut, youthifies it with a shirtwaist in brilliant blue, and wears the collar out over her suit lapels.

• In picturesque Spanish costume—Steffi Duna, who has appeared in several Southern-style films recently. Although she is Hungarian by birth, she achieved prominence in these Spanish roles.

Deanna Durbin is usually credited with giving the bolero jacket a new urge for both young and not-quite-as-young by wearing so many clever versions of it in her pictures.

It's a delightfully young-making style. In Deanna's own wardrobe she lists a bouffant evening frock, in black-and-white pin-striped taffeta, with white eyelet embroidered bolero.

She also has a leopard bolero, with blue wool sleeves and chin tie that match her slim wool frock, and a bright red suede bolero worn over a red-and-white large block sweater. That's a smart idea that girls of the same age will be eager to copy this coming winter.





1—HERBERT (Walter Connolly) gives unknown Mary Martin singing role opposite famous husband (Allan Jones).



4



2

2—MARY wins success overshadowing Allan's.

4—BUT his work steadily lessens.

5—FINALLY he leaves wife and daughter Susannah.



5



3

3—SO MARY, retiring from stage, for Allan's good, is happy at birth of daughter.



6

6—THEN MARY, unable to sing for planned comeback, persuades Susannah to take her place.

*Loveliness in 3 simple steps*

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The first and most important step is thorough cleansing, so use Erasmic Cold Cream. Its fine oils penetrate deep into the pores and remove every trace of old make-up, dirt and mottling. Apply liberally. Wipe off after 2 or 3 minutes.

**ERASMIC COLD CREAM**

**1¢**

**② Foundation**

Give the Erasmic Vanishing Cream. Apply it lightly, using your fingers to rub powder smoothly and protect your skin from sun and wind. And to restore softness and freshness overnight, wear it this film over face and throat at bedtime.

**ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM**

**1¢**

**③ Finish**

For a beautifully smooth, well-poised complexion, finish with fine Erasmic Face Powder. All the Erasmic shades are particularly lovely—SACHEL, BRUNETTE, TEACH, SUNTAN AND NATURAL.

**ERASMIC FACE POWDER**

**1¢**

**The ERASMIC Home Beauty Treatment**

Here is a complete complexion care that doesn't take a lot of time and money! The three lovely products which make up the Erasmic Home Beauty Treatment are matched to care for your skin in every way—three simple steps that give professional results quickly and inexpensively. Follow this daily routine faithfully.

## Making musical history

"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT" STARS TWO NEW SINGERS

By CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

IN the Paramount musical, "The Great Victor Herbert," you will meet for the first time Mary Martin and Susannah Foster, two new singing personalities whom you will be seeing a good deal in the future.

Mary is the girl who created a sensation on Broadway last year by her singing of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," in the musical comedy hit, "Leave It to Me."

Although "The Great Victor Herbert" is an old-fashioned story, Paramount plans to build Mary up as an ultra-modern film personality.

### In holiday tale

SHE will star in "Miami," an up-to-the-minute story of the famous Florida resort.

Her picture after that will be "Kiss the Boys Good-bye," a satire written by Clare Boothe, the author of "The Women."

Susannah Foster, the fourteen-year-old, who plays Mary's daughter in "The Great Victor Herbert," also comes from the stage.

In June Susannah starts her next film for Paramount, with no feminine singing competition this time! She will star with Allan Jones, singing hero of "The Great Victor Herbert," in a musical called "Interlochen."

"The Great Victor Herbert" has a fictional theme which is built round the character of Victor Herbert, American musical composer, who lived at the turn of the century.

Herbert, as amazing an eater and drinker as he was a musician, was one of the most colorful figures of his time. He wrote 41 operettas, dozens of songs and other musical compositions.

Victor Herbert is played by character-actor Walter Connolly.

The three singers share twenty-nine songs from various Herbert operettas.

## BRIAN Eat that breakfast at once



Mummy coaxed. Daddy got angry. But Brian would not eat his breakfast



"Give him Kellogg's Rice Bubbles," the next door neighbor advised.



At last, a breakfast Brian enjoys—Kellogg's Snap! Crackle! and Pop! Rice Bubbles. He has a big crunchy bowl of them every morning—and he's growing fast. Remember, rice is one of mankind's staple foods.

**ALL READY TO SERVE.** No cooking needed with Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—just pour them straight from packet to plate. Sold at all grocers, oven fresh in Kellogg's exclusive waxtite innerseal packet.



R.13



# ★★★ DESTROY RIDES AGAIN

(Week's Best Release)

Marlene Dietrich, James Stewart.  
(Universal.)

MARLENE DIETRICH makes a triumphant comeback in this rowdy, zestful tale of bad old days out West.

As "Frenchy," dance-hall entertainer, and sweetheart of gambler Brian Donlevy, Marlene acts with glitter and disturbing realism—and reveals a picturesque flair for comedy.

The story is the old idea of the new sheriff who cleans up a lawless frontier town. But this time the sheriff, played by lanky James Stewart, brings law and sweet reasonableness to bear on his problems, and puts up his gun.

How the tough townsfolk react to such tactics and how his method works out provide a good deal of satirical comedy, but far more exciting moments.

The entire action takes place in the township itself—mainly in Donlevy's saloon. Highlight of the film is a most thorough-going and acutely feminine brawl between Marlene Dietrich and Una Merkel that puts even the battle royal of "The Women" to shame.

James Stewart's portrayal of this slow, naive sheriff smacks of his "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" characterisation. But it is very appealing just the same. You will like him, especially in brief romantic scenes with Dietrich.

The acting of the whole cast, which includes Charles Winninger, Mischa Auer, and Una Merkel, is of a high standard.

But the film would have been improved by skilful cutting—especially of the whole final episode, which is a quite unnecessary epilogue for the rest of the story.—State; showing.

# ★★★ OVER THE MOON

Merle Oberon, Rex Harrison.  
(United Artists.)

PRODUCED by Alexander Korda, this English film is a gay, witty romance, about a poor little girl who suddenly becomes rich, and decides to look over Europe.

It is filmed in technicolor, which adds glamor to gorgeous clothes, glimpses of Swiss Alps, Monte Carlo, and Venice—just some of the places visited by this lucky young woman in the person of Merle Oberon.

Merle is an English girl in love with country doctor Rex Harrison. When her uncle wins her eighteen million pounds, Rex, an independent young man, breaks their engagement. So Merle has her fling, while Rex endeavors to pursue his calling in

# PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

sober fashion, somewhere close at hand.

Merle inevitably becomes the prey of fortune-hunters, among whom is Peter Haddon, who, playing a young exquisite, makes a brief but amusing appearance.

Then there are Ursula Jeans and Zena Dare, two designing women who are backing their respective men to win Merle's fortune.

Merle gives a delightful performance, and Harrison is a handsome young man with a pleasing personality.—Mayfair; showing.

# ★★★ JUDGE HARDY AND SON

Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone.  
(MGM.)

ONE of the best of the Hardy series, "Judge Hardy and Son" has all the wholesome family appeal and youthful humor of its predecessors.

But it has a more serious theme and more dramatic moments than previous films of the series.

As the title indicates, much of the story is devoted to man-to-man talks between Andy (Mickey Rooney) and his father (Lewis Stone).

While trying to win the cash prize of an essay contest Mickey gets into financial and romantic trouble. He calls on father to help.

But all such minor problems are forgotten when Andy's mother (Fay Bainter) is stricken with pneumonia.

Mickey Rooney does well in his dramatic moments, but his robust comedy still highlights the film.

This time June Preisser, the cute baby-talk vamp of "Babes in Arms," is vying with Polly (Ann Rutherford) for Mickey's affections.

June's tactics are responsible for some of the brightest parts of the film.

Aunt Milly (Sara Haden) and sister Marian (Cecilia Parker) hover in the background. Maria Ouspenskaya and Henry Hull appear briefly.—St. James; showing.

# ★★★ THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price.  
(Universal.)

HERE is something really novel in the way of thrillers.

A sequel to "The Invisible Man," a version of the H. G. Wells story

which was screened some years ago, it deals with the adventures of a man made invisible by the injection of a secret serum.

Excellent acting, a good story and remarkable trick photography make it absorbing entertainment which at times becomes highly exciting.

Doctor John Sutton makes his best friend, Vincent Price, invisible, so that he can escape hanging for a murder he did not commit.

While Price looks for the real culprit, Sutton works frantically to discover an antidote to save his friend from going mad, which is the eventual result of the injection.

The photography is responsible for some amazing scenes and eerie situations.

Price handles his role with skill. Sir Cedric Hardwicke has an important share in the drama, and gives a compelling performance. Nan Grey as Price's fiancée, who is convinced of his innocence, is adequate.—Capitol; showing.

# ★★★ CONGO MAISIE

Ann Sothern, John Carroll.  
(MGM.)

SECOND of the "Maisie" series, featuring Ann Sothern as the glib, saucy showgirl, this film is far less amusing than the first.

But snappy dialogue and unexpected situations give you many good laughs in this entertaining comedy.

The story follows along the same lines as the first film. Maisie stranded in a West African settlement stows away on a steamer that goes into the interior. She meets John Carroll, and the pair arrive at a rubber plantation hospital which is run by Doctor Sheppard Strudwick. There Maisie makes herself at home, takes charge of everybody's domestic affairs, and saves them all from a native attack.

Ann Sothern carries the picture with her pert characterisation and smart wisecracks.

Good script writing and unusual mixture of tense drama with absurd fooling make the film unexpectedly novel.—St. James; showing.

# ★★★ THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG

Boris Karloff, Lorna Gray.  
(Columbia.)

ANOTHER horror thriller about a dead man who comes to life and preys upon the living, this film is occasionally exciting. The climax, with half the cast trapped by a crazy murderer, is really hair-raising.

Boris Karloff plays the "man they

# Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

could not hang" in his usual sinister fashion.

But for the first half of the film he has an entirely sympathetic role. He is a scientist, who believes he has an invention that will bring the dead back to life. A medical student offers himself for the experiment.

But the police interrupt the operation. Karloff is convicted of murder, and is hanged.

Then, when a trusted assistant restores Karloff to life, he forgets all his previous interest in humanity. He sets out to kill the judge, jury, and district attorney who were responsible for his conviction.

There is a slight romance in the film, handled effectively by Lorna Gray, as Karloff's daughter, and Robert Wilcox, as a young reporter.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

# ★★★ BLONDIE ON A BUDGET

Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.  
(Columbia.)

USING the same old gags and routines that have been featured in previous "Blondie" comedies, this film is one of the weakest of the series.

This time upheaval in the Bumpstead home is caused by Blondie's longing for an expensive fur coat, and Dagwood's desire to join a trout club which would cost the same amount as Blondie's coat.

Add a dashing brunette, Rita Hayworth, who as an old friend of Dagwood rouses Blondie's jealousy.

A few amusing moments are provided by Larry Simms as Baby Dumpling, and by Daisy the dog.

Arthur Lake as Dagwood and Penny Singleton as Blondie continue their bickering in the same manner as before.—Lyceum; showing.

# Shows Still Running

★★ The Earl of Chicago, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold in dramatic psychological study.—Liberty, 3rd week.

★★ Vigil in the Night, Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne in moving hospital drama.—Plaza, 2nd week.

★ The Disappearances from St. Agil, Erich von Stroheim, Michel Simon in interesting French mystery drama.—Savoy, 4th week.

★ Everything Happens at Night, Sonja Henie, Robert Cummings in average romantic drama with Swiss background.—Regent, 2nd week.



# THE LION'S ROAR

M.G.M.'s "BALALAIKA" has made a sensational smash hit in Sydney, as it will everywhere it plays. It's got everything!

Sydney is also acclaiming Robert Montgomery's personal triumph in "THE EARL OF CHICAGO," a virile drama of tense moments relieved by punchy comedy. M.G.M. has given Montgomery a splendid supporting cast headed by Edward Arnold, Edmund Gwenn, Reginald Owen and E. E. Clive. It's a different kind of screen fare in every way. Example—all you ever see of Bob's girl friend are her shapely calves and trim ankles!

Also watch for your local release of the new Hardy hit, "JUDGE HARDY AND SON." I don't have to tell you much about this; you know it's good!

Which reminds me to list, in response to numerous requests, the Judge Hardy Family pictures so you won't miss any of them: 1—A Family Affair; 2—You're Only Young Once; 3—Judge Hardy's Children; 4—Love Finds Andy Hardy; 5—Out West with the Hardys; 6—The Hardys Ride High; 7—Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever; 8—Judge Hardy and Son.

FLASH—Advance bookings for the Australasian Premiere Season of David O. Selznick's "GONE WITH THE WIND," released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, are the heaviest in history. "GONE WITH THE WIND" will open simultaneously at the St. James and Liberty Theatres, Sydney, on May 1st. The night before there will be a Grand Gala Charity Preview at the St. James in aid of the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of N.S.W. These events will launch the Australasian career of the greatest picture ever made—the Technicolor production which won 10 of the Academy Awards this year!

★ LEO of M.G.M.



To eat well and enjoy his food a man must have perfect digestion. When indigestion is ruining his appetite, get De Witt's Antacid Powder. Instant relief follows from the first dose and indigestion is quickly ended.

Instead of complaining of flatulence, stomach pains, and just picking at his food, he'll be eating like a trooper—happy

he's free from indigestion. Here is proof.

Mrs. Valentine, Camp Hill, Brisbane, says:—"My husband has been a sufferer from indigestion for years and could get no relief no matter what he tried. One day we saw an advertisement for De Witt's Antacid Powder and gave it a trial. Now he is able to eat and enjoy anything without fear of after-effects. I recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder wherever I go."

Benefit is certain, because De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess acid, protects the stomach and actually digests part of your food.

**DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER**

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large canisters, 2/6. New giant size (2½ times quantity), 4/6.

# Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

SHIRLEY TEMPLE will retire from the screen when her present contract with Twentieth Century-Fox expires in fourteen months' time.

Her mother announced last week that she wanted Shirley to go to school and forget movies for a few years.

Shirley will be eleven on April 23. She has been a film star since she was four years old.

COMEDIENNE Martha Raye is suing for divorce from her second husband, David Ross.

Her first husband was Buddy Westmore.

After completing "The Farmer's Daughter," Martha was recently dropped from Paramount's contract list. Her next film will be the Universal musical comedy "The Boys from Syracuse," in which she will play with Dick Powell and the Rita Brothers.

ANN SHERIDAN certainly lives up to the name "Oomph" off-screen. Her admirers are not only numerous, but distinguished. Director Anatole Litvak is among them, and dashing Cesar Romero is an at-

tentive beau. On the Warner lot bets are on that Ann and George Brent will eventually wed.

Ann's going to bring back the Gibson girl in her next picture, "College Widow." She is going to wear the old-fashioned pompadour, blouses, and long, uncomfortable skirts.

AT the brilliant party given to Lady Diana and Alfred Duff Cooper by the Jack Warners, Norma Shearer and George Raft were very much in the limelight. Seeing them together really convinced one that they are in love.

The most sensational figure at the party was Marlene Dietrich in filmy, sparkling white.

JOAN CRAWFORD's wardrobe for "Susan and God" definitely reflects the trend of the times. One of her suits, created by Adrian, shows a Tom Brown pocket on the side. Joan's wide shoulders and slim hips are perfect for the military mode.

JOAN BENNETT gave a birthday party for her little daughter, Diane, and it proved to be the experience of a lifetime for the youngsters invited. Shirley Temple was one of the guests.

# SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Vanish permanently when treated with "VANIX," the application of which is simple, painless, and harmless.

"VANIX" is a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is not a depilatory—it is a pleasantly perfumed lotion which attacks the hair tissues, dissolving and finally destroying them completely. "VANIX" is priced at 4/6 a bottle (4½ oz. net) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 512 George St., Sydney, and all its branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 321 St. Collins St., Melb.; The Moor Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

# KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 MILES of Kidney Tubes

Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If kidneys don't pass 3 pints a day and get rid of 3 pounds of waste matter, the 14 miles of kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

This acid condition is a danger signal and may be the beginning of nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages, with smearing and burning, show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Most people watch their bowels, which contain only 27 feet of intestines, but neglect the kidneys, which contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS... used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 MILES of kidney tubes. GET DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or store.



# You Only Live Once

A Complete  
Short Story

By . . .  
**MICHAEL ARLEN**

Illustrated by  
**VIRGIL**

**A**T ten o'clock one evening not long ago there was not, in the considered opinion of the famous amateur golfer Jockie ("Jock") Winterset, a more happily married man, a prouder father, and a more contented husband than Jock Winterset.

By ten-fifteen of the same evening it was, in an emphatic and moving statement he made to his wife Stella, established beyond all doubt that there was not, in all the United Kingdom a man, husband, and father lower down in the scale of happiness (undeserved) than poor Jock Winterset.

Preparing to leave the house in the grand manner, his parting words to Stella, touched with the dignity of melancholy self-criticism, were also in the grand manner.

He said to Stella: "You have let me live in a fool's paradise for the nine years of our married life. I thought you loved me. I thought, like a father, that you were even proud of me sometimes."

He said: "I realise now that you have been acting and pretending all the time—out of pity, not to hurt my feelings. I have never loved anyone but you, Stella—anyway, not since I met you. But you tell me I love only myself."

He said: "I know I'm not clever, I know I'm no good at anything except games. But I'm not fool enough to think that there can be any happiness in a marriage when—the team-work has broken down—that is, when a fellow's wife tells him in so many words that she has no respect for him at all."

He said: "I shall have to think this out, Stella. We have to think above all of our boy. I am going now, and—"

"You were going," Stella pointed out, "anyway." Then, quite unlike herself, she suddenly giggled. "Just suppose you missed the 11.10 at Euston—then some other big thinker would win the North of England Championship to-morrow."

"I don't suppose," he said bitterly, "that I shall even qualify, with this on my mind."

"Why not?" said Stella with surprise. "Just think of nothing but the ball. You'll find it quite easy, since you have thought of nothing else for the nine years we've been married."

Whereupon Jock Winterset, forgetting all about the grand manner, picked up his small case and large bag of clubs, and banged out of the house into the waiting taxi.

"Ever heard," he said savagely to the taxi driver, "of lightning?"

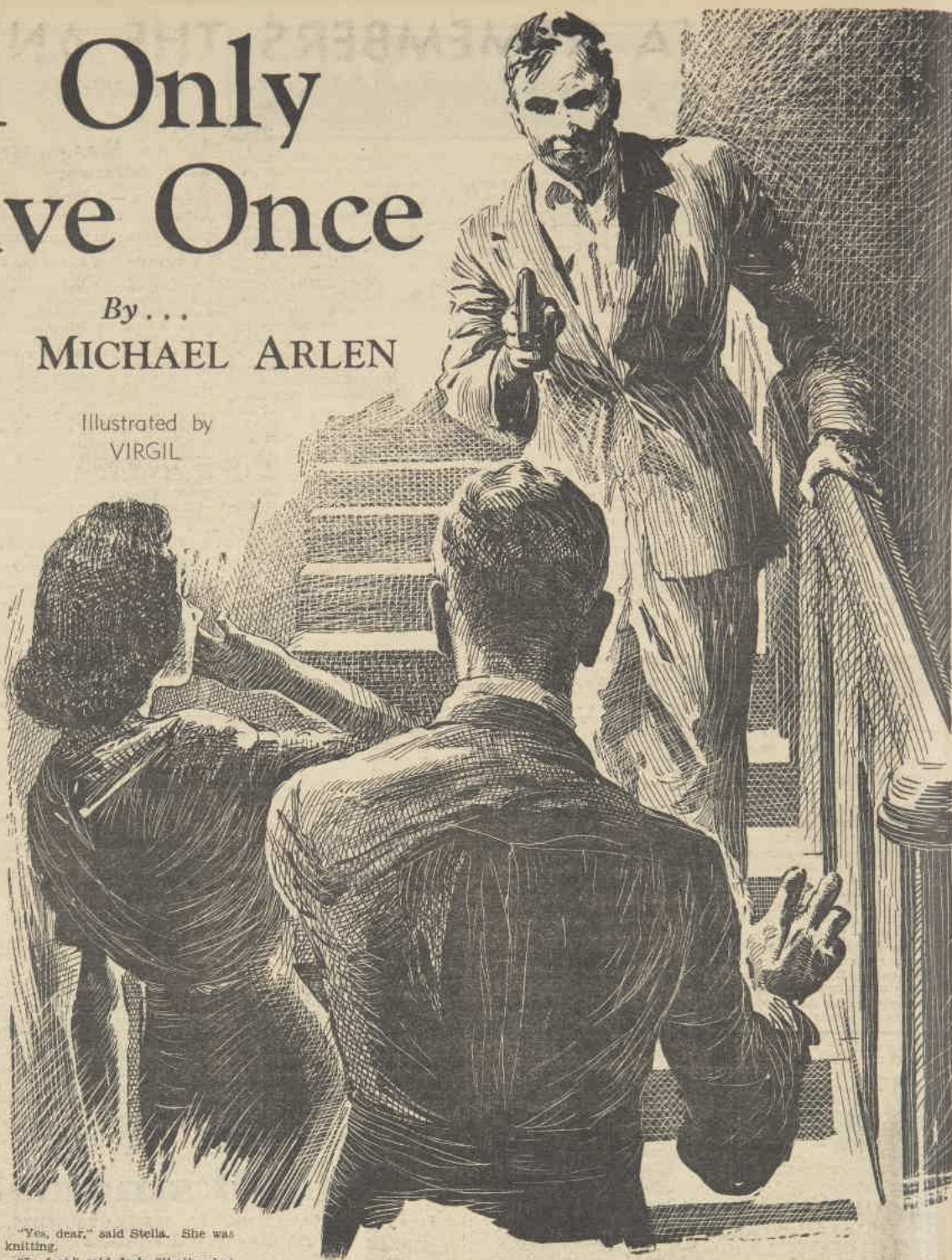
"Yessir. My misus uses it regular on our Bill. It works wunnerful."

"Go," said Jock with restraint, "like lightning in the general direction of Euston Station."

He had ample time, in point of fact. But his nerves called for hurry, speed.

His thoughts sped faster than the taxi. The row with Stella had arisen from an argument about their son Gerald, then just on seven years old. Jerry had been laid up the last day or so with a slightly cut finger which had become inflamed.

Jock had suggested—casually, not dreaming of any opposition—that young Jerry should start taking golf lessons from a good professional as soon as his finger was better. "My father," he said, "had me learn the feel of a club when I was Jerry's age, and I have never regretted it."



*Stella gasped. Half-way down the narrow stairs a man stood pointing a heavy revolver.*

"Yes, dear," said Stella. She was knitting.

"In fact," said Jock, "that's what made me."

"Yes, dear," said Stella.

She was slender and dark-haired, with wide, grey, thoughtful eyes. She was much loved by her friends, and silly people were rather frightened of her.

"There's nothing," said Jock, "like learning to swing a club in a natural way when you're a kid. Like the caddies."

"Jerry," said Stella, going on knitting, "isn't going to be a caddy."

"You know what I mean, Stella. A really first-class amateur—someone who might win the Open—Golly, I'd be proud if a son of mine—"

"Ours, dear," said Stella.

"Of course, darling. But wouldn't it be marvellous if Jerry was really in the top class? You can see now that he's got a pretty good eye, and—"

Stella put down her knitting and looked up at him. She did this very deliberately, and suddenly Jock felt uncomfortable. For a second he could not understand why. Then he realised uneasily that a stranger, cold and unfamiliar, was measuring him from the depths of the wide grey eyes he knew so well.

"It is time I told you something, Jock. Perhaps I should have told

you before, but I have been trying not to hurt your feelings. Jerry—our son—is not going to take golf lessons now. In due course he is going to learn how to play golf and tennis and other games in the normal undistinguished way, and when he grows up he is going to play them—I hope—in the normal undistinguished way.

"He is not going to play golf or tennis like a first-class amateur. I do not want our son to be a first-class amateur but a tenth-class amateur. Or eleventh-class. That will be much better for him, his character, and his happiness."

**F**OR I hope that our son will grow up to be a reasonably thoughtful, hard-working young man who will be able to get a decent job for himself on his own merits and not because other good chaps admire him because he is plus three.

"Also, I hope that in due course he will be able to support a wife and children with his own work, and not with the money his dear proud old daddy gives him because he can regularly break 70 at Addington. And that reminds me, Jock, that you had better play your best to-

morrow. The quarter's rent is due very soon and if your dear proud old daddy doesn't stump up once again—"

Jock, sitting taut in the whirling taxi, could not remember what he had said then. He had been too shocked, too bewildered, too astounded, too flummoxed. He had always thought that she had taken their occasional financial troubles gaily—like a good sport—like he had.

It was only gradually that the real meaning of her words had penetrated his bewildered mind. So she didn't want Jerry to be like his father. She wanted their son to be like anyone else but his father. She wanted Jerry to be a decent, hard-working man whom she could respect. That meant she didn't respect him, Jock, and never had. That meant—

Whereupon he made his farewell speech in the grand manner.

As the taxi crossed Tottenham Court Road on the final lap to Euston, he realised bitterly that in some things she was right but that in the main ones she was wrong. He saw that he ought not to have

given up so much time—so many week-days as well as week-ends—in golf. He saw that he ought to have done better for himself than be just a half-commission man in a broker's office.

But that hadn't been really all his fault. Everybody had always been so nice to him, made things easy for him, let him in on the inside of good market rises. Of course Stella had been disappointed recently when he had refused the job of being manager and steward of Lord Teale's estate in Northumberland. She had wanted to bring up Jerry in the country, far from London. The job had been right down his street, too. Good money, comfortable house and grounds rent free, first-class horses this and that—but an all-week job day by day, with only a week-end here and there for golf. He couldn't be expected to keep up his game with only a day's golf here and there. It wasn't reasonable. After all, you only live once.

Please turn to Page 40



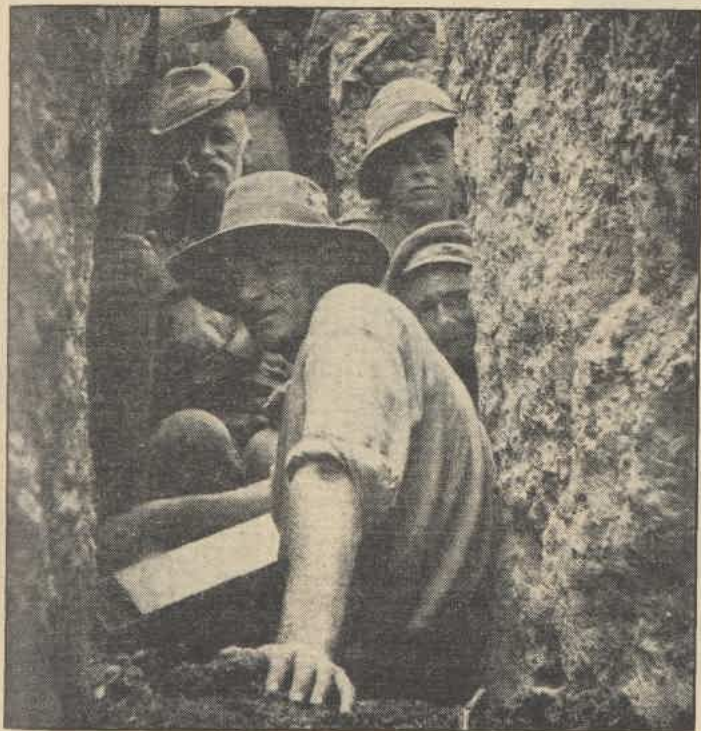
# AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS THE ANZACS . . .

*"It is not all a dream. I  
will be glad  
That there's some spirit  
treading upon earth  
(Though scarcely heard,  
yet felt in every breath  
Of the free air), a spirit of  
rebirth  
In their own sons, for  
those who suffered  
death."*

**T**HIS week Australia will observe the 25th anniversary of the landing of the Australian and New Zealand forces at Gallipoli. On this page are pictures of some of the men who took part in the landing, and a photograph taken from the heights by a man who was in one of the first boats to reach the beach.



LORD KITCHENER, AND GENERAL BIRDWOOD, commander of the Australian Expeditionary Force, in a trench at Gallipoli.



AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS in a front-line trench on Gallipoli during the first weeks of the struggle for a foothold on the heavily defended peninsula.



GEN. BRUDENELL WHITE, now C. in C. of the Australian Forces, at Gallipoli. Picture taken by Lieut. R. G. Casey, now Australian Ambassador to America.



ON APRIL 25, 1915, in the cold light of a grey dawn, in the face of withering fire from the hills above, the historic landing was made at Anzac Cove.



## Four New Lipstick Colours

that will harmonise with any Autumn ensemble!



- \* DESERT FLAME
- \* BONFIRE RED
- \* GLAMOUR WINE
- \* BURNT SUGAR

Four lovely glowing shades... perfect accent with the new Autumn fabric colours. Call at the Sandra Shaw counter with a pattern of your new ensemble... the assistants will tell you the right lipstick to wear with it. Ask to see the other Sandra Shaw cosmetics while you're there!

Lipstick, Rouge, 2/6. Nail Enamel 1/-  
Sandra Shaw Cosmetics—Ground Floor

Sandra Shaw **2'6**

**DAVID JONES**

### HOLIDAYS!

ANYWHERE—ANY PLACE—ANY TIME

The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau  
St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney. Telephone MA4496.



YOUNG ICELANDER in her peasant costume. Most women in outlying parts of this island wear their national dress.

## Iceland rejects Danish rule

**A**FTER more than 600 years of Danish rule, the Parliament of Iceland has refused allegiance to Denmark, since that country was no longer able to exercise its sovereignty. Germany denied designs on Iceland—but many small countries have heard that tale!



REYKJAVIK, the capital, is an up-to-date community with one-fifth of Iceland's entire population of 100,000.



TYPICAL peasant dwelling built close to ground to withstand wild storms which sweep across island. Towers contain turf for fuel. Farming is chief occupation of peasants.



CHURCH in a peasant village in North Iceland.

*all it needs is -*



## AMA-KI SAUCE

**EVEN** the most succulent steak becomes more tasty... more appetising... and more inviting when it's served with Ama-ki Sauce.

Ama-ki has the happy knack of bringing out the full flavour of whatever dish you're eating it with... as well as adding its own distinctive flavour.

You'll find that Ama-ki's flavour is a delicious, home-made variety that, once you've sampled it, you'll want to go on enjoying with every meal you eat.

★ Make a smooth paste of a teaspoon of sugar, 2 teaspoons of flour, 1 desert-spoon each of vinegar and pepper, and a little salt and water. Put in a bowl and rub this well into 1 lb. of cut up steak. Allow to stand for an hour and then add 2 tablespoons of Ama-ki Sauce. Cook in casserole dish in the oven for two hours—it's delicious!

**AMA-KI SAUCE**  
*The Nicest Sauce You Ever Tasted*

### The Case of MARCIA B.



CASE No. 7078  
NAME: Marcia B. Age: 34  
OCCUPATION: Typist.  
SYMPTOMS: Irregular bowel action. Signs of chronic indigestion. Frequent headaches. Nervousness. Blotchy complexion. Sleeps badly. Lack of energy.  
DIAGNOSIS: Constipation. Marked evidence of absorption of toxins (poisons) into bloodstream—gradually undermining whole system.  
TREATMENT: RESTORE NORMAL BOWEL ACTION IMMEDIATELY WITH NYAL FIGSEN.

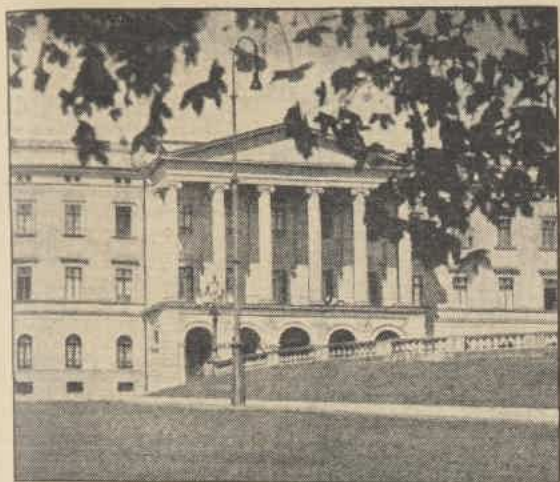
### BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figen is **NOT** a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and **naturally**—without purging. Figen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets.. 1/3

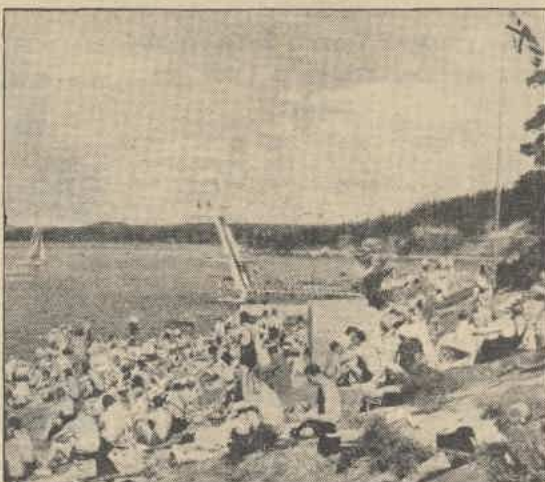
**NYAL FIGSEN**  
FOR CONSTIPATION



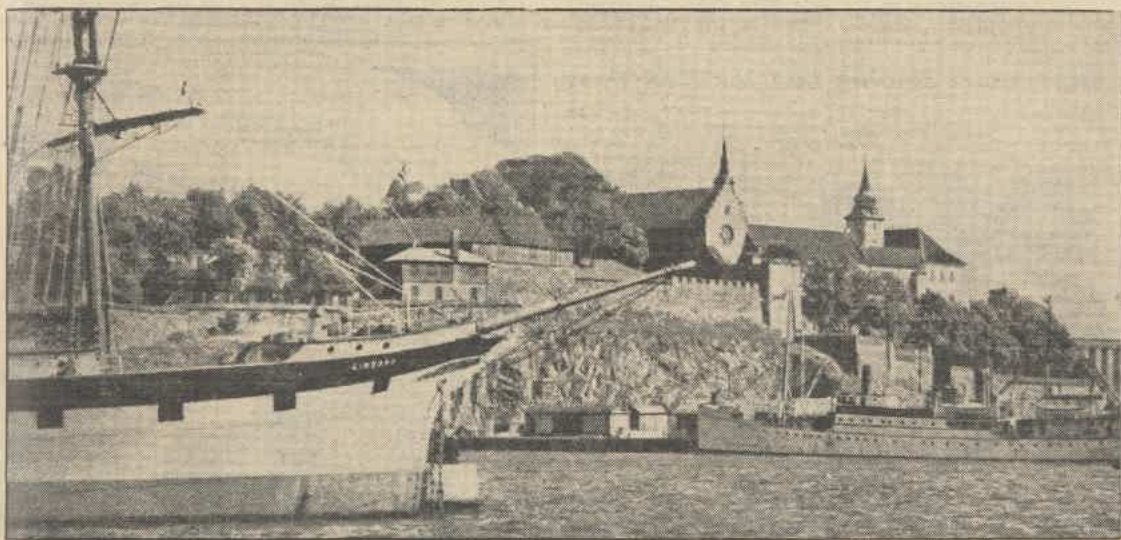
# OSLO ... Norway's beautiful capital



**ROYAL PALACE, OSLO.** King Haakon refused to negotiate with Nazis. Each place in which he took refuge was bombed by Germans. Haakon said, "With Allies' help we shall win."



**OSLO FIORD** is called "Riviera of the North," has sandy, shelving beaches, contrasting with rugged West Coast; its waters run into the Skagerrak, dividing Norway and Denmark.



**BAYS AND INLETS** of the Oslo Fiord, not unlike those of Sydney Harbor, surround the city. Century-old buildings and the most modern architecture stand side by side in Oslo. Bribery, treason, and Nazi agents hastened Oslo's fall.

## Free! for SIREN SOAP USERS



THE KIND OF  
CUTLERY I'VE  
ALWAYS  
WANTED

The craftsmanship of these fine pieces of cutlery entitles them to a place in the finest of homes! They're mirror-finished! You simply must not miss this chance to get them free. Start saving now for your first piece, then continue till you get a complete set.

CALL AT LINTAS  
DEPOT TO SEE  
COMPLETE RANGE  
OF GIFTS OR  
WRITE FOR LIST.

**IMPORTANT.** Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

### HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

Take your crosses to:  
**LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT,**  
147 YORK STREET  
(Town Hall end), SYDNEY

If you cannot call, attach your crosses to a piece of paper on which you have written:

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS.  
2. The gift you require.  
3. Number of crosses enclosed.

Post to:  
**LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT,**  
BOX 4267 V. G.P.O., SYDNEY.



### TABLE KNIFE

Heavy stainless steel, made in Sheffield, England. Save 44 Cresses from 11 Siren bars.

### DESSERT KNIFE

Heavy stainless steel, made in Sheffield, England. Save 44 Cresses from 11 Siren bars.

**TABLE FORK**  
Heavy E.P.N.S. "A" Grade. Save 40 Cresses from 10 Siren bars.

**DESSERT FORK**  
Heavy E.P.N.S. "A" Grade. Save 28 Cresses from 7 Siren bars.

4 crosses with each large bar, 1 cross with each utility tablet.



**Nicholson's**  
The Musical Firm  
Easy Terms gladly arranged!

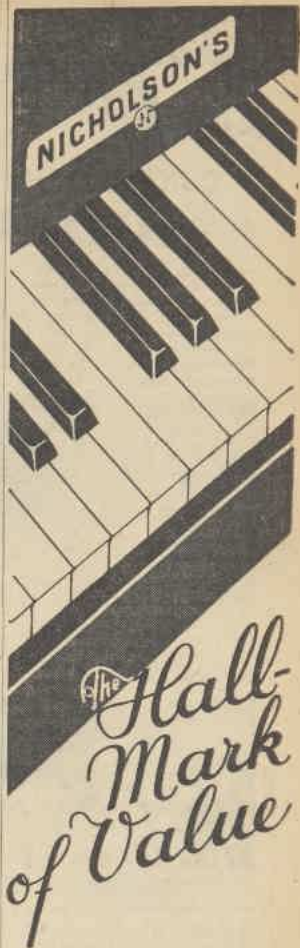
Temporary Salesrooms: 391 George St. and old premises  
Offices: "The Block" 428 George St.

**RANGE**

A wonderful holiday at the liveliest of all country resorts. Car each way, and special trips to the Canoblas cherry country, Fairbridge Farm, Molong, etc.

**8 DAYS . . . £5/5/0**

Book at  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU**  
St James Bldg., Elizabeth St.,  
Sydney. Tel. MA4496.  
Open Friday Nights till 7.00



Nicholson's name associated with pianos is not only the hall-mark of value but it typifies a fine sense of responsibility to the public in their marketing.

A piano by Nicholson's is the product of the world's leading manufacturers in this present-day piano-makers' art.

Viewed as a long term investment, the cost by the year is extremely little and the value is constant.



## Skin Irritations

### QUICKLY CLEARED with IODEX

For itchy, irritable, pimply skins Iodex has been used with remarkable success. Depending for its efficacy on its antiseptic iodine content, Iodex quickly relieves the itching and burning of eczema and other skin irritations. In stubborn cases you should see your doctor.



**Skin Eruptions.** Read this letter: — "I had some very bad pimples, and Iodex was recommended to me. I applied it to the sores, and the pimples vanished in three days and no trace was left."



**Ringworm.** A letter from West Wyalong says: — "I found Iodex ever so much better to use than iodine. My little boy had sores all over his face through handling a dog with ringworm. I smeared Iodex on the sores three or four times, and they quite healed up."

**FREE!** Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

## IODEX

NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- from all chemists

**Tried it yet?**  
**NEW, QUICK**

**ODO-RO-NO Cream**  
CHECKS PERSPIRATION SAFELY



**Stops perspiration instantly.**  
**Dries quickly—vanishes completely.**  
**Use before or after shaving.**  
**Keeps underarm dry 1-3 days.**  
**Ends perspiration odour.**  
**Won't irritate skin or rot dresses.**  
**Non-greasy • stainless • soothing.**  
**GET ODO-RO-NO CREAM TODAY**  
from all good Chemists and Stores.  
1/- and 2/-

# Women Also Serve

**Has turned home into depot for Active Service Comforts Fund.**

"WAR workers, please don't knock" is the sign on the door of the beautiful home of Mrs. R. J. Whiteman, of Darling Point, Sydney.

Most of the ground floor of her home is given to the assembling of parcels for the A.I.F. in Palestine, the B.E.F. in France, and the mine-sweepers in the North Sea.

The depot is called the Active Service Comforts Fund, and many voluntary workers are on duty every day to help Mrs. Whiteman.

Carriers call frequently with parcels of donations of materials for shirts, pyjamas, and knitted goods, as well as books, butterscotch or toffee.

Mrs. Whiteman and her committee are anxious to enlist the help of workers in country circles, or girls in city offices.

Already one business house in Sydney with only a small staff has supplied an amazing list of comforts, and from a tiny country town came a huge bundle of goods.

A letter accompanying the bale from the country stated that the 47 women in the



PARCELS all ready for despatch to soldiers are sorted by Mrs. Orwell Phillips (left) and Mrs. R. J. Whiteman, at Mrs. Whiteman's home.

township met at one home to sew every afternoon. Their husbands brought the sewing-machines and took them home at night.

After school each day the children helped by knitting and sewing on tags.

**She sews for soldiers five days a week**

ONE of the most enthusiastic workers, as well as one of the oldest workers for the President's Branch of the Victorian Division of the Red Cross Society, is Mrs. E. J. Farrell.

She sits at a sewing-machine from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. five days a week.

Only skilled workers belong to the President's branch, which puts out, sews, and makes all kinds of garments and hospital bandages under the direction of Lady Duggan, wife of Victoria's Governor, in the ballroom at Government House.

**Makes feather plumes for soldiers' hats**

MRS. ERNEST SAWERS, of Piccadilly Station, Nackara, South Australia, has brought a touch of home to ten Light Horsemen of the Paratoo Troop. She has made the waving plumes in their hats from emu feathers from their home district.

Mrs. Sawers, who has just been visiting Adelaide, said that some emu feathers collected on their station were given to her, so she decided to make plumes for her sons, who are in the Paratoo Light Horse Troop.

She took a piece of material and fixing the feathers in place firmly stitched them with the machine.

## Supervises sewing bee for Red Cross

NO time is wasted by members of the Hamilton Red Cross Society in Brisbane at their Wednesday sewing

bee at the Hamilton Town Hall, where members meet once a week to sew. Some



MRS. S. A. LIGHTBODY (left), Miss Joan McKelvey, and Mrs. A. H. Tait sew soldiers' handkerchiefs.

bring their own portable machines, and almost every member takes away with her a garment which she returns the following Wednesday ready to be sent to headquarters.

Mrs. A. H. Tait, the president, considers results most satisfactory. Miss Joan McKelvey was appointed honorary secretary when the branch was formed in October. Membership now stands at approximately 100. Mrs. Hannibal King is sewing convener, and other committee members are Mrs. E. J. Shaw, Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. A. G. Webb, Mrs. P. J. Ross, and Mrs. G. A. Lightbody. Mrs. Cecil Brennan, who is head of the entertainments committee, has organised an extensive bridge drive.

## Leads Comforts Fund Unit with 700 schoolboy members

LEADER of South Australian St. Peter's College Fighting Forces Comforts Fund Unit, which has 800 members, including 700 boys, is Miss Helen Rennie, formerly of Victoria, and well known all over Australia for her distinguished service during the last war.

When she lived in Melbourne, she and her sister, the late Miss Gertrude Rennie, were the originators of the first branch of the Red Cross in Australia. It was the Quamby Club branch, and was formed two days after war was declared in 1914.

They were also leaders in the raising of money and goods to the value of more than £31,000 for the Red Cross.

Miss Rennie, who has been living in Adelaide for four years as Lady Superintendent of St. Peter's College, formed a group at the college last October.

Following the return from abroad of the headmaster of the school, Rev. Guy Pentreath, a bigger effort, embracing the whole school, is now being made.

Women workers include Mrs. Guy Pentreath, Mrs. J. H. Hill and Mrs. A. J. Brooks, wives of two masters, teachers, matrons, and members of the domestic staff. They are all sewing and knitting. The masters and boys of the school are doing their part by collecting books and magazines and by subscribing regularly to the unit funds.

**HAVE A GLASS OF GUINNESS**



**WHEN YOU'RE TIRED**

At all Hotels and Spirit Stores

Since when have  
**YOU** been using  
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TO-DAY**

97,20,25



# Girl plays story of own life in radio thriller

## Society deb. who wanted to go on the stage

As the heroine, Gloria Wayne, in a new radio dramatic thriller, "Beyond Reasonable Doubt," Miss Arlene Francis plays in part the story of her own beginning in the theatrical world.

**B**YOND Reasonable Doubt," a 2GB serial, will be heard each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7.45 p.m., during the next few months.

In the play, Gloria Wayne is the debutante daughter of an aristocratic family which is opposed to her entering the theatre; nevertheless she sets out on her own to find a job as an actress.

In real life Arlene Francis, who plays the leading role, is the daughter of a prominent American family, who were much against her becoming an actress, but in spite of this she has achieved an enviable place in the American theatrical world.

The parallel ends there. Gloria Wayne is innocently caught in the web of a thrilling murder case, while Arlene Francis has steadily climbed to the top rank of stage and radio personalities.

### Sent to Europe

**A**FTER her first job in the theatre as understudy to Claudette Colbert in a Broadway production, her father sent her to Europe to discourage her theatrical ambitions. His plan was unsuccessful.

She returned to the theatre in a small part in the Boston Company's production of "Street Scene," Elmer Rice's famous play, which led to a demand for her services by Hollywood. Finally radio called her and her daily schedule of broadcasts speaks emphatically for her success.

Named last year as the "Woman of the Year" in American radio, Miss Francis is well known to Australian audiences for her appearances in "The March of Time" series on the screen. She has also made

numerous appearances with Beatrice Lillie.

The story of "Beyond Reasonable Doubt" opens on a note of excitement as Steven Moore, a famous

criminal lawyer, returns home from a trial, and finds a beautiful girl in his flat, who talks hysterically about a murder.

A moment later the police appear.

Moore is at once confronted with the choice of shielding the girl and thus involving himself as an accomplice or of turning her over to the police and thus losing an interesting and beautiful client.

Just as he makes his choice he finds that the girl has disappeared.

The role of Steven Moore is played by another prominent radio actor, Mick Dawson.

The play is not all love, mystery and adventure; humor has its part. Cuba, Moore's combined valet, chauffeur, and cook, provides many a hearty laugh.



MISS ARLENE FRANCIS—Society girl and radio star.

Write Section "A", Box 2713C, Sydney, for free copy of "Beauty Book".



"We Live and Learn!"

His Lordship said

HECTIC TIMES, my dear, introducing Lord and Lady Monty to our Australian station life. Both delighted with the Picnic Races. "Positively English!" was his Lordship's description of the atmosphere. "One might well be within—ah—coo-ee of Mowbray!"



SO PLEASED—won the Picnic Stakes with Starlight! But Lord Monty, who says the right thing most beautifully, seemed less impressed by my trophies than by my complexion. "I feel I'm complimenting my own people," he declared, "when I say you have an English complexion."



MODESTY DEMANDED I should give the credit to Yardley. "You should have recognised that lavender fragrance," his charming wife declared, "I've always used it!" "Of course," he replied; "they told us at Home we couldn't teach Australian women much about beauty. We live and learn!"

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Mr. Richard B. Diamond,  
Chemist.

Treatment Succeeds with cases of Aneurisms, Eczema, Tinea, or Scabies, Itch, Dermatitis, Scabies, Trunkles, Gums—Under the Nail, etc.

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AND what about love? What marks did Stella give him there? What about a chap being a good husband? A jolly good husband. Considerate to all. Very little to drink. Never a fling. Not like some fellows he knew.

Not by a long chalk like some fellows he knew. Always offered to take Stella with him to Le Touquet for the Buck's and White's weekends, even though she hadn't lately come with him. In fact, he'd been on the up-and-up from dawn till dusk for nearly ten years.

And was she glad? Was she grateful?

She was so thumping glad and grateful that she had landed him such a resounding hit on the jaw that he'd never be the same man again. Anyway, not to her. Not likely.

He'd start batting an eye around now. He'd bat two. He'd hit the high spots, he'd hit the hot spots. Like other chaps. There wasn't any lack of high-stepping Snow Whites who didn't despise a man just because he had been amateur champion. Not likely.

The taxi curved into Gordon Square. It curved spiritedly, and the front left wheel crashed smartly into the rear of a large handsome car at the kerb parked too near the corner. The taxi, rocking enormously, bounced indignantly sideways and stood shuddering.

Jock found himself, he didn't in the least know how, crouching on his hands and knees in the middle of the road. He must have jumped out. He was crouching intently, like a man about to sprint, a ridiculous position.

Stunned, but quite unhurt, blinking at the lamplight, he took in the half-wrecked taxi, which somehow looked idiotically proud of itself at still being on all four wheels. Then he took in the taxi-driver, also apparently unhurt and still at the wheel, looking around him with an air of profound astonishment. And then he saw his bag of clubs, also spilled on the road near him.

That decided him. He'd go while the going was good. Or he'd never

## You Only Live Once

Continued from Page 34

catch his train. It was the work of a moment to snap at the still astonished and speechless driver to go back to his house for payment of his fare, snatch up his suitcase and golf-bag, and leg it towards the station.

Lucky it hadn't been worse. A nice thing it would have been to have to scratch from to-morrow's fixture just because of a stupid taxi accident. He could see the newspapers.

Jock Winterset Hurt in Taxi Crash. Ex-Amateur Champion Badly Injured. May Never Play Golf Again.

Glancing back over his shoulder, he saw a small crowd already around the taxi-driver, who appeared to be addressing them indignantly. Then he turned into the brightly lit Euston Road, just opposite Euston Station.

If anyone had told Jock Winterset that something called his subconscious mind could govern his actions he would have thought his leg was being pulled in some tiresome highbrow way. But it could have been only his sub-conscious mind which made him do what he now did, for it was done without any previous deliberation. As he hurried under the archway to Euston Station he suddenly slowed right round and strode back towards the Euston Road.

HE wasn't going to catch that train or any train. His mind had suddenly been made up for him. And he wasn't going to play golf to-morrow. Just like that.

Putting his suitcase and clubs down at a corner, he waited for a passing taxi. One soon came. He was going straight back home to Stella. Straight back—bongo.

That taxi accident had been a sign. He hadn't been hurt, but it had been a sign all right. It had been the writing on the wall, and the writing had said: "Go back

home." And so he was going back home.

Providence had tipped him the wink, and no mistake. No use kidding himself. Providence had seen him leave Stella in anger, had aimed a shrewd blow at his taxi, thrown him out on his ear, and had tipped him off in so many words to leg it back to Stella and tell her that he, J. Winterset, had forgotten to thank her for all the love and care and unselfishness she had expended during their married lives in taking care of him and their son.

And what had he done all these years but sit back and admire himself and wait for her to admire him? Had he ever—sincerely, deep down in himself—given thanks for his undeserved good fortune in being married to a dear companion, a good wife, an unselfish mother, and a beautiful woman? No, sir. All he'd done had been to take everything in his stride, for granted, as his right.

Sitting in the taxi, he felt very cool and calm. He seemed to stand at an open window and watch himself walking outside, walking down the years since he had left school as Captain of Cricket, Captain of the Fifteen, head school-prefect, and Captain of the School. A good man, Winterset. Sound chap, Jock. For he's a jolly good fellow.

And he had been Captain of the School ever since; never failing to say "sir" to his elders or superiors with the proper inflexion of respect mingled with man-to-man good humor; always considerate to his inferiors in that brusque smiling way which takes for granted that lesser men will forgive you for making exacting demands on them; always good-humoredly expecting ordinary daily chores to be done for him by people who would only be too glad to do them for him; always a little remote and isolated in even the most intimate companionship—in fact, the Captain of the School. That is, neither boy nor man.

He understood now why he had so often caught Stella looking at him with a kind of puzzled thoughtfulness. She had been thinking, "Neither boy nor man. How am I to live my life out with someone who is neither? What shall we talk about as we grow older? Shall we always talk, as we do now, of games and who-will-beat-whom and competitive trivialities and why-can't-we-putt-like-the-Americans?"

"He is a dear and kind man, and I love him, but I can't trust him to be a responsible man and I can't rely on him to teach his son anything of the responsibilities of life. He will be happy as long as he has got fags around him, and he will always be kind to his fags. Poor Jock, he is going to be so unhappy one day when his fags suddenly turn on him. I am head-fag, and I must try my hardest never to turn on him, as he will be so hurt."

Well, she had tried her hardest, dear Stella, and she had broken down for the first time only that evening—after nine years.

And hadn't he been hurt? Crumbs, he'd nearly taken the count. Just because the fag had dared to speak her mind to the Captain of the School without man-to-man good humor.

A minute or two more, and he'd fix all that. He was going to take that job of old Teale's, which he knew was still open. From now on he would earn his own keep and he would play golf like normal busy men played golf, not sacrificing their lives to it. Then he realised that it was a long time since he had seen Stella smile with all her heart. He could see her dear grey

## SEQUEL . . .

"Let's start again," I asked—  
"Upon the rock  
Of high ideals and quiet love  
and wise—  
We'll build"—I said, "anew  
The house that fell  
To pieces when those cruel  
North winds blew . . ."  
But, all the memories that  
Gleam amidst  
The timeless past—pale blossoms  
In the night  
Of lost illusions, failed  
To warm your heart.  
I asked to start anew—  
Your hand was raised—  
But, when you smiled,  
I knew,  
Sadly I knew  
Dream flowers had perished,  
For you said—  
"Adieu" . . .  
—Leon Batt.

eyes light up and the happiness ripple and flash across her sensitive, often too-serious, face.

Only a few minutes later Jock was laughing bitterly to himself about these thoughts, these dreams. There was no one to hear him laugh. Stella had gone out. All dressed up and fit to kill in her best evening frock, Stella had been about to go out when he arrived back unexpectedly. There was a young man with her, a pleasant athletic-looking young fellow called Guy something, and they were standing around in the sitting-room like people waiting for a taxi.

Stella's surprise at his unexpected return was no more than casual.

"Jock, you never missed the train!" He stared. She looked lovely in that white frock, with her dark hair curled severely back.

"Yes," he said. "Just."

"But how? You allowed yourself plenty of time."

"My taxi," he fumbled. "Caught a wing in another wheel—argument and so on—and here I am." He warmed to his story. Well, it was a good let-out. I left him still arguing—he will be round to-morrow for his fare."

"Bad luck," she said.

A taxi stopped outside.

"Here's our cab," said the pleasant youth. "Want to dress and join us later, Winterset?"

Stella picked up her little white bag. The small 8 on it, in paste diamonds, twinkled happily and Jock blinked intently at it.

"I rang up Guy when you had gone, to take me out to dance somewhere. I feel like dancing to-night, and Barbara is giving a supper at the Embassy. Join us later, Jock. Since you are not playing to-morrow you can stay up late for once. We haven't danced for ages."

He saw them towards the door. The dry, familiar perfume she always used when going out at night, dimly bitter-sweet like a faint echo of the tuberose she loved, seemed suddenly to penetrate his nerves as something unfamiliar and hateful.

"Think I'll go to bed," he said. "Give my love to Barbara, Jerry all right?"

"Nurse took his temperature again just after you left. Normal, Good-night, dear."

All he could think of, when he was alone, was to thank his stars that he hadn't made a prize fool of himself by blurring out the reason why he had come back. Well, Providence had handed him a lemon all right. Thrown it slap in his face, what's more.

Please turn to Page 41

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# You Only Live Once

Continued from Page 40

ALL the same, he could not make it out. It was so unlike Stella. For one thing, Barbara wasn't a favorite friend by a long chalk, for another, she didn't enjoy casually arranged suppers—and, above all, it was absolutely contrary to character for Stella to leave the house at night if Jerry was not absolutely well. Particularly when a temporary nurse was in charge. For their own nurse, good old Pye, had been called away to her sister, who was seriously ill, a week ago, and this one was a temporary until she came back in a day or so.

Facing about his dressing-room, he suddenly felt himself smiling. Of course, there was an answer. Stella would come back any minute. That was the answer. In a fit of moment, she had arranged to go out. Then he had returned unexpectedly, and she had felt she just had to go on with it. But she would come back now, any minute. He'd take a bet on it. His money was on Stella first, last, and all the time.

The door started opening softly. Jock stared at it, hardly breathing. The door stood still. One, two, three. Please make it Stella. Please.

Stella peeped in, her dear face unhappy-happy, doubtful, uncertainly smiling. His breath came in a gasp. Well, it was a knock-out. Trust the old girl to do the right thing.

"Hello, beautiful," she said. Suddenly her eyes were alight.

"Knew you'd come back," he said. He felt himself grinning frantically. He wanted to cry. She ran to him, dived over him, pressed her cheek to his.

"Knew you hadn't missed your train," she whispered.

"Knew you'd come back," he said. He blinked quickly. Well, this was life all right. This was the stuff.

She nibbled his ear. "Listen," she whispered, "it stuck out a mile that you hadn't missed your train. Jerry could give you points at fibbing. Listen, fish-face. I was so mad with you for leaving me for the station without any good-bye kiss that I arranged to go out. Then you came back, looking as though you had just lost a jubilee. Just like Jerry, maybe younger. Knew you hadn't missed your train. Listen, mister. Sorry about what I said before you left. Apologise humbly, cross my heart."

"I'll tell you," he said.

"All," she said. "Tell me all. Come the dawn."

So he told her why he had suddenly turned back at the station, and he told her all his thoughts in the taxi coming back home.

"That bit of an accident," she said, "was Providence all right."

"You bet," he said.

"We would never have been the same two people again, Jock, if we had had this unmade-up row between us for two days apart from each other. Unmade-up rows get very septic, no matter what you do to heal them later on. I am much obliged to you, mister, for coming back. I've always thought very highly of you as a husband, cross my heart. But now—crumbs, it's just marvellous, after nearly ten years of marriage, to fancy a fellow so much."

"Stella, I am looking forward like anything to living up north. I can't think why I hesitated a moment. Imagine how Jerry will love having a pony of his own."

## Fat and Constipation

ENDANGER FIGURE AND LOOKS

If you are putting on fat and are over-  
weight you should take care it is not  
caused by the absorption of waste diges-  
tive matter into the system. If this is  
dispersed regularly each day, it fer-  
ment and gradually gets into the blood  
stream, forming unhealthy fat tissue, and  
water headaches, pimply skin, bilious-  
ness, liverishness and bad breath. Health,  
and looks and fitness are positively en-  
dangered.

For constipation take Pinkettes. These  
action, effective little pills teach the  
bowels to exercise properly. Compound  
of ingredients that have a strengthening  
effect. Pinkettes cause the bile to flow  
freely, and painlessly disperse waste  
toxic accumulations regularly and  
thoroughly. Get a 1/3d bottle to-day.  
At chemists and stores.

They were happy. He couldn't re-  
member when he had been so happy.  
This was the stuff all right. Stella  
said he would miss playing good  
golf. Well, what of it? A chap had  
to make the best of life. You had  
to do your best all round, not just  
in one thing. You only live once.

Then Stella tiptoed upstairs to  
the nursery landing on her usual  
nightly visit. Every night before  
turning in she would listen for a  
moment on the dark landing outside  
Jerry's door, just to be comforted  
by his breathing. Jerry slept very  
noisily, so it was quite easy to hear  
him through the closed door. Once  
his adenoids were removed it would  
be different, of course, but mean-  
while Stella and Jock were inclined  
to be quite proud of their son's  
manly snores.

Jock was in the act of starting  
to untie his tie when he went to  
the half-open door.

"Jock!" It was Stella's whisper  
from the dark landing above.

"What is it?"

"Come up here a minute."

When he had joined her on the  
dark, narrow landing, she whispered,  
"Listen."

It took him a second or two to  
realise that there was nothing to  
listen to except Stella's quick breath-  
ing beside him. Her fingers, icy cold,  
twined round his wrist. Staring at  
the dim shape of the closed door,  
they listened frantically. Then with  
one movement he flung the door  
open and switched on the light.  
Stella gave a cry.

Jerry wasn't there. The bed was  
rumbled, empty. The room was  
empty. The curtains flapped in the  
draught. He dashed, Stella still  
clinging to his wrist, across the  
landing to nurse's room, the day-  
nursery. It was empty, neat, the bed  
unmade in. Stella gave a little  
whimper. She kept on digging the  
knuckles of one hand into the palm  
of the other, staring at Jock.

HE said: "This  
can't happen in England." It didn't  
sound like his own voice. His breath  
seemed to be flopping against his  
chest, like a half-dead fish. He  
lucked his lips, and said: "There  
must be some explanation."

Suddenly Stella screamed. "But  
he's not here, Jock! Jerry's not  
here!"

She put her bent thumb between  
her teeth, biting it. He dashed back  
to Jerry's room. The draught from  
the open window had blown a piece  
of paper to the floor at the foot of  
the dressing-table.

"This is a snatch, Winterset. If  
you call the police, it will be murder.  
We know your father has got plenty.  
This will cost him £2000. It's up to  
you and to him whether you want  
your son back or not. Instructions  
will follow later as to method of  
payment. If you agree to pay,  
stand at the corner of Piccadilly  
and Berkeley Street, at exactly eight  
o'clock to-morrow evening. Guess  
you will have come from your golf  
by then. Stand there for five minutes,  
so one of us will see you, and then  
go home. We will let you know how  
and where we want the money paid.  
Get busy, Winterset. And don't call  
the police."

The note in his hand, he stared  
fixedly at the back of Jerry's hair-  
brush on the small green dressing-  
table. It was an ivory one Stella  
had had as a girl, with an austere  
black S on it. Jerry didn't like it  
because it had a handle. He wanted  
one like his daddy's, without a  
handle and very bristly. Stella had  
promised to get him one soon.

Stella stumbled blindly out of the  
room, holding one arm stretched out  
in front of her. Staring after her,  
he suddenly felt calm and reason-  
able. One had to be reasonable. This  
was England. Things like this  
didn't happen in England. Kidnap-  
ing, threatening letters, and so on.  
It must be a joke. This wasn't  
Chicago.

He found he was staring at an  
untidy heap of colored pegs on  
Jerry's little bedside table. Red,  
black, yellow, blue. No, grey. They  
were the pegs of his game Peggy,  
at which he beat all comers. A red  
one had dropped to the floor.

Of course, this must be some kind  
of a joke. That idiotic note. Darn  
it, this wasn't Hollywood, this was  
England. Anyway he was going to  
call the police.

Please turn to Page 42

# Girls & Maids' Coats

## Exceptional for Style and Value

# Grace Bros

Mail  
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DO1. — EXCELLENT  
COPY OF LONDON  
TAILORED COAT in fine  
quality All Wool Coat-  
ing: fully lined; high re-  
vers; two breast pockets.  
Flared skirt joined at  
waist has two easy pack-  
ets and new belt treat-  
ment. In frosted shades  
of Cuban Rust, Air Force  
Blue, Green. Lengths: 33,  
36, 39 ins. Usually 42/6.  
AUTUMN  
SPECIAL - 33/11

42/6  
33/11



DO2.—THIMBLY TAILORED COAT of  
ALL WOOL FROSTED COATING:  
fully lined throughout. Note the un-  
usual bodice treatment and convert-  
ible neck. New stitched belt. Shades  
of Middy Blue, Strawberry Green.  
Lengths: 36, 39, and 42 inches.  
Usual Value - 42/6  
AUTUMN SPECIAL - 33/11

42/-  
33/11

DO3.—GIRL'S TAILORED TOP  
COAT OF FINE ALL WOOL COAT-  
ING: lined throughout to tone.  
English high lapel and stitched  
collar. Six-button fastening. In  
frosted shades of Strawberry, Middy  
Blue, Green. Lengths: 24, 27, 30 ins.  
Usual Value - 27/6  
AUTUMN SPECIAL - 19/11

27/6  
19/11

DO4.—DEFINITELY NEW! MISS'S  
FROCK OF WOOLLEN MOUSSE.  
Neatly trimmed bodice; skirt show-  
ing the new flared pleat. Shades  
Cuban Rust, Aqua Blue, Hockey  
Green. Lengths: 33, 36 and 39 ins.  
Usual Value - 25/11  
AUTUMN SPECIAL - 19/11



Very Special . . .

DO5.—CHILDREN'S FINE QUALITY ALL WOOL  
PULLOVERS: novelty ribbed and embroidered  
Peter Pan collar. In Maltie, Saxe, Red, Kasha.  
Suits: 22-24in. 26-28in. 30-32in.

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For years you may have been using ointments and salves, and while these helped to relieve the itching, soreness and pain, they often choked the pores and did not allow the poisonous matter to escape. Moore's Emerald Oil overcomes this objection, for this oil penetrates down through the pores to the cause of the trouble, and leaves the pores open and free to discharge all poisonous secretions. Moore's Emerald Oil is highly concentrated, and only a few drops are required at an application. You can get it at any progressive chemist's. Directions on each bottle.

WHAT was Stella doing? He strode out on to the landing. He'd talk sense to the old girl.

"Stella! Stella!" She wasn't there. Then he saw her on the landing below, half kneeling at the head of the stairs.

"It must be a joke," he called down. "Anyway, I'm going to call the police."

She did not seem to hear. But he could see, from the look of her back, that she was crying. And the sight of her kneeling figure overwhelmed him with terrified love. He ran down to her.

"Look!" she whispered. Blindly, she held something up to him. It was a small red peg.

"Lord!" he said. Well, it was a knock-out.

She clung to his knees, sobbing. "The clever mite! He dropped it—to tell us something. The trail of the Mohawks!"

In a frantic hurry, he grabbed her wrist. "Come on, quick." He dashed down, switching on lights as he went. "Look, another!"

There was a black peg, scarcely visible on the rug at the foot of the stairs. He dashed to the front door, but was not given time to open it.

"Here!" Stella shouted, as though he was deaf. She was by the door leading down to the basement, a yellow peg in her hand. She kept on sniffing and snivelling.

"Gimme your hankie," she said. "Come on!" he said impatiently, stumbling down the dark stairs to the kitchen. "Where are the darn lights down here?"

She brushed past him to the foot of the stairs and switched on the lights. They stared frantically up and down the stone passage to the back door. It gave out on to a mews—Cherry Pond Mews. Bending down, they found a black peg in the dusty corner by the door.

"Clever chap, our Jerry!" Stella whispered.

"Bet this door is open," he said. It should have been locked and bolted. It was unlocked all right.

Cherry Pond Mews, a roughly cobbled roadway, was lit by a lamp

## You Only Live Once

Continued from Page 41

at each end. They stared excitedly up and down. Then Stella pointed dumbly. There was a peg bang in the middle of the cobbled passage.

"Must have thrown it," he said, "out of the car in which they took him away."

Stella was looking frantically around. There were a few garages, mostly ordinary house-doors. Some were painted fancy. All sorts of people had tiny houses and tiny flats in Cherry Pond Mews—artists, lonely women, what-nots. In fact, very few cars were kept there, the neighborhood having "gone down." There were dim lights here and there behind curtained first-story windows.

"Jock!" she whispered frantically.

He had gone a few steps down towards the Cherry Square opening, peering intently for more colored pegs. He was so proud of Jerry, it gave him a lump in the throat. He had a man for a son, and no mistake. He must have read in one of his adventure books about captives "leaving marked trails" and so on.

"Jock!" he whispered frantically. Reluctantly he went back to Stella. Her eyes were dry now, she was quivering with excitement and at the same time trying to talk sensibly, so it wasn't easy to make out what she was saying.

"LISTEN, I've got an idea, Jock. That 'temporary' is in this, of course, working with some man. She must have had forged references. They thought you had gone away for the night. Then I went out, suddenly, Russell, asleep in the attic, is no danger anyway. The woman saw her chance, and must have made a signal to someone out here in the mews. You came back unexpectedly, but in your dressing-room you didn't hear her slip downstairs with Jerry muffled in her arms. Listen, I'm sure I'm right. I don't think they took Jerry away in a car at all—scarcely any cars come here at night—it would have attracted notice. So

they're somewhere here, in the mews—in one of the houses. What could be a safer place—from us—from the police—than right under our noses?"

Her excitement communicated itself to him. Heavens, she might be right. Why not? Bang under their noses. The heartless swine. They looked up and down the mews. There were faint lights behind curtains in an upper window about fifteen yards away, towards Hamlet Road.

"Who lives there?" he whispered. "Don't know. People here come and go. Wait a minute—I've seen a dark sort of man near that door."

"American?" "Don't know. Just dark—big, youngish, stoutish—Italian, perhaps."

They were tiptoeing towards the door beneath the faintly-lighted window. A few yards from it, Stella bent down with a gasp—another peg.

"Maybe you're right," Jock said. "It's unlikely he could have thrown this out of a car without being spotted."

Searching frantically, they could not find any more pegs near the door.

"He had no more," Jock whispered. "Anyhow, he couldn't have grabbed up more than a few in his fist. But this last one is pretty near that door. He might easily have dropped it at the door and it rolled here."

"Shall we get a policeman?" Stella said. "There's always one near the square."

Jock scarcely heard her. He was staring at the door of the small house, and he felt murderous. Heavens, what a relief it would be to get his hands on someone. Just show him someone, that's all.

"I'm barging in there," he whispered.

"Me, too," she said. "We've just got to risk it," he said. "But if we're wrong?" she whispered.

"That will be just too bad."

He could not think clearly of anything but that he must get into that house. There was a bell-push. He pressed it savagely. They could hear the bell. Nobody came.

Jock, his fingers just aching to get a grip on something, was going to press the bell again, when Stella whispered: "Light's out upstairs."

"Then we are right," he said. He grinned, flexing his fingers. He pressed the bell again, and at that moment the door was flung wide open and a man, a big shape against the darkness behind, asked angrily: "What you want, you?"

"It's like this," Jock began apologetically. "We saw a light upstairs and we wanted to ask you—"

ON that word Jock landed his right on the man's jaw and drove a left at his heart. As the man sagged backwards he hit him viciously again and he crashed on his back into the dark passage.

"Leave the door open," he said to Stella, as he pushed past the man's body in the narrow hall. But he had to stop, baffled by the darkness ahead. She pushed against his back.

"There's always a switch in a hall," she whispered.

His fingers were rapidly feeling both walls of the narrow hall. He found the switch and as he pressed it down he heard Stella gasp behind him. Half-way down the narrow stairs ahead a man stood pointing a heavy revolver. His face was thin and hard.

"Okay," the man said. "The snatch is called off. It beats me how you found us so quick. You can have your kid back. But don't move. You and the lady and the kid will stay just here quietly till we make our getaway, see?"

Behind him a woman's dim shape moved uneasily.

"The nurse!" Stella said bitterly. "Jock, that beastly nurse!"

"Don't move!" the man said. The gun in his hand was very steady. "There's a door to your right, Winteret. Get into that room, you and the lady. I'll bring the kid down to you. Start moving, but not this way."

Jock moved, but not to the door on his right. Not likely. He heard Stella behind him cry something frantically, but he went on. He had a job on hand. All his being was concentrated on getting his hands round that thin man's throat. He went on step by step, into the mouth of the big automatic.

"I'm going to shoot!" the man yelled.

JOCK laughed. His foot was on the stairs now. He was going to shoot, was he? Shoot or not, he was going to have his foul neck wrung. He was going to learn it was dangerous to monkey with a man's son. There was a roaring in his ears, and a sudden livid scream from Stella far away behind him. He scarcely felt the stabbing pain high up in his left arm. His hands were round the man's throat now; he was laughing into the terrified sobbing face beneath him as he swung him down the narrow stairs. The whole world seemed to roar in his ears as his hands tight round the man's throat, they fell together through a sickening screaming void to the foot of the stairs.

Jock fell on his left arm, and felt himself fainting, but suddenly the pain was so awful that he heard himself give a yell. "My arm!" he yelled, opening his eyes wide. Stella was bending over him, her eyes streaming with tears. That pulled him together. He remembered where he was.

"Jerry all right?" he whispered.

"Yes, darling, yes!"

"Get the police," he said faintly. "And then a doctor. My arm..."

"Darling, don't worry—everything's all right." She was sobbing pitifully. There were other shapes behind her. He peered painfully at the long white room he was in. His left arm from the shoulder down was screaming with pain.

"Jerry's all right then?" he whispered.

"You've been dreaming, sweet," Stella said, trying to smile through her tears. Such dreams! But now they're putting you to sleep again. You had a bad taxi accident on the way to Euston, and they had to operate..."

"Lucky you're alive," a voice said gruffly. His father. Lord, quite a party.

"Better let him rest now," he heard a white shape say from somewhere far away. The morphine should be taking effect...

Drifting off, he heard Stella say: "His arm—his poor arm!"

Jock simply couldn't help trying to grin up at her from inside deep waves of lovely drifting clouds.

"He's dreaming again!" someone said.

But the old girl knew better. Trust her. Love—a dream? Not likely. She bent down and nibbled his ear.

"I'm with you, mister," she whispered.

She put her ear to his lips. "Don't worry, Stella," he tried to say. "You me, Jerry—we'll manage fine, you only live once... one arm's enough—with you and Jerry."

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# Real Life Stories

## Flooded creek swept through house

WHEN the drought broke with heavy rains in 1928, I, my husband, and our three children were living in a house near Humber Creek.

My husband went to help his brother move some sheep. He was away all night and at half-past eight in the morning the creek suddenly came down.

Water rushed through the house. My husband could not get back to us, and we were caught in a three-mile-wide flood.

I knew I must do something. I put the baby in a starch box on the bed, but after a while it began to float.

Across the corner of the

room was stuck an old gun. I tied a board on it, making a shelf, and put the two boys on it. I sat on another shelf myself nursing the baby.

The day wore on. No help came. The current was too strong. We had nothing to eat and only the dirty flood waters to drink.

By nightfall the rain had begun again. The water was up to my shoulders and I began to lose hope. I prayed, and then we sang to keep ourselves from falling asleep.

In the morning the water was still four feet deep in the house, and all our possessions ruined . . . but at half-past nine men from Winnunga way got through the flood waters on horseback and took us to safety.

11/1/- to Mrs. A. Russell, Ungarie P.O., N.S.W.



"I knew I must do something . . . We were caught in a three-mile-wide flood . . . By night I began to lose hope."

## Short and Snappy

### WON THE BET

I KNEW a Nova Scotia captain, renowned among the swearing captains of the last decade for his lurid vocabulary.

On one of his voyages across the western ocean he had as passenger a parson, who offered him 20 dollars if he would abstain from swearing till he reached Halifax. If he swore, however, he was to put 20 dollars in the box for the widows and orphans of seamen. They shook hands on it.

The next day a squall struck the ship and the seamen were aloft taking in sail.

The captain was impatiently walking the poop and throwing his hands above his head in rage. Finally, he yelled with great vehemence: "Bless you, hurry up, you lazy lubbers."

10/6 to J. Patrick, c/o Mrs. J. Lee, Redcliffe Rd., Scarborough, Qld.

### GOOD CATCH

OUT in a boat fishing with my father and friends, I noticed a jobacco tin floating in the water. I picked it up and found it contained 30/- and a railway ticket to Sydney.

I showed it to the others in the boat. One discovered it belonged to him. It had dropped out of his pocket.

1/6 to John Holland, Jun., Barton St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.

### NOT SO DUMB

A FEW years ago uncle drove mother and me in his buggy and horse to Vaughan Springs.

On arriving at a steep hill, mother, who was the heaviest of the party, decided to get out and walk up; the second time mother took pity on Lazarus, the old nag, and did the same as before, but on arriving at the last rise, which was not so steep, she thought Lazarus would not feel the strain, so sat still.

To our surprise the horse turned around and looked at us, waiting for mother to get out. He would not take another step until she alighted from the buggy.

2/6 to Elma L. Martin, 161 Holmes Rd., Moonee Ponds W4, Vic.

### FATTENING DIET

MY father was a butcher at Dune-doo, N.S.W. After having unloaded meat from the truck he entered the shop, leaving his money wrapped in paper on the seat. A pack of dogs pounced on the parcel hungrily.

A wild-eyed butcher rushed yelling from the shop. The dogs "made a bolt for it." The notes were found in the next street later. Some are still missing.

2/6 to Mr. J. Horwood, Beresford St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

### Nasty moment

I HAD finished shearing in Western Queensland, and with a good cheque was leaving the outback. A storm was coming on and I stopped at a two-roomed house by the roadside.

The door was opened by a big man with a large black beard. Three other men were sitting around a table playing cards. The man showed me to my bed in a loft above the two rooms. We had to climb up a ladder.

I threw myself on the bed and was soon fast asleep. It did not seem long before a slight sound disturbed me, and as I had often heard of shearers with their cheques disappearing I was immediately wide awake. The trap-door opened and the head of the bearded man slowly appeared. Clashed between his teeth was a long knife.

While I was wondering what my fate was to be he brought a box over near the bed and stood up on it and carved off part of a ham suspended over my bed.

I have never enjoyed a breakfast so much before or after.

2/6 to Wm. Kendall, c/o P. Whelan (private bag), Forrest Rd., Colac, Vic.

### Accidentally shot

AS a boundary-rider on Whirley station, Darling River, I was ordered to kill some old rams and put them out as baits for foxes and eagles, which were causing heavy losses in the lambing season. I took them to various paddocks on a buck-board drawn by two mules, and carried with me a 32 rifle. I got off in one paddock to shoot a fox which was dying from poison, and left a bullet in the rifle.

I had the rifle beside me, and as I drove along a wheel hit a log.

My foot struck the hammer of the rifle, and bang—the bullet entered my body just under my heart.

I was thrown out of the vehicle, and the mules went on and stopped at a tree a couple of hundred yards away.

When I came to I struggled towards the turnout, got aboard, and started for home. I was twelve miles from the station, and there were four gates to open.

The accident occurred at half-past nine in the morning and I got home at half-past four in the afternoon. The station was 140 miles from Broken Hill, and immediately my mates set out for there with me in the back of a utility truck.

We reached Broken Hill at 2 a.m., where a doctor took out the bullet, which was embedded near my spine and had passed through my lung.

However, I was back on my feet in three weeks' time, thanks to a good doctor.

2/6 to A. Dunlop, 128 Annie St., New Farm, Brisbane.

### Not Ned Kelly

DURING the Kelly bushranging my husband was in charge of the police station at Bethanga, then a busy mining town with ten hotels, several general stores, butcher shops and one bank.

When the Kellys broke out six special constables were sent to Bethanga to guard the bank and the batteries at the mines. Two policemen used to be on duty all the time. There was a large draper's shop next to the bank, and the police kept some spare firearms and ammunition there so that if the bank were stuck up they could arm themselves from the shop.

My husband and two mounted men used to patrol the ranges for about fifty miles around and would be out three or four weeks at a time. I used to mind the police station with all the firearms. I would keep the doors closed and let no one in until I knew who it was.

One night my husband arrived home tired and went straight to bed. About three hours after I heard the sound of shooting. I thought it was some crank letting off fireworks for Guy Fawkes' Day, so I did not awaken my husband.

Later I heard more shots and shouting and men running past our house. Then there was loud knocking on our door. The postmaster called out: "Sergeant, Sergeant, for heaven's sake, get up. The whole town is stuck up."

My husband jumped out of bed, partly dressed himself, grabbed a rifle and revolver, and ran into the street to the bank. The draper's shop was on fire and the firearms stored there were going off. The whole town had thought the bank was stuck up and set on fire.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Dibbs, Victoria Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

### A close shave

MY father kept a hairdressing saloon many years ago in the port of Geraldton, West Australia.

One day, while shaving a Chinese from a ship in port, he was tempted to cut off the pigtail which hung invitingly over the chair.

Yielding, Dad made a clean sweep with the scissors.

With a howl of rage the victim leapt to his feet and dashed from the saloon.

Dad shut the shop to await events. He did not have long to wait. In less than ten minutes the pig-tailed one, followed by a dozen or so of his countrymen armed with knives, flocked to the shop.

Dad kept the door locked, and, as fortunately the Chinese crew had to be back on board to sail at 4 p.m., Dad was able to resume business as usual a couple of hours later.

2/6 to Mrs. Constance Hartley, Davis St., Mandurah, N.S.W.

### Send in your Real Life and "Snappy" Stories

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" Column. Full address at top of Page 3.

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Children need

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# Clash of family life is vividly told

Strong human interest of new Susan Ertz novel

In the gentle literary art of combining sentimentality and realism, good characterisation, story value and a kind of parlor interest in the underdog, popular novelist Susan Ertz can hold her own against most competitors.

HER new novel, "One Fight More," like its predecessors, is the sum total of all these qualities.

The book is one of those tantalising efforts that will alternately please and exasperate the majority of those who may read it.

Without being in the saga class—in fact it is only ordinary novel length; about 300 pages—it is the story of three generations.

Old age, having little else left to fight for, strives unselfishly for the happiness of all and sundry; the second generation, still in the prime of life, fights for its own happiness and for domination over the young; the young, in their turn, as is the way of youth, try to insist on finding their particular place in the sun.

In the main, the action takes place in the Connecticut farmstead home of ageing, wise Theodore Darrell. Here, following on serious heart trouble which has attacked the old man, assemble, on a summons from his widowed daughter, Lydia, Georgina and Christine, the other two daughters, and their respective husbands and families.

Bonded by a strong family affection as the Darrells are, other factors have helped bring them across the Atlantic to America.

In the case of Georgina and her English husband, Murray Clayton, it is the desire to put an ocean between their 18-year-old daughter, Sola, and the ineligible young man with whom she has fallen in love.

So far as Christine is concerned, her husband, Edmond, Vicomte de Beyle, is anxious that their two children should not be forgotten in old Theodore's will, and, furthermore, has a shrewd suspicion that Christine is in love with his cousin, Henri.

All told, it is a fairly mixed lot that gathers in the old home for a few weeks of reunion.



SUSAN ERTZ writes with feeling of family life in a farming community.

Susan Ertz has made great play with the diverse characters she has assembled. And, speaking of these characters, it is interesting to note that the more unpleasant they are—by conventional standards—the truer to life they ring.

Take the beautiful Christine, who wrecks a love affair between her own sister, Lydia, and the man all the rest of the family fondly hope Lydia will marry. As passionately in love as she could ever be, Christine coolly sums up her situation:

## Considered divorce

"FOR a brief while she had really considered divorcing Edward. She had examined all the difficulties, weighed all the consequences. And she knew that however much she persuaded herself that she was in love with Bryce, the prospect gave her no happiness; gave her instead a leaden sense of failure, of defeat."

"I suppose I'm an odd sort of woman," she said to Bryce. "But her oddness wasn't much comfort to the unfortunate lover."

Lydia, the robbed sister, on the other hand, is too high-minded to be acceptable as real. Robbed of the man she had hoped to marry, she reassures her predatory sister when the two have to face up to what Christine has done.

"Hate you, Christine," she whispers. "How could I? I couldn't hate you, no matter what you did. Why, I don't think I ever loved you more." Fine sentiments, but rather hard to believe.

The third sister, Georgina, is a lovable person, tender, loyal, devoted to her husband and daughter, but the husband in question, Murray Clayton, is hard to take.

Miss Ertz makes him out to be a noble soul. The average reader will interpret him as an intelligent prig with a bad habit of falling into the sulks every time he is crossed.

His perpetual, fretful cry to his wife is: "You're not against me? You're not siding with the others against me?" He reminds one irresistibly of a spoilt small boy who could be done a power of good by a thorough spanking.

A more acceptable figure, from the point of view of likeness to life, is shallow Edmond de Beyle, gay, mean, incapable of any lasting love, congenitally unable to resist a flirtation with any attractive woman who crosses his path, and possessor of the conventional Gallic cynicism towards the married state. People will accept this charming, sophisticated, aristocratic nonentity when they will fail to be impressed by the combined virtues of fifty insufferable Murray Claytons.

## Pathetic figure

THERE is the same unevenness in characterisation to be observed among the children. Lola Clayton, Georgina's love-lorn daughter, is well done—a warm-hearted, passionate, generous girl just verging on womanhood.

But Frank, the youngest with whom she has fallen in love, fails to please.

Celeste, twelve-year-old daughter of Edmond and Christine de Beyle, is a really pathetic little figure, starved for affection and driven to a mild form of hysteria to force people to notice her.

On the other hand, Paul, her 15-year-old brother, is hardly likely to make a great impression on Australian readers.

The title, of course, derives from old Theodore Darrell's patriarchal determination to see his family happy before he goes down for the last time to a heart attack.

Lydia's life is spoilt through no fault of her own. Christine and Edmond are beyond doing anything about. Georgina and Murray are bound up mainly in each other.

There remain only young Lola and Frank, the boy she wants to marry. Grandpa Theodore's last battle is to see that these youngsters get their chance, and are given a fair start in life.

As can be imagined, Youth triumphs—and with it, Age. Not that any popular novelist would let anything else happen; neither publishers nor public would ever have it otherwise.

"One Fight More." Susan Ertz, Collins.

# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

**TAURIANS are lovable also loving. But they can be definitely objectionable.**

TAURIANS (people born between April 21 and May 22) are inherently sulky and stubborn. When they do not get what they want on their own terms they can become as uncontrollable as the bull which symbolises their sign.

Down go the corners of their mouths in ugly fashion, and flashingly-sultry eyes are turned upon the aggressor. Sometimes they vary this play-acting with a burst of temper. They storm around, hunting supposed enemies upon whom to vent their wrath, and oftentimes flaying a person who has not offended.

They are apt to grab the best vase or a plate of soup, and hurl it at the offender. In these uncontrolled moods their chief desire is to break things—to break many things. The more noise and commotion and fear they create the better are they pleased.

Usually (though not always) they express sorrow for their misdeeds after the excitement is over; but this is not entirely genuine. Consequently, their apparent regret and tears and appeals for forgiveness earn them forbearance and pitying, which they do not really deserve.

As a result of this forgiveness, they feel safe in letting go all over again when in the mood. Hence it is that as the years go by these attacks of selfish anger grow worse and more frequent, and after having made parents and teachers unhappy, are carried into married or business life to make partners and business associates miserable and unsuccessful.

Children of Taurus must be trained with extreme care. They must learn from a very early age to respect discipline. They must obey orders with alacrity, and with cheerful willingness, and must learn to be unselfish.

Most important of all, they must learn self-control, for only thus will they enjoy happiness and full success in life. Their baby temper must not be smothered and accepted. A quick spanking must be admin-

istered, for that is something they can appreciate.

It need not be a serious beating; just enough to startle them at the moment they offend, so that they understand that such behaviour is taboo.

They are lovable as well as loving, a combination hard to resist, but they must be disciplined for everybody's sake.

## Special Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Unpredictable for Aries. Routine best. **TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Go for your lives; act everywhere for opportunities, beneficial changes, improvements, promotion, and gains. Be optimistic and hard-working on April 28 (night), 27, and 26.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Unpredictable. Go easy on May 1, 2, and 3. **CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Quite fair for semi-important matters and finishing outstanding improvements on May 1 (after noon), 2, and 3.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Be cautious. Trouble is on your trail and may catch up with the unwary at this time. Concentrate on routine. Try to avoid arguments, upsets, delays, annoyances, and general disruption on April 29, 30, and May 1 (early).

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Your stars are scattering opportunities, improvements, gains, and desirable changes around, so be on the watch. This is a good time to be enterprising, especially on April 27 and 28.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Routine best. Plan ahead.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): The danger signal is showing. Your stars are not very propitious; caution, silence, and all your wisdom must be exercised to avoid trouble. Don't give way to irritations. Avoid quarrels, parties, and upsets. Be punctilious on April 28, 30, and May 1 (morning).

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Just a week of days for most Sagittarians. May 4 best, but weak.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Here's your chance to catch up on luck or to enter it by your self-made magic in the form of wisdom, endeavor, and good cheer. The stars favor many of you on April 28 (night), 27, and 26. Work hard.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Let your conscience be your guide at this time, for the stars of most of you are not in a helpful mood. Consolidate past gains in preference to making changes or being too confident. Be cautious on April 28, 30, and May 1 (morning).

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Be a little aggressive and start semi-important projects, especially if they cannot wait seven weeks or more. Make the most of May 1 (after noon), 2, and 3. Fair results possible from endeavors wisely applied then.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

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**SARAH** said suddenly, "Thank you for salvaging my letters."

Noreen was silent for a moment. She had seen Leon tear them up and had picked them out of the basket, recognising Dominic's writing. She did not know why she had done it—unless Sarah was a symbol of herself at nineteen and she had an impulse to prevent Ferrier's scheming destruction.

She lit a cigarette and rose, saying casually, "I just thought I heard Leon playing the dictator, and that they might be important to you. Let him run your career if you wish—but you're a life of your own, you know."

"Thank you," said Sarah. "I'll remember."

They drove down to the theatre together.

"By the way," Noreen said, "I'm giving a party after the show . . . to celebrate your successful debut."

Sarah thought of yesterday's rehearsal and shivered. "Sweet of you, but don't talk about it. It's getting terrifyingly near."

The opening night was creeping nearer, inexorable, frightening. The dress rehearsal was the usual nightmare . . . she was attired in her lines, her hands seemed heavy, her limbs dragged . . . her tongue felt as though it had stuck to the roof of her mouth.

Ferrier was patient . . . and different. If he drove her, she knew it was because of his ambition for her, if he were angry it was always with reason . . . he did not make a fool of her before the company again . . . and he did not make love to her again. She knew he was waiting for the opening night to claim his reward.

Then, at last, the opening day. She got up in the middle of the night to make herself some tea, unable to sleep, and found to her relief that Noreen was in the kitchen, too, white with anticipatory stage fright.

"I thought I was the only one who felt like this," she said.

"I do. I always have . . . always will, I guess," said Noreen.

The day seemed to go so quickly, too quickly . . . and there was no drawing back or getting away. She tried to rest during the day, but couldn't sleep. There were flowers from Leon, resplendent orchids, and delightfully and unexpectedly Hugh turned up, with a large box of chocolates, looking as out of place as a polo pony in a hothouse in Noreen's expensive room. He perched on the edge of the over-stuffed oyster satin sofa and regarded Sarah thoughtfully.

"You've changed, Sarah."

"I'm thinner."

"It isn't that. You're different. Harder . . . sort of overtrained look," he grinned at her sheepishly. "Has it been rough going, old girl?"

She put her head against his tweed-clad shoulder. He was surprised and a little embarrassed—he'd never seen any signs of weakness in Sarah before.

"I'm so afraid, Hugh."

He patted her silken hair awkwardly. "There, there. Don't take your fences before you get to them. If you come a purlier you can always marry me . . . as second-best." He looked a little puzzled. "You're not in love with this Ferrier bloke, are you?"

## Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 6

She shook her head, avoiding his eyes.

"That's all right," he shook hands heartily, and assured her he'd be in the second row of the stalls, applauding like mad, even if he didn't understand a word of it, and went out with his stiff horseman's walk, somehow taking the last of the old life with him.

And now, at last, it was here. She was standing against the painted backdrop, just out of sight of the audience, the soft blue and white froth of her skirts shaking visibly as she trembled.

Leon stood beside her, faultlessly groomed, smilingly assured, his dark eyes sleeper than ever. He looked at her critically . . . under her make-up she was white with nerves. Someone handed her the basket of flowers she had to carry, and she took it automatically. Noreen's voice could be heard on the stage, working up to her cue. He said coolly, "O.K., here you go and don't be scared. No chalk marks to-night, you know."

She flashed him a smile of gratitude, and stepped into the doorway, standing framed, a goldy-blue picture of youth, flowers behind her, flowers in her arms. Ferrier waited . . . there was a little silence, then a burst of applause. She moved very slowly downstage, knowing she had forgotten her lines, that her lips wouldn't open, that she was helpless, for one breathless minute . . . and then she was speaking, clearly, coolly . . .

He breathed relief, and flew round to the front of the house to watch her.

Hidden in the shadow of a box, he watched her critically, knowing that she held them in the spell of her youthful beauty—not by her performance; that every laugh and murmur of sympathy she got was really due to Noreen, the experienced actress, playing for the sake of the play. But she was beautiful, and given the right parts, calling for no particular dramatic talent, watched and carefully publicised she would be a success as long as her beauty lasted. And that was what he had gambled on—that was what he wanted for himself . . . her beauty, and her valiant, unflinching youth.

The play wove on to its end. It was the author's success—and Noreen Manet's. But Ferrier had made the young girl's part the focal point of the play. When the curtain came down, and the house crashed into applause, Hugh, proud and delighted, yelled Sarah's name . . . and the audience automatically took it up. Her youth had charmed them, and her beauty dazzled them . . . and Ferrier's publicity had done its work.

To Sarah it was like a dream . . . she was the centre of a throng of well-dressed people, congratulating her . . . Ferrier took her to her dressing-room, his arm possessively about her . . . she wouldn't think of that. It didn't matter. Only one thing mattered—she was a success.

She changed into her new silver dress, and pinned her orchids to her shoulder, and drove back with a laughing party to Noreen's.

**SARAH** felt a little delirious. This was wonderful . . . it was exhilarating. It was like that crazy sled run with Dominic, only this would go on and on . . . no slowing up. With life like this one would have no time to think of realities . . . things that had mattered lost, things she was afraid of yet to face—

Ferrier toasted her. "My new golden star."

The room was crowded. Someone rolled up the rugs and turned on the radio, and they began to dance. A voice she knew said, just behind her, "May I have this dance, Sarah?"

She swung round, her face drained of color, her heart beating in her throat . . . fear, despair and delight fighting for place in her heart.

Standing so close to her that his sleeve brushed her arm, his brown face grim above the impeccable white of his evening shirt, was Dominic.

He was so tall. She had forgotten that he was so tall . . . the top of her head was just level with his lips. A thousand memories rushed back to confound her just when she needed all her poise, all her self-control. The way his mouth curled at the corners, the misleading lashes, softening his steel-bright eyes . . . the faint masculine scent of tweed and good tobacco, and shaving soap . . . his hands so powerful, so still.

She thought desperately. "This is the worst moment of my life . . . far, far worse than when I stepped out on the stage to-night." She put back her curl-crowned head with an attempt at lightness, and said: "Why—Dominic! You're the last person I expected to see!"

Please turn to Page 48

# Wonderful for Kiddies! Super-milled LIFEBOUOY

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# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, has been left by  
**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, who is afraid to follow him into the swamps near the estate of  
**COLONEL RICH:** A cotton planter. Mandrake is trying to discover the mystery of the supposedly "haunted" swamps, and when he has gone, Lothar finds a letter threatening Mandrake's life. He takes it to  
**DOT:** The Colonel's daughter, who insists that they look

for Mandrake, though her fiancé,  
**JEFF:** Who owns the swamps, has forbidden anyone to enter them.  
When they have gone some distance, they see Mandrake being threatened by a stranger. Lothar leaves Dot, and creeping up behind the man knocks him down. Carrying the unconscious stranger they return to find Dot missing from the boat. **NOW READ ON:**





## BRUNITEX SOAPLESS EMULSORS

Ferrier moved first. His sallow cheeks a little flushed. He took out

His lips quirked in a mocking little three-cornered smile. She

The sneer was obvious, but it glanced off Dominic like an ill-directed knife thrust. He grinned his mocking, imperturbable grin, and bowed slightly. "I'm not sure that I'm the one who has been defeated," he glanced at Sarah, "yet." He stood back, waiting for her. There was nothing she could do but go with him on to the balcony—nothing that Perrier could do short of an undignified fracas but to let them go.

Sarah went to the parapet, standing with her back to Dominic, staring out through the glass into the blue London night. Below, the trees in the park were mysterious and impenetrable, like dark weeds in a great lake . . . the lights of the cars were the bright eyes of fish, swiftly circling. She stood waiting and afraid, her heart pounding in her breast.

Please turn to Page 49

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## Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 48

"All right," she said roughly. Her head came up. "Let's be honest. The truth perhaps is worse. One part of me belongs to you... the other to the stage and to Leon. It was an accident that we met... an accident I didn't want. I didn't want to love you. I don't now. My heart was set on the stage—until you came. I can't have both. You're not the sort of person who would let me have both... why can't you go away and let me forget you?"

His mouth set then, but his grey eyes were dark with pity and understanding. She was so young, so determined... so wrong.

"We're being honest, remember, Sarah. Listen—when you told me, at home, what you were going to do, I knew it was wrong for you. You've been defiant... you've said you'll do this thing, and your will and your pride won't let you stop. Sarah, I saw you to-night. I love you. If I thought you had one spark of real genius, I'd never say this... the stage is not the place for you."

Her pride taunted her nerves, stilled her trembling lips, and made her face him now defiantly, fighting for this career that had already cost her so much disillusion and pain.

"I was a success to-night. No one can say I was not a success."

"You were beautiful to look at; but you are only a puppet, and Ferrier is your puppet master. He'll find another doll, equally as pretty, one day... then what will you do?"

She was white now, shaken to the very core of her pride. She could not stand his brutal honesty, could not stand it because in her inmost heart she knew there was truth in it.

"How dare you? How can you hurt me so? You were there... you heard them call for me?"

"They should have called for Noreen Malet. She is an artist. She underplayed to you, nursing you into the spotlight. The play was ruined—from the author's point of view—but she made it, and you, a popular success. You have her to thank. But in your next part you may not be with her. You may have a less generous actress, jealous of her prestige, who doesn't like you. Could you stand alone?"

A sudden childish jealousy rose in her. "Oh, I know you think she's wonderful... but she had to start, too. Was she so marvellous three years ago?"

He said simply, "Yes." She stood, slender and white in her silver gown, clenching her hands to hide their trembling. If he had come and praised her she could not have withstood him.

She said dully: "Please go away."

"Sarah—"

"I'm not free," she said desperately, "even if I did love you. It was true what Leon said. We are engaged. I gave him my promise. If the play was a success, that I'd marry him. We'll announce the engagement to-night."

"Sarah... it isn't true?"

"There was a brief burst of music, and a little rush of hot smoke-laden air as Ferrier came out on to the balcony.

He had recovered his poise and his temper, and was fortified with several more drinks. He said evenly: "Perfectly true, Steel."

He looked at Sarah, saw her white face and shaking hands, and knew

she was near breaking point. He went across and put his arm round her, and she leaned against him, exhausted, grateful for any support, wanting nothing save that Dominic should go away, and not stare at her with those blazingly accusing eyes... go before she gave everything up, everything she had fought for, and went, broken, into his arms. His voice was like a whip when he spoke.

"Do you know what you are telling me? That you'll even bargain with yourself... like any cheap little..."

"Steel!" Ferrier's voice protested sharply.

Dominic swung on his heel, and went without another word or glance. He shouldered his way through the dancing couples in the drawing-room, deadly, dangerous... and came face to face with Noreen.

Her eyes lit. "Dominic... after all these years." She caught the sheer black tragedy in his angry eyes and drawn white face, and pushed her arm through his. "You've seen Sarah?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"Out of here to get a drink."

"There's drink here, Dominic."

"I don't like the taste of anything here," he said.

Noreen glanced quickly towards the balcony where, through the glass, she could see Sarah's silver dress, close to Ferrier. The little fool! "Wait—"

"Wait, Dominic—I'll get a wrap—I'll come with you, Dominic!"

Ferrier, standing with Sarah by the balcony window, saw a taxi draw up and saw them cross the pavement below. He said into Sarah's hopeless sobbing: "Your friend hasn't been long in finding consolation."

Sarah looked up—through blurred lashes she saw the shine on Noreen's rich fur cape, as Dominic helped her into the taxi, saw them drive away.

"I didn't know they knew each other," she said.

Ferrier smiled sardonically. "There's a lot you don't know darling," he said slowly. "I was very fond of Noreen once—a few years ago. It was Steel who came between us."

She looked at him, not believing him, despising him—knowing he was trying to chain her, with lies, scenes, suspicions.

"I knew there was another man, I didn't know until the other night who it was."

She sat down a little limply in one of the long cane chairs. If only she could believe it, how much easier it would make things. It would be easier not to hate him so much—to want him so much. But this tale of Ferrier's couldn't be true—not of Dominic, so ruthlessly clean cut, so fully truthful.

She said suddenly: "Who was that man in the Bible—Esau, wasn't it? Who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage? I feel rather like that, Leon. I feel as though I've given up something very real and wonderful, for something intangible and artificial."

He said savagely: "I don't know how you can say that to me now."

"Oh, Leon, please—I'm sorry—" she stood up. "I'm tired. It's

been a long day—a dreadful day—"

He put his arms about her, and felt her stiffen a little, and wanted her more ruthlessly because he knew that in some way she would be always out of his reach. He had a sudden wish to tell everyone of their engagement, to set a seal on her, so that everyone would know she belonged to him.

"LET'S go out and tell them all," he said urgently. "Sarah—you promised."

There was nothing else to do, she thought wearily. She had forged the last link to make herself a prisoner. As she stood by his side, receiving congratulations, she thought: "I'm learning to act—in spite of what Dominic said. I must be to stand here, smiling, when my heart is breaking."

The following day Dominic read of her engagement to Leon Ferrier, and at Normanhurst, Sir Benjamin Hurst, the paper propped securely against the fluted silver coffee pot, also read the announcement. His very blue eyes were thoughtful as he handed it over for his wife to read.

"This stupid business," she said mildly, "has gone quite far enough, Benjamin. I think you should go to London."

"Hummm—I may do. Not that

it'll do much good if Sarah's really got the bit between her teeth..."

He was silent, thinking of Sarah, her stubbornness, her reckless impetuosity. He'd spoiled her—loved her too much perhaps. "In any case," he said thoughtfully, "I'll have a line dropped to our smiling villain to remind him Sarah's under age, and at the moment I have no intention of giving my consent."

The two weeks after the opening of "Unbidden Bloom" were crowded weeks for Sarah. There were still rehearsals, evening performances, and the two weekly matinees. She met new people, going out a lot, late, after the show, for everyone in theatrical London seemed to want to entertain her and Leon. She was getting used to the feel of the big diamond ring on her finger. At first she had hated it.

Leon found her a flat of her own, and she moved out of Noreen's into a little two-roomed apartment in the heart of Mayfair. Ferrier said he knew the owner of the building, so he had been able to get it for her at a rent which she could easily afford and which seemed ridiculously small.

Except for its luxurious modern equipment in bathroom and kitchen, all shining porcelain and steel, Sarah disliked the little flat almost as much as she had her engagement ring.

Please turn to Page 50

## Sleepless and Very Nervous

HEADACHES AND PAINS IN BACK

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Mr. C. W. ELBOURNE, Leeton, N.S.W.  
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- Add up all the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing your additions (so we can check them), along with the coupon and a stamped envelope bearing your name and address.
- All entries will be judged on the 31st May, by the Directors of the Western Outspan Pty. Ltd., and the Advertising Manager of the "Australian Women's Mirror," in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £100 each will be paid to the person sending in the correct answer the earliest. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prize will be awarded for general neatness of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on, until all the prizes are distributed.
- School teachers, commercial artists, draughtsmen and FIRST or SECOND PRIZE-WINNERS in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are excluded from entering.
- No correspondence will be entered into with the Competitions.
- You may forward any number of entries on plain paper provided each entry is accompanied by a POSTAL NOTE for 1/- AND ONE STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. (Do not forget this). Send all entries in the same envelope.

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\* Age. The total of all figures in the above drawing is 30.

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THE sitting-room and the bedroom were too softly luxurious. There were too many drapings of pale pink satin and chiffon, too many frills, too many baroque mirrors and plaster cupids, too many exotic flowers. But Ferrier—the puppet-master—liked it; so she accepted it as part of her job.

The puppet-master. In spite of all she could do, that phrase of Dominic's stuck. She could not help, in her mind, referring to Leon as the puppet-master, and in the weeks following that successful first night Dominic's words ground into her mind.

She had time to notice things, to watch herself—to learn that what he said was true. She wasn't really good in her part. The radiant, self-confident girl she played was herself as Leon had first known her. Only in one or two places did she need to act—and then it was Ferrier's rehearsals, day after day, after day, and Noreen who, perhaps with a pause, a look or a well-timed gesture, bridged the difficult moment—that helped her over these parts.

It was four weeks before Sarah realised that something was wrong—that the play was not the success it had promised to be.

She had a free afternoon, and had borrowed Leon's open touring car and driven out to a hacking stable near Epsom, hired a mount, and ridden across the downs.

She rode for two hours, quite alone, tiring her horse a little more than she would have done at home, for she was hungry for the feel of the wind against her face, and the sweep of the unbroken sky before her eyes. It was all so still, so clear, so free—she felt as though she had come out of prison.

She reined in her horse on the crest of a ridge of down. The deep wood where the gipsies used to camp on Derby Day was below on her left, and far across the dip in front was the grandstand, black against the tender evening sky—the lights of Epsom town twinkling beyond. She heard Dominic's voice saying grimly: "You'll be what Ferrier makes you. But you don't seem to belong there. You seem to belong to the sky, and the open air—and

"Well?" she had said, eagerly.

"To all beauty."

Her hands slackened on the reins—the horse bent his satin neck and cropped a little at the grass. It was very still. Above the pale blue of the sky wanted to lemon—not even a bird called in the quiet. It was true—now she knew it was true. She had been a fool—she had made a mistake that would have been ludicrous if it weren't tragic. For there was no going back.

These weeks learning under Ferrier had killed everything but her pride. She couldn't go back to Normanhurst, not after crowing to them of her success. She couldn't leave the cast if she wanted to—Ferrier had her on contract. She couldn't go to Dominic. Not now, not after throwing her engagement to Ferrier in his face.

Some boys playing in the wood below shouted suddenly, startling the horse, bringing her out of her reverie. There was no retreat now, she must go on, deeper into this morass she had chosen, because there was no way back. She turned her mount and rode back, slowly at first, then spurring him on—faster—faster—back to the crowds, the talk, the lights, the music—back to the crowded emptiness of her life.

The owner of the stables came forward to hold her mount, and glanced admiringly at the trim figure in its beautifully-cut breeches and jacket, the blown golden hair, her bright cheeks, flushed with the exercise.

He said, conversationally: "Has it blown all the cobwebs away?" Sarah started. "Yes—" she said slowly. "All away—" she made a funny little hopeless gesture. "I can see quite clearly now."

He was startled by the tragedy in her eyes. Sarah drove home quickly, for it was getting dark, and she had to change before she went to the theatre. She was having supper at the Magnifique after the show, with Leon and a wealthy acquaintance of his whom he hoped would back his next production.

She opened the door of her flat and went in, suddenly sickened by its cloying pink-and-gilt prettiness, and the overpowering scent of hot-house flowers Leon sent her every day.

She went into her room and found among her letters one from her father—the first one. She tore it open eagerly.

"My Dear,—I expect you have

## Reach for the Stars

Continued from Page 49

thought me rather unkind, not writing to you, but in truth I have been waiting, hoping you would come home. It's very lonely without you. I miss our walks over the moors, and the dogs are getting fat without exercise. And I'm afraid I am, too. However, I read in the papers you are a great success. Hugh returned raving about you, almost as much as he does about this Miss Ginger Somebody, who is, I believe, a cinema star—a little lump rose in Sarah's throat. Dear daddy.

"If you really want to do this, I'm glad you are a success. This engagement, however, is a different matter—you must remember, dear, that you're not only my daughter—you are my heir, and only son as well. Normanhurst and its tradition may appear a burden to you now, but it is a burden that I cannot entrust to anyone else. Therefore, I have had my secretary write to Mr. Ferrier to explain that as you are not yet twenty I feel I must withhold my consent. Of course, in two years, you will be able to decide for yourself—when I shall not, and cannot stand in your way—"

SARAH put the letter down, tears in her eyes. The Normanhurst tradition—it seemed far away now. Last night Ferrier had suggested they marry in two weeks—and now, they would not be able to marry for two years. It was like a reprieve. But how would Leon take it? She thought of his growing impatience, his persistent love-making, his black fits of rage when he was thwarted, and was suddenly afraid.

That night as she stood in the wings, waiting for her entrance, she noticed a few gaps in the stalls, and was a little startled. For the past three weeks they had been playing to crowded houses. She turned to the young actor who was standing next to her, Boyd Jefferies.

"Boyd! The stalls seem empty to-night. What is it?"

He glanced at her curiously. "Business has been falling off all this week. Haven't you noticed?"

"No—I didn't think to notice. But why?"

Jim Trevor hissed his managerial "Quiet please..." and they dropped their voices obediently.

"It's Noreen Manet. She's changed these last few days. She's playing her part to the high heavens—but not to you."

Sarah looked at him anxiously. She had noticed that the applause and laughter that had once fol-

lowed her lines had been less for the last few days.

She said quickly: "But why?" Jefferies shrugged. "I don't know. She doesn't seem to dislike you, and she was wonderfully generous to you at first. We couldn't believe our senses when we saw the way she 'fed' you." He glanced at her again, a little worried. "You haven't done anything to hurt her, have you? You see it throws the play all out of gear, Sarah. I hate to say this, but if you were a better—I mean if you were a more experienced actress, it would be different."

She said, a little breathlessly: "You were going to say if I were a better actress." She gestured her remorseful expression away. "It's all right, Boyd—I know—"

But when she went on she was as nervous as on the first night, as helpless as at her first rehearsal—and this time Noreen didn't help her. She seemed oblivious of everyone, lost in her own part, full of power—Sarah felt stranded, and stupid—she had no guns with which to answer this cannonade. At the end the applause was polite, but not very enthusiastic, and what there was for Noreen. She took a curtain alone at the end, for the first time since the opening night.

In her dressing-room afterwards Sarah changed into her silver dress with some trepidation—justified, for Ferrier was in a black mood when she joined him in his car.

He leaned back in the car, forbidding, smouldering with anger. She sat silent, huddled in her furs, waiting for the explosion. He said with acid politeness: "Bergman sends his regrets—he finds he is unable to have supper with us to-night."

She said faintly: "I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" he laughed aloud. "For two years I've been angling for his backing—two years—and this had to happen. You give the worst performance ever seen in a show of mine, and you're sorry!"

He put out his hand, and took hers suddenly. "Forgive me, Sarah—I've had a filthy day. Every single thing's gone wrong. Did you hear from your father?"

"Yes."

"He withholds his consent until you're of age. Nearly two years I can't wait two years for you. Sarah—it's been awful this past month—being so near you, wanting you so much—" He bent suddenly and put his hot lips against her soft cheek, and involuntarily she jerked away. He said with sudden soft menace: "You're glad, aren't you, Sarah?"

To be continued

## A Thrifty HOUSEWIFE Doubles the Value of HER HUSBAND'S INCOME

Every housewife knows how important a part sound buying plays in the economics of home management.

No successful housewife is careless with her expenditure—she knows that is where she really saves money. But—there are always next week's expenses, next month's, next year's special calls to be provided for, and she knows the need for a simple practical and withal profitable method of accumulating her savings.



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# THE HOMEMAKER

April 27, 1940

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



## AND SO TO BED!

**—For sleep—sweet sleep  
—is Nature's surest aid to  
health and loveliness**

PERHAPS you've never really thought much about sleep, except that you must have enough to keep you feeling well.

But have you thought about what it does for your good looks? That eight hours nightly of sound, refreshing sleep that gives you a sense of well-being also maintains and brings beauty to your face.

Taken both in large doses at night and in short naps during the day, it smooths out lines and wrinkles, puts a freshness into your skin and a sparkle into your eye.

REGULAR SLEEP, untroubled and refreshing and in a comfortable bed, is an aid to health and beauty this young lovely makes sure of having every night.

OF course you know that everybody is supposed to have a certain amount of sleep every night, eight hours being considered the necessary requirement for the average person.

Sleep is essential first of all for maintenance of life itself, for without that regular state of unconsciousness you could not live at all.

Its actual effect on the body is to recharge the nervous system with the energy used up during the day. That is why if the habit of regular sleep is interfered with and proper amount of sleep is not obtained, the insomnia produced is a common cause of nervous exhaustion.

Doctors tell us, too, that it is while we sleep that the food we have eaten and digested is actually absorbed into the body cells. This means that without sleep at all you would starve to death, because you would be unable to absorb properly the food you had eaten.

These are just a few reasons why sleep is Nature's health and beauty preserver.

With your nerves rested and your system replenished with nervous energy you can face the day without strain—there will be no devastating effects on your face, eyes, and complexion.

With the maximum nourishment absorbed from your food while you sleep, your face will reflect a healthy body—your skin will glow with freshness, your eyes will sparkle, and your whole personality will take on that greater magnetism that comes from plenty of vitality.

This may seem like a talk on health, but that is because none of us can have beauty without good health. And you can't have good

health if you are in a perpetual state of nervous exhaustion and wanting in vitality from lack of sufficient sound sleep.

If you have difficulty in sleeping at night, make sure your bed is perfectly comfortable, and use a light eiderdown instead of many blankets which are often heavy enough to disturb a light sleeper.

Make sure the room is also as quiet as possible and there is plenty of ventilation. If the early morning light wakes you, have a dark curtain drawn across the window, or wear a black sleeping-mask over your eyes.

### Try early hours

DECIDE to go to bed at the same time every night, say 11, or, better still, 10 o'clock, for real beauty. At 9.30 have a glass of warm milk or hot water with a little lemon juice in it.

If you have one or more very late party nights, make a point of going to bed extra early the next night to make up for the sleep lost.

Some people say that the hours before midnight are the best for sleep, and while this has yet to be proved beyond all doubt, there seems to be something in the statement.

Undoubtedly it is more natural to sleep with the going down of the sun than with its coming up, which is what happens when a round of parties keeps you out of bed.

As well as your regular nightly sleep, try to have a nap during the day if possible. If you don't actually sleep, complete relaxation for fifteen minutes to an hour will make you feel wonderfully refreshed, especially if you have an important date ahead of you.

You can have a beauty treatment while lying down if you like.

Have you ever creamed your face while you lay in bed with your head down and feet up on the footboard?

Topsy-turvy as it may seem, it is an entirely sound and practical system. Beauty experts sponsor it, and many women have been won to its effectiveness.

The head-down, feet-up beauty treatment is based on the theory that bringing blood to the facial tissues to nourish them from within, while you cream them from without, ought to make creams work to best advantage. And it seems to be so.

Let us go more deeply into this matter. Massage methods are almost all intended to stimulate circulation.

The beauty angle treatment, head-down, feet-up method, accomplishes it with less effort on your part, and with minimum manipulation of the skin.

You lie flat on your back, with your pillow under your hips and waistline rather than beneath your head. Perch your feet on the footboard, or on a bigger pile of pillows.

The lower your head the better, though you may have to start moderately till you get used to the sensation.

Clean your face as usual, apply an emollient cream, and while you smooth them into your skin let gravity and your bloodstream combine to bring color and glow to your cheeks.

Face-packs, too, work better if you lie flat on your back without a pillow. Try a simple one with white of egg. Smooth lightly all over the face, allow to dry, and then wash off with lukewarm water.

You'll be delighted with the firm freshness this treatment will give your skin.



TESTS SHOW THIS THRILLING DIFFERENCE

LEFT—Shoes soap-washed side head. Hair dulled in cloudy film.

RIGHT—Shoes special Colinated 'foam' shampoo-washed side of head. Hair shining. No dulling film.

*To the girl who washes  
her own hair....*

### BUT NOT WITH SOAP!

MY DEAR, how your hair does sparkle... How attractive it makes you look.

I know, you're too wise to use alkali laden soaps and powder shampoos on such a head of hair—they would have ruined it long ago and left it dull, brittle, colorless and hard to manage. I've guessed your secret... Colinated 'foam' Shampoo!

You discovered it years ago... and it has certainly kept your hair beautiful. And you know why so many famous beauties and society leaders prefer Colinated, the only shampoo that has been through the amazing 'Colinating' process.

Every woman who appreciates the youthful lustre of her hair, delights as you do, in washing it herself. To feel the magic bubbling foam creep deep down amongst the hair roots, and then

revel in the glorious 'loosening up' feeling of a refreshed scalp.

Just a little of this wonderful Colinated 'foam' Shampoo is enough to give a rich, sparkling foam (five times more foam than any alkali-laden soap).

Watch then how one quick rinse takes off every trace of dust, dandruff, oily film and acid perspiration—and then— with Nature's own sun and wind to dry it, your hair becomes so soft and manageable it can be quickly set in any style—right after shampooing.

Yes, my dear, by all means keep on washing your own hair. Don't let anyone take away this sacred rite from you. And... Insist on Colinated 'foam' Shampoo to do it... Get some to-day from your Chemist or Store. A bottle gives many wave-preserving shampoos. Thrill to its wonder-beauty cleansing—know why it's Australia's biggest selling shampoo.





## KNITTED JERSEY with new tailored lines

JUST the smartest garment for the chic dresser. Ideal for wearing with a tweed suit, for sports or for general wear with a tailored skirt. Designed on slimming lines, the only trimmings being the attractive bow at the throat and the tiny pocket on the front. Make it with long or short sleeves.

LEFT: Here you see the jersey with long sleeves. This is an easy-to-make design, for the pattern is a simple purl and plain ribbing throughout.

If you like smart things then here's the right sort of jersey for you. It's designed on very trim tailored lines, its very simplicity giving it unusual charm.

Easy to make, too, for the pattern is a simple purl and plain ribbing.

You have a choice of long or short sleeves, instructions for knitting both being given below.

**Materials Required:** 7 ozs. 3-ply Ramada Super Fingering Wool, 2 ozs. extra required for long sleeves.

To obtain the best results and full satisfaction in fit and wear, use only the materials specified and in the correct ply, work with the knitting needles in the size recommended, and keep to the tension stated.

**Knitting Needles:** 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles.

**Measurements:** To fit 34/36-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 18 inches. Sleeve seam (short), 43 inches. Sleeve seam (long), 18½ inches.

**Tension:** 9 stitches to 1 inch, 8 rows to 1 inch, unstretched.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; tog., together.

**Note:**—Work into back of all cast on stitches.

### BACK

Cast on 111 sts.

**1st Row:** \* K 2, p 1 \* repeat \* to \* to end.

**2nd Row:** \* K 1, p 2 \* repeat \* to \* to end.

Repeat these 2 rows until 11½ inches have been worked from cast on.

**Shape Armholes:** Cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows.

**Cast off 2 sts.** at beginning of next 6 rows.

**Next Row:** Take 2 tog., rib to end.

Continue on 86 sts. until armholes measure 6½ inches, measured straight up, ending on right side of work. Cast off.

### FRONT

Cast on 126 sts. Work as back until front measures 10 inches from cast on.

**Now work pocket:** Rib 21 sts., cast on 8 sts. to left needle, work on to right needle, work 23 sts. in rib. Turn.

Cast on 8 sts. on left needle, work off on to right needle as before, rib to last 8 sts., k 8. Turn.

**1st Row:** P 8, rib 23, k 8.

**2nd Row:** K 8, rib 23, k 8. Repeat these 2 rows until 2½ inches have been worked.

Cast off, wrong side facing.

Join wool to 21 sts. of ribbing, cast on 23 sts. on right hand needle, rib to end of row.

Continue in rib until 11½ inches have been worked from cast on.

**Shape armholes as for back.**

Continue in rib until armholes measure 6 inches, measured straight up.

**Next Row (right side facing):** Work 32 sts. in rib, cast off 37 sts. loosely, work 32 sts. in rib.

Work 32 sts. in rib. Turn, cast on 8 sts. on left needle, rib to end of row.

**1st Row:** Rib 32 sts., k 8.

**2nd Row:** P 8, rib 32 sts. Repeat these 2 rows until neck edge measures 2 inches.

Cast off, wrong side of work facing.

Join wool at centre to sts. left unworked and work to match other side.

### SLEEVES

Cast on 57 sts. Work in rib, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 6th row until 99 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 99 sts. until work measures 18½ inches from cast on.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 57 sts. remain.

**1st Row:** Rib to last 15 sts., k 2 tog., p 1. Turn.

**2nd Row:** Rib to last 14 sts., p 2 tog., k 1. Turn.

**3rd Row:** Rib to last 13 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Turn.

**4th Row:** Rib to last 12 sts., p 2 tog., p 1. Turn.

**5th Row:** Rib to last 11 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Turn.

**6th Row:** Rib to last 10 sts., k 2 tog., p 1. Turn.

**7th Row:** Rib to last 9 sts., k 2 tog., p 1. Turn.

**8th Row:** Rib to last 8 sts., p to tog., k 1. Turn.

**9th Row:** Rib to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Turn.

**10th Row:** Rib to last 6 sts., p 2 tog., p 1. Turn.

**11th Row:** Work to end of row. Cast off.

### TIE

Cast on 6 sts. Work in st.-st. for 30 inches. Cast off.



THE TAILORED JERSEY knitted in a soft vieux-rose color, and this time with short sleeves. The charm of this garment lies in its severe simplicity and simple trimmings.

### SHORT SLEEVES

Cast on 91 sts. Work in rib, increasing 1 st. at each end of every 6th row until 99 sts. are on needle. Continue on 99 sts. until work measures 4½ inches from cast on. Shape top as for long sleeves.

### TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side with warm iron over a damp cloth.

Sew up sleeve and side seams.

Sew up shoulder seams, allowing front cast off edge to overlap back edge and sewing just above cast off edge, and gathering front edge to fit back.

Neatly catch down the rolled neck edges.

Sew down pocket inside rolled edges, which do not require stitching.

Sew sleeves into armholes, gathering all fullness between the shapings.

Draw the tie between fingers, stretching slightly. Make into a bow and sew to centre front.

Press seams.

### TO ALTER SIZE

Take a careful note of the measurements given in the instructions, then measure yourself in order to be sure that the garment is your size.

To enlarge a plain garment, multiply the number of stitches required for one inch by the number of inches necessary for the extra width.

To make a smaller size, cast on as many fewer stitches as are required for one inch.

To enlarge a patterned garment, make certain that enough stitches are added for a complete pattern.

Armhole shaping: If a larger garment is required, add half an inch on both back and front armhole shaping to the shoulder. Do not forget to work the sleeve correspondingly larger when casting on. For a smaller garment, reduce the length of the armhole shaping to shoulder by half an inch and make the sleeve correspondingly smaller.

## About knitting yarns . . .

IN the last few years a great variety of yarns has been evolved.

If the best results are to be obtained from the lovely new wools, you should know something of the different "twisting" processes in order to tension the different yarns with knowledge and understanding.

A thick yarn needs an easy tension. It will run through the fingers quicker than a fine one, as it has further to travel in making each stitch because of its size. Do not knit thick yarns tightly.

Loosely spun and loosely twisted yarn should be more loosely tensioned.

Firmer spun yarn gives best results if more firmly tensioned.

Crepe and suede wools need a firmer tension than worsted yarns, as in the double twisting process they have lost much of their elasticity.

Cotton yarns, which have not the elasticity of wool, need a much firmer tension, otherwise the fabric will drop. Silk, rayon, and mercerized yarns also need a firm control, otherwise they spring too readily through the fingers, causing the fabric to become uneven.

**Patterns:** A fancy yarn limits the number of patterns in which the fabric can be knitted, as it is of itself decorative and loses character when produced in elaborate stitches. Its beauty should be enhanced by style and fit.

A plain yarn on the contrary allows elaborate stitchery, and it is with these the real art of knitting finds best expression.

**Winding:** There is a wrong and right way to wind wool. All wool is naturally elastic and is spun to retain this elasticity. This should not be lost in the process of winding the yarn from the skein into a ball. If you wind too tightly you will stretch it beyond the natural tension set by the spinner. However, different yarns need different methods of winding.

Wool yarn is made of short lengths spun into one continuous length. A tight winding will stretch and weaken the yarn.

Wool, therefore, must be wound into a soft, pliable ball so that its original elasticity is retained. Each ball should be wound to the same tension, and all balls for the one garment are better wound by the same person.

Said the Skipper in pride, "What a line!"  
"What a beauty! She's perfect! She's mine!"  
Cried the Middies, "Aye, Aye, sir!"  
"Her hose are by Kayser!"  
"We agree, sir! She's gorgeous! Divine!"

**"I'M A ONE BRAND"**

**"WOMAN NOW"**

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Do you know that rubbing clothes wears them out more than actual use? And when you rub delicate things like silks or rayons, stockinette or knitted woollens you're spoiling them in just about the quickest way there is! That is why Persil washing makes fine fabrics last so much longer. *With Persil there's no need to rub* because Persil's oxygen-charged suds get the dirt out thoroughly and quickly with only a gentle squeezing. There's a longer life for everything you wash—if you use Persil. Order a packet to-day!

**Persil**

**gives colours  
a gay long life**



## PICK YOUR CARPETS . . .

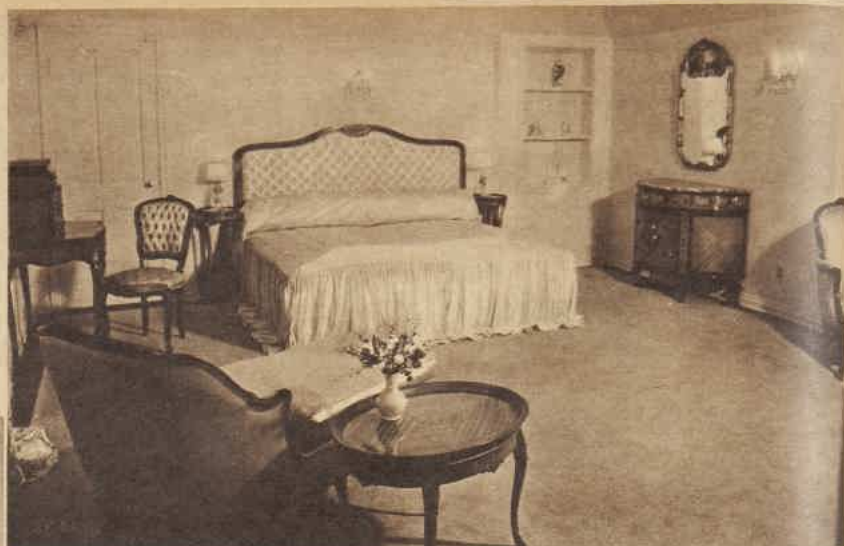
*For comfort and color*

FURNISH from the floor up is the advice of home decorators. So this article deals with the kind of carpet to select for various rooms in the house. Last week on this page floors and their treatment were discussed.

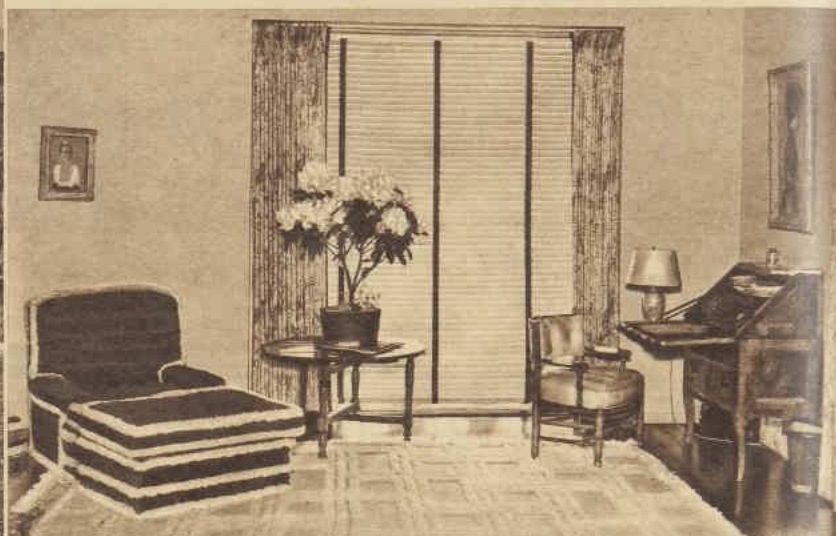
By OUR HOME DECORATOR



A LARGE reception lounge where beamed ceiling and luxurious furniture call for the richness of a wall-to-wall carpet patterned all over in a design to harmonise with the long window drapes. Notice in the absence of much furniture the patterned carpeting helps to furnish the room.



WALL-TO-WALL carpeting in a bedroom is desirable wherever possible for the comfort it gives. Here a perfectly plain carpet in an oyster shade is used to throw up the blue of the bedcover and upholstery of the chairs. The walls are tinted blue.



AN INFORMAL sitting-room where a light-toned rug combines happily with the floor of dark polished wood. The rug is plain as to color, depending for pattern on a self-toned tufted design that matches the tufting on the lounge chair.

WHEN it comes to choosing carpets for a room three points have to be considered—whether the floor shall be carpeted all over, whether rugs or a centre carpet shall be used, whether the carpeting, if any, shall be plain or patterned.

Plain carpets which are popular just now undoubtedly form an excellent background for a color scheme just as plain walls do. Their plainness means that patterned materials for hangings or upholstery can be selected.

On the other hand, a patterned carpet often provides an inspiration for a color scheme in its blending and contrasting of colors.

In living rooms where a large expanse of plain carpeting is used you can relieve the monotony with a couple of handwoven rugs.

These rugs have the additional purpose of breaking the room into two parts and of drawing together various groups of furniture.

Dining-rooms these days are usually small, and can therefore be completely carpeted with advantage.

If partial carpeting is used, however, see that it accommodates the table and chairs, and extends right to the foot of the sideboard. A plain linoleum can be used for the surroundings, unless the floor is of fine wood.

In any bedroom the more carpet the better. An exception might be made of the bed-sitting room; there an air of easy daytime liveableness can be introduced with bright rugs on a polished floor.

But in a proper bedroom, where quiet is most desirable, much carpet swallows sound. The thicker the carpet the nearer the approach to the ideal of noiselessness, and for sound-deadening qualities thick woollen carpet cannot be beaten.

# SOLPAH

## THAT WORN LINOLEUM

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## YOUR FACE POWDER MADE TO ORDER



Pond's asked thousands of women what qualities they wanted in their face powder, and this is what they said: 1. Give us the finest, softest texture it's possible to make. 2. Make it really cling for hours and hours. 3. Keep it glareproof, so that it's always flattering—in bright sun-

light or under dazzling electric lights. 4. Give us a wide choice of skin tones.

Now, here is Pond's new improved face powder—with not one or two, but all of these qualities women have requested! Just try it yourself, and you'll see. Six smart shades, 1/6 and 2/6 a box at all stores and chemists.

**POND'S NEW IMPROVED FACE POWDER . . .  
MADE TO YOUR OWN SPECIAL REQUESTS!**



**They beautify those odd spots**

## FLOWERING CREEPERS..

● Nature seems to have provided climbers and twiners, or roamers and runabouts, call them what you will, for the express purpose of covering otherwise ugly, bare places.

—SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER.

**I**F climbing plants did no more than hide ugly fences and buildings they would justify their existence.

Go into our gullies and clamber over the steep hill or mountainides where landlizards frequently occur, and you will invariably find that Nature attempts to hide up the unsightly debris with rapidly-growing climbing plants.

Mankind has borrowed these pretty plants for the beautification of his home surroundings, and many lovely climbers and twiners have come to us from overseas as well as from the bush.

One of the fastest growing of this family is the bignonia, a robust species that has many varieties, one of which, bignonia australis (Wonga Wonga vine) is indigenous to the Commonwealth.

The accompanying illustration gives a fair idea of what bignonia venusta, an introduced variety, looks like in midwinter when out in full bloom.

The color is deep orange, and the blooms are borne in big trusses over a very long winter period.

There are thirteen varieties of bignonia, the best of which are cherrie (red), lindleyana (blue), rosa (pink), tweediana (yellow), venusta (orange), and grandiflora (orange).

These climbers are rather too robust in good soil, and need a trifle more care than is bestowed upon less rampant species.

If allowed to clamber at will they will eventually reach some favorite tree and kill it with affection, or make such dense growth that they become a nuisance.

They will also carry much dead wood in dense parts where the light fails to penetrate, and this will become very difficult to handle if neglected for any time.

Therefore, climbers of such vigorous growth should be trained and cut

back or trimmed regularly. Even an occasional hard pruning does good; for most of these plants respond to such treatment.

Every year they should be trimmed to open them up for a free circulation of air. This will also allow gardeners a chance to spray or dust for insect and disease control.

Bare fences, tree stumps, trellises, and outhouses can be converted into beauty spots by the aid of one or more flowering climbers, and any of the following can be utilized to good effect.

Akebia comes first in alphabetical order, and to my mind is one of the loveliest climbers. The bell-like flowers are two shades of purple, the male flowers being pale and the female a deeper shade. Both appear together and form big trusses that are extremely beautiful.

### Pale pink flowers

**B**AUHINIA scandens is another lovely climbing plant, but gardeners should avoid it if their districts are frosty, for it is very tender. Given a sunny spot that is well protected from adverse winds, its pale pink flowers appear for many months of the year.

Bougainvillea flourish where many other climbers fail. Although extremely thorny, they make a dense hedge or windbreak, and their bracts, which are of lovely shades of purple, red, carmine and brick-red, endear them to Australians as one of the most colorful features of our landscape.

Bougainvillea thomasi, named after Mr. Thomas, of Brisbane, who has produced many fine new species, is one of the best, but unsuitable for frosty areas.

Bougainvillea trailii improved (purple and very hardy) is regarded by experts as the most colorful of all, but is run a close second by Mrs. Butt (crimson carmine), a variety that is tender and should not be grown in frosty country.

Combretum is the name of a



**A LOVELY CLIMBER**, the bignonia venusta, which comes into full bloom in midwinter when it bears big trusses of deep orange-colored flowers.

climber that is not often seen. The flowers are orange color and brush-like. It, too, needs a hot, frost-free climate.

The beautiful everlasting peas, or lathyrus, can be obtained in red, white, pink, and blue varieties, and all are beautiful. They do not climb very high, but will quickly cover a short fence, and flower for months of the year.

For very cold parts of the Commonwealth I can recommend clematis, particularly clematis montana rubens (pink) and montana superba (white). Other varieties in a wide range of colors are obtainable.

## Healthy Legs For All!

**Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping**

**L**EG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

### Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

### Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

**INVITATION TO LUXURY EATING**



Luxury eating for everyone costs so little with rich, spicy Swallow & Ariell Plum Pudding. Full-flavoured . . . top-full of the finest ingredients . . . and hermetically sealed in tins of exact quantities.

**SWALLOW & ARIELL PLUM PUDDING**

\*Allow for "extra" helpings. 1lb. 3 serves; 1lb. 6 serves; 1lb. 9 serves; 2lb. 12 serves; 2lb. 16 serves.

**SWALLOW & ARIELL LTD.**

The Uneseda Bakers



**"Bon Ami has saved me a lot of hard work!"**

Talk to your friends who use Bon Ami regularly. They'll tell you an interesting fact. Bon Ami not only cleans fast—but makes baths and sinks easy to keep clean. There's a very good reason for this: Bon Ami contains no harsh, gritty substances. It doesn't cause scratches that catch and hold dirt. Instead, it leaves porcelain smooth and polished. Use this scratchless cleanser also for windows, stoves, pots and pans, etc.

**Bon Ami**  
keeps things  
easy to clean



"hasn't scratched yet!"





**STOP GRINNING LIKE A MONKEY, BOB - A LADDER'S NO JOKE TO ME!**

**Cut down costly ladders!**

### LUX STOCKINGS STRAIGHT AFTER EVERY WEARING!

A nightly Luxing removes the harmful perspiration acids that weaken delicate stocking threads. It restores elasticity, so that stockings cling flatteringly instead of going "baggy" . . . and give under strain instead of snapping into ladders. Lux contains no soda.



**FOR ALL DELICATE WASHING.. SAFE LUX CARE!**

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Complete cleanliness of dentures is readily and pleasantly attained by putting them in a glass of water with 'Steradent', as directed on the tin. 'Steradent' is a specially prepared powder which removes stains, food particles and mucin film thoroughly and harmlessly. Many people

leave their teeth in 'Steradent' overnight; others regularly for 20 minutes while they dress. 'Steradent' is obtainable from all chemists in 2/- and 3/6 tins.

**TRIAL OFFER:** Send 2d. in stamps for trial supply to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 25155B, G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

**Steradent**

★ CLEANS AND STERILIZES FALSE TEETH ★

### WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME... By a Doctor

## Is it wise for cousins to marry?

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, do you think it wise for cousins to marry? One hears all sorts of reasons against such marriages. Are any of these theories correct?

Doctor: Cousin marriages were much more common once than they are now, and they still occur fairly often in communities which are more or less isolated and where the population is largely made up of related families.

However, nowadays young people move about more freely. They grow away from the family circle and have so many opportunities to meet other young people that marriages between cousins are the exception and not the rule.

The greatest fear most people have concerning marriage between cousins is that the children of such a marriage shall be defective in some way—perhaps mentally defective, or born deaf, or at the best merely weaklings. But this does not necessarily follow.

### Chief difference

**B**IOLOGICALLY there is little difference between a cousin marriage and marriage between a man and woman who are unrelated.

The chief difference lies in the fact that in the former case the husband and wife have 50 per cent. the same ancestry. Therefore their children will inherit a double dose of any good traits they may possess.

But, unfortunately, the converse also is true—children of a cousin marriage are liable to inherit any weakness or defects in a double quantity, and it is this fact that has caused such marriages to be looked at askance.

For this reason, if two young people who are related are contemplating marriage they would be well advised to inquire carefully into their family history.

If it is found that any of their common ancestors possessed any such hereditary defects as insanity, or heredity deafness, then marriage in such a case would be inadvisable.

But if their family tree shows a succession of sound, healthy stock,

free from hereditary taint, their marriage would be no more risky than any other marriage.

In fact, they might reasonably expect that their children would be exceptionally sound and healthy.

There have been many examples of marriages between cousins which produced outstanding children, you know. Take the case of Charles Darwin, for instance. He married Emma Wedgwood, his first cousin, and they had seven children, all of whom were outstanding.

As a general rule, however, it is much better for a young man wishing to marry to seek his bride outside his own family circle.

"New blood" brings new traits into the family, and socially a marriage between cousins usually means little widening of interests, if any, and is for this reason not entirely satisfactory.

Also, from a psychological point of view, another objection to such a marriage might be raised. A man who does not look outside his own family circle for his bride may in many cases be unsure of himself, ill at ease in the company of other women.

He feels that marriage with his cousin will offer him more security. But obviously such a marriage merely shelves his problem, not solves it.

Of course, when two young people are in earnest about each other, any intervention by parents is generally useless.

### Study ancestry

**I**N such cases it is advisable at all costs to see that the young people study their ancestry very carefully to look for any of the defects I have mentioned.

The eugenic aspect should concern them more than the religious aspect, although, as you know, in some sects marriages between cousins are forbidden on religious grounds.

If, after examination, they can find no trace of any serious inheritable defects in their family for three generations on either side, and if they themselves are both strong and healthy, then let them go ahead and marry if they want to.



### For young wives and mothers

#### TRUBY KING SYSTEM The Nervous Child

**F**EAR is an emotional state that visits many young children, and it should not be scoffed at and treated as cowardly weakness by parents.

Parents need to exercise much tact and understanding in getting the child's confidence, and should not scoff at or make fun of a little child's fancies and fears in the hope of curing a nervous child, as this method will not work.

A leaflet dealing with this subject

A WISTEFUL little soul who seems a little shy of the camera-man. She is at the age when children can be easily frightened. To-day's mothercraft article deals with the various childish fears. Read how a free leaflet on the subject may be obtained.

has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YX, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

**I'VE DISCOVERED ZEBO'S ADVANTAGES - HAVE YOU?**



Miss Mrs. F. HOUGHTON,  
of 6 Gisland Rd., Thornton Heath

**ZEBO LIQUID STOVE POLISH** soon shows you how easily and quickly stoves and grates can be cleaned. Just shake a little on to a cloth or brush, give the stove or grate a brisk polish, and it shines and sparkles. An occasional rub over with Zebbo keeps your stoves and grates bright and shining all the week round. With Zebbo there's no need for elaborate preparations. You use it straight from the tin. There's no waste, it doesn't dry up in the tin and it saves time. Zebbo lasts a long while, too.



**ZEBO**

Also ZEBRA  
in Paste and Packets

The Modern Polish  
for Stoves and Grates



Sewing, embroidery and crochet cottons that are a joy to use, owing to their resistance and their supple, silky finish. Lasting satisfaction is ensured by reason of their uniform strength, undimmed brilliance and unequalled dyes.

**high quality  
fast colours**

can be produced from all an needlework store.

**D.M.C.**  
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

## Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

Your Kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 9 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisonous acids attack them you suffer from Burning, Itching, Pain, "Getting Up Nights," Loss of Sleep, Headaches, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nervousness, Cries under Eyes, or Swollen Ankles, etc. Ordinary medicine can't do much good. The cause must be removed. Cystex rid Kidneys of poisons and acids in 5 hours, therefore a speedy and to kidney troubles. In 24 hours you'll feel better, stronger than for years. In a few days, complete health is restored. Cystex is guaranteed to put you right or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. The best active protects you.

**Cystex**  
Now in 3 sizes: 1/6, 4/-, 8/-.

GUARANTEED FOR Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism



## She's here again . . . Little MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

SAVE yourself time, trouble and extra work by reading the advice of little Miss Precious Minutes given every week on this page.

**S**HE just loves to help round the house, so you can have more leisure time for yourself.

To-day Miss Precious Minutes says:

**WHEN** mincing or chopping onions finely, cut off one slice, then make incisions in the surface of the onion in 2-inch squares or the size required. Hold onion firmly on cutting board and slice thinly. The pieces will then come away in small squares ready to use.

**A** CARPET that is badly worn in places that are far apart can often be renovated by taking the seams apart and remaking the carpet with the least worn portions replacing those showing most wear. Sometimes it may be more satisfactory to cut up the carpet and make it up as a number of rugs, binding the edges with blanket-stitch or braid.

**REMEMBER** that slowly boiling water is as effective as rapidly boiling water in cooking. It is, of course, more economical for those who use gas stoves.



**SO OFTEN CHEESE**, unless it is used up almost immediately, begins to go mouldy. Keeping well covered in a refrigerator or ice-box helps, but if you haven't either you can help to keep the mould at bay by putting one or two lumps of sugar under the cheese dish-cover.



**PIANO KEYS**, no matter how carefully you look after them and wipe down carefully after use, sooner or later begin to turn yellow. To keep them white, rub over occasionally with a soft cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Polish with dry silk duster. Avoid using water on piano keys.

**POLISHED** surfaces that have become marred by white marks will not usually respond to ordinary furniture polish. Instead try rubbing the discoloured place with a soft rag moistened with olive oil and continue until the marks disappear. Rub the place afterwards with a dry cloth, leave for some hours, then use a good furniture polish.

**IF** you have an old mattress that badly needs a new, clean cover, here's the way to empty out the stuffing into the new ticking. Open the old mattress at one end for about a foot, and leave a space the same size in the new ticking. Then sew the clean cover over the hole in the old one and work the feathers or kapok through. This way you have no feathers or kapok flying, and no mess to clear away afterwards.

**LINOLEUM** that has become worn in small patches can be made to look almost like new if a little care is taken in the patching. Cut out the worn patch and some of the unworn lino, around it, to the nearest pattern outline.

Then place a new piece of linoleum underneath, mark out the required pattern with chalk, and cut to fit accurately. Attach to the floor with the special brads or sprigs made for this purpose.

**WHEN** measuring ingredients for cooking, first sift flour, confectioners' sugar and soda; stir mustard and baking powder, and break up lumps of salt. To measure a cupful, put in ingredient by spoonful or from scoop. Do not shake cup or pack down tightly. (The exception to this is brown sugar, which should be packed firmly into cup.)

## Pain YOU CAN'T 'EXPLAIN'

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month

When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate relief from period pain, headache and sick-feeling — without the slightest "doping".

"MYZONE not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as before I used to 'get pimples'." — Miss M.P.

Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month — and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind — say Myzone relief is more quick, more complete, more lasting than anything else they've ever known. The secret is Myzone's amazing *acetic* (anti-spasm) compound . . . science's aid to nature. Try a couple of little Myzone tablets, with a cup of tea . . . with your very next "pain". 2/- box. — All Chemists.



**"IT'S MORE SERIOUS THAN I THOUGHT..."**

*Yes, it started with a sore throat*



**DON'T** gamble with 'Flu, Colds or Coughs. Take **WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE** for prompt relief from wretchedness. Pleasant to take. Acts fast. Soothes nose and throat—a certain remedy for winter chest ailments.

Try a bottle to-day. There's soothing relief in every drop of time-tested **WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE**. **SAFE** for children and best for you. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

# WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

There's Soothing Relief in Every Drop

## YOUTH can be yours QUICKLY!

Nature—and medicine—have a remedy for premature Old Age. Don't feel that life has ended for you—your days and nights need no longer be wrecked by lack of sparkle, vigour and vitality. The first glass of **WINCARNIS**—the "No Waiting Tonic"—will give the alertness of youth to your entire system. **WINCARNIS** is a rich, nourishing blend of the choicest wine and two kinds of vitamins essential to health. It does you good immediately—your brain, heart and nerves feel the benefit of the first glass. This is not just a vague claim, but a statement supported by over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. Start a bottle of **WINCARNIS** to-day. Your health needs it. You will like it—**WINCARNIS** is the most pleasant way of regaining quickly the vigour and vitality of youth.



**3-IN-ONE OIL** (Trade-Mark)



## PRIZES for these RECIPES

**T**HIS week first prize of £1 has been awarded to a reader for her recipe for crusted apples, a delicious sweet.

This contest is open to all readers. All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address and send in to this office.

First prize of £1 is awarded every week for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

### CRUSTED APPLES WITH BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Peel and core some cooking apples, crust with beaten white of egg and roll in the following mixture: Two tablespoons of chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons of honey, tablespoon sugar, and 2 tablespoons of cake crumbs. Coat thoroughly and bake in moderate oven till soft. Serve with butterscotch sauce.

For sauce, mix 1 cup brown sugar with 4 tablespoons plain flour, 1 cup boiling milk, 2 tablespoons butter, and 1 egg. Cook until the mixture thickens, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Twitchett, Kunoi, via Lake Boga, Vic.

### CHOCOLATE GINGERBREAD CAKE

Sieve together 8oz. plain flour, 1oz. cocoa, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon into a basin and add 1lb. castor sugar.

Mix all the dry ingredients thoroughly.

Warm 8oz. butter and 1lb. golden syrup together and when melted, but not hot, stir them into the flour, etc., alternately with 2 well-beaten eggs, and 1 pint milk, slightly warmed. Put into a well-buttered tin (a 6-

THE week's best, selected by our cookery expert from the entries in our weekly best recipe competition. This contest is open to everybody, so send in your favorite recipe and, perhaps, win a cash prize for it.



**MOCK WHITEBAIT PATTIES**, the sort of savory that is so popular for cocktail parties or for supper. The mock whitebait is made with brains and anchovy sauce.

sided tin about 7 inches across is a nice size for the cake). Bake in a very moderate oven for 45 minutes. Turn on to a cake stand to cool. May be iced with a white or

colored icing. While moist sprinkle a good layer of coconut over top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Slee, 155 Young St., Parkside, S.A.

### BANANA CREAM

Three bananas, 2 lemons, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon castor sugar.

Slice 2 bananas and put into a glass dish, sprinkle lemon juice over them, and a teaspoon of sugar. Put milk on to boil with the yellow part of the lemon skin and the rest of the sugar. Pour it onto the beaten yolk of the egg; return to the saucepan and stir 5 minutes without boiling. When custard is cool, pour over bananas and stand till quite cold. Slice the other bananas very thinly, put in the basin with the white of egg and castor sugar, and beat briskly till a creamy mass. Pile on the custard and leave in a cool place till serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Merle McLean, Hynam, South East, S.A.

### ITALIAN CUTLETS

Dip trimmed lamb cutlets in lukewarm melted butter and turn over in a generous mixture of grated cheese and white breadcrumbs, then in beaten egg and roll again in cheese and breadcrumbs. Fry in deep fat and serve with stewed tomatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Irene Thomson, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

### MOCK WHITEBAIT PATTIES

Half pound rough puff pastry, 1 set brains, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce.

Make the pastry and line 8 small patty tins. Cut 8 rounds to cover the patties. Skin brains, blanch, and boil in salted water with 2 sage leaves for 10 minutes. Drain the brains and add the anchovy sauce to them, and beat into a paste with a fork. Fill the patties with this mixture, put the tops on, and glaze with egg. Bake in a nice hot oven.

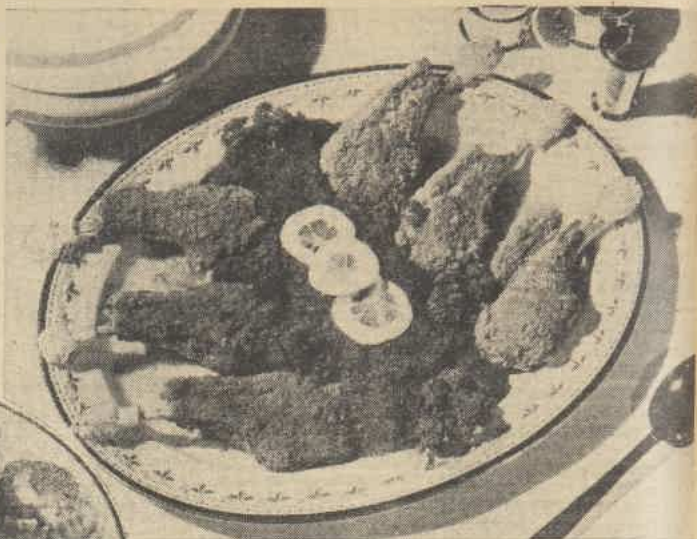
Note: The brain paste used in these savories makes excellent filling for wholemeal-bread sandwiches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Colman, 12 Clarence St., East Malvern SE5, Vic.

### CHICKEN BISCUITS

Three-quarters of a pound self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 3oz. butter (or margarine), 1 cup milk, 1lb. cooked chicken (or rabbit), parsley, nutmeg, cayenne, cream for binding.

Mince cooked chicken (or rabbit) and mix with parsley, nutmeg, cayenne and cream. Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, mix to a dough with milk, and roll out 1/4 inch thick. Spread chicken mixture over half of dough, fold other half over, press edges together, cut into squares, and



**ITALIAN CUTLETS**, a new way of dishing up these lamb small-meats, and ever so simple to prepare. See recipe on this page.

brush tops with egg-yolk. Bake 20 minutes in good oven, and serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Hayes, 230 Coventry St., South Melbourne.

### OATMEAL HONEY PUDDING

One pint milk, 3 tablespoons oatmeal, 1oz. butter, 3 tablespoons honey, 1oz. seeded raisins, 1oz. almonds, a pinch of brown sugar, and a good pinch of ground ginger.

Soak oatmeal in the milk all night. Bring gradually to the boil, simmer slowly for an hour, stir well now and then. Remove from the heat, add honey, ginger and raisins. Add the butter, then pour all into greased pialish. Blanch the almonds and slit them in halves. Arrange on top of the pudding and bake in a slow oven for an hour. Desiccated coconut can be used most satisfactorily instead of almonds if desired.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mary Meegan, Reid St., North Curl Curl, N.S.W.

### CORN AND SALMON PIE

One tin sweet corn, 1 small tin salmon, 1 cup cold potatoes (sea-

soned and mashed with a little butter), 1 dessertspoon butter, celery salt to taste.

Put a layer of mashed salmon in a greased pialish, then a layer of corn. Sprinkle with a little celery salt and continue layers until dish is three-quarters full. Cover with mashed potatoes, smooth over with fork and bake 15 minutes in a hot oven. Just before lifting from the oven, spread the stiffly-beaten egg-whites over the top, and brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mr. H. Rogers, Huntley's Pt. Rd., Huntley's Pt., N.S.W.

### HONEYCOMB CREAM

One pint milk, 2 eggs, cup castor sugar, vanilla essence, not quite 1m. powdered gelatine.

Pour boiling milk on to egg-yolks and sugar and return to saucepan. Dissolve gelatine in little cold water and add to mixture, also vanilla essence. Stir until it thickens without boiling. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Set in mould.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mr. Ellen E. Forster, 5 Melrose Pde., Clovelly, N.S.W.



**THE INNER MAN**  
"sums" up

"Mustard," said the Inner Man, "is the finest appetite-creator in the world. It gives the keenest pleasure; it does more for health than any other condiment. When you consider the zest that Mustard gives to meals and its rejuvenating effects upon the appetite and the digestion, the cost is a mere nothing. Mustard is Nature's condiment — and one of Nature's most welcome gifts to man and Inner Man."

**MEAT needs MUSTARD**

—KEEN'S Mustard

## DAVIS DAINTY DISHES



## HAVE YOU MADE ONE LATELY?

TRY THIS NEW DAVIS RECIPE

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

5 SERVINGS

Mix 1 dessertspoon of cocoa to a smooth paste with a little cold water, make up to 1 cup with hot water added gradually; boil for a few minutes. Separate the yolks and whites of 2 eggs, beat yolks with 4 cup of sugar over boiling water until thickening. Remove from fire, add chocolate mixture. Cool, add 1 cup of cream and 12 teaspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons of hot water. Chill until thickening. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into the mixture. Add vanilla to taste. Place in serving bowl.

Write for a copy of our beautiful recipe book, illustrated in colour. Enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

**DAVIS GELATINE**

Department W., G.P.O. Box 35326, Sydney, or G.P.O. Box 4018, Melbourne.







## FRITTERS . . . and pancakes

By MARY FORBES

• Cookery Expert in The Australian Women's Weekly

**T**HERE are just a few rules to remember if you want to be an adept at fritters and pancakes.

When a batter does not contain any rising, it should be well beaten after the liquid is added and then allowed to stand for 1 hour. A slight fermentation takes place and this helps to make the batter light.

The batter for fritters should be thick enough to lightly cover the article, fried quickly in a large amount of fuming-hot fat or oil, well drained on white paper, and served immediately.

Fritters and pancakes make suitable dishes for all meals, and a very great variety may be made by using suitable meats, fish or fruits.

### TO COOK PANCAKES

Have batter in a small jug. Pour batter into the pan. Allow

**CRISP . . . warm . . . and delicious . . .** How they just melt in your mouth—that is, if they're properly made to the right consistency and cooked to just the right degree. And here's how—if you have any doubts as to the way fritters and pancakes should be made.

it to spread thinly over by moving the pan about.

Cook quickly till set and slightly brown. Loosen the edges with a knife. Toss or turn pancake with a knife and cook on other side until brown. Drain on paper.

Melt a little more butter in pan and pour in batter as before.

While this is setting, sprinkle lemon juice and sugar on the one on paper. Fold it up and put on a plate and keep hot over pan of boiling water. Serve piled on a hot dish with sugar sprinkled over, and garnish with slices of lemon. Serve at once.

### PLAIN PANCAKES

Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 pint milk.

Sift the flour and salt. Break the egg into a well made in the centre of flour in the basin. Stir in the flour gradually from the sides. Add the milk a little at a time. When half the milk is used, the flour should be moistened. Beat well to remove all lumps and make it light. When quite smooth add the remainder of the milk gradually. Stand it aside for 1 hour.

To prepare pan for cooking pancakes: Put a small piece of butter in a small frying pan, burn it, then wipe quite dry with piece of kitchen paper. Put another small piece of butter in pan and melt it.

### PARSNIP FRITTERS

Three parsnips, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons flour.

Boil parsnips in the usual way, mash, and remove the fibrous parts. Beat eggs until light, stir in the mashed parsnips, beating hard. Add the melted fat, milk, salt and flour. Deep fry about 1 dessertspoon of the mixture at a time for about 3 minutes until brown. Garnish with parsley and serve very hot as a luncheon dish.

### BANANA FRITTERS

Batter: Two ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 egg-white, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or olive oil, 4 tablespoons tepid water, frying fat, 6 firm bananas, castor sugar, lemon, whipped cream to decorate.

Sift flour and salt into a basin. Make a well in the middle and add the oil or butter and tepid water. Mix to a smooth paste, then beat thoroughly. Cover and set aside for thirty minutes. Peel the bananas and cut in halves lengthwise, sprinkle with lemon juice. Whisk the egg-white stiffly and fold into the batter. Dip each slice of banana into the batter, and deep fry in fuming-hot fat. When the fritters are a golden brown remove them from the fat and drain on white paper. Sprinkle with castor sugar, and decorate with whipped cream and slices of lemon. Serve at once.

### ECONOMICAL BATTER FOR MEAT OR FISH

Four tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon custard powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 gill milk.

Sift flour, custard powder and salt, make a well in middle of flour. Add milk, mix with wooden spoon until smooth. Use at once for covering slices of cold cooked meat or fillets of fish.

TOP LEFT: Banana fritters, delicious as a sweet for luncheon or dinner, and so simple to make.

ABOVE: Pancakes, the old favorites, served with lemon and castor sugar. Directions for making fritters and pancakes are given on this page, and if you follow them closely you should have plenty of success at making both these delectable dishes.

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23 APR 1940

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

# NOT PROVEN

By... BRUCE GRAEME



Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL,  
April 27, 1940

SUPPLEMENT — MUST  
NOT BE SOLD  
SEPARATELY



# NOT PROVEN

By BRUCE GRAEME



"Is that clock right?" The stationmaster glanced through the dirty window of the waiting-room. Opposite, on the up platform, a feeble light illuminated the station clock, which showed the time to be 4.47.

"Yea, sir, to the second." "And the train from London is due . . ."

"At 5.52, sir, and I've never known her to be more than four minutes late in the usual run of things. Of course, when there's fog about, now that's a different matter, I've known her more than an hour . . ."

The stationmaster rambled on, but Detective-Sergeant Humphrey Swain paid no attention to the story of how the 5.52 was held up for three hours on account of a collision. Gazing round the dingy waiting-room, Swain's one thought was that he must spend the next hour within its four drab walls, with only a local detective officer, a local policeman and a microscopic fire to keep him company.

The hour's wait caused him no dismay. Years of service in the Metropolitan Police, first in the uniformed branch and later in the C.I.D., had long since inured him to accept patiently any tedious work which came his way.

Yet somehow, on this occasion, time seemed to drag intolerably.

Swain yawned. "Not a very lively spot!"

"No," the detective—Robins—answered him shortly. "I suppose Monk thought he wasn't likely to meet anyone he knew about here."

"If the man on the 5.52 is Monk. Man-hunts always produce a hundred or so false trails," Swain explained condescendingly.

Robins flushed slightly. A nerve the fellow from London had! Did the C.I.D. man think none of the provincials knew anything of their work?

"Is there a possibility of the man not being Monk?"

Swain was insensible to the irony in Robins' voice. He wasn't sufficiently interested in what the other man had to say.

"Oh, yes," he replied authoritatively. "I wouldn't mind betting a hundred to one that the man bound for Little Witherington isn't our chap. As a matter of fact I came up north to identify a man who had been arrested by the Manchester police. They were convinced he was Monk. They might have used a little more rumption. I saw at a glance that they were wrong."

"Perhaps none of them had previously seen Monk," Robins suggested mildly.

"I don't suppose they had, but Monk's description distinctly stated that the crook had flaxen hair. The man they had collected in Manchester had nearly black hair."

Robins metaphorically shrugged his shoulders. The local detective knew Swain was a good man at his job. A rumor had penetrated into the provinces that he was marked down for promotion. Unfortunately, it seemed that his successes had made him intolerant of slower brains.

Curiously Robins examined the man from Scotland Yard. Swain had a hard face. Handsome, maybe, in the clean-cut severity of its lines. There wasn't a sign of weakness. Eyes which gave one the impression that their owner was remorseless. A chin which suggested that he never admitted defeat. There would never be an obstacle in Swain's way, thought Robins, which the man wouldn't attempt to surmount, cost what it might.

Swain looked ruthless. Robins began to see why the Londoner was achieving a name for success. He would not be hampered by feelings of humanness.

Further thought on the subject was interrupted by the entry of the stationmaster.

"The 5.52 is signalled, sir. She should be here any moment now."

Swain rose swiftly to his feet. The man in him disappeared, merged in the detective, the cold efficient detective whose duty it was to arrest the man travelling to Little Witherington, if that man should prove to be Monk.

"I don't think he will recognise me, but if he does he may make a run for it. Will you watch the far end of the platform?"

Robins nodded his head.

Swain turned toward the uniformed man. "You had better wait just outside the platform exit. We don't want Monk's suspicions aroused by the sight of a uniform. Only come in sight in case of trouble."

"Very good, sir."

Following the stationmaster, the three men vacated the waiting-room. They had not considered it warm, but once outside, they realised that even the spark of fire which had succeeded in existing was preferable, and considerably more cheerful than the chill cold of the east wind which was blowing.

The two detectives pulled their hats farther down over their foreheads, and hunched their shoulders. Robins strode off toward the farther end of the platform. Swain turned the other way, seeking a shadowed patch not too far from the exit where the stationmaster stood, doubling the job of ticket-collector.

The 5.52—three minutes late—appeared in the distance, its smoke blood-red as it swept backward, and reflected the roaring furnace which the fireman was feeding. With a series of ponderous snorts and bellows it came toward, and then into, the station, where it rumbled to a halt.

"Change here for Little Witherington—change here for Little Witherington," the stationmaster called out in a half-hearted voice which suggested that he did so only because it was a part of his duty, and not because he seriously believed anyone was insane enough to wish to change for Little Witherington.

Three people alighted from different parts of the train: a woman and two men. The man nearer to him the detective saw immediately was not the hunted criminal. The other male passenger was too far away to recognise facially, but the height was about Monk's height, and his walk was Monk's walk; and the way he held his head and wore his hat were Monk's way of doing those things.

The woman, and the passenger who was not Monk, passed by the stationmaster. The two detectives began to converge upon the second man.

Some fifth sense seemed to warn the criminal that he was trapped. One moment he was sauntering toward the stationmaster; the next he was running alongside the train, which was quickly gathering speed.

The man's precipitate action revealing his identity, Swain moved almost as quickly. As Monk leaped upon the train and frantically tried to open a door, the detective jumped at the criminal's feet. His arms wrapped tightly round them, dislodging Monk's foothold. Unfortunately Monk's hands clutched all the more fiercely at the handle of the carriage door. In that position the two men were dragged along the platform until the criminal's hands and arms could stand the strain no longer. His grasp relaxed and gave way.

The two men sprawled full length on the cement platform, twisting and turning in the momentum which the train had passed on to them. For a moment it appeared as though they would be sucked underneath the wheels, but a last twist on Swain's part carried them away from danger.

For several seconds neither man moved. Bruised and shaken, with the breath knocked out of their bodies, they were temporarily incapable of thought or movement. Then, urged by the fierce impulse of self-protection, Monk stirred. He scrambled to his feet, doggedly typical of staggering away from the detective. Unfortunately for him by that time Robins and the police constable were near. They rushed forward and seized him. With a groan he relaxed, surrendering himself to the inevitable.

Swain rose slowly to his feet. In the uncertain, yellowish light shed by a nearby station lamp it seemed to Robins that the Londoner's face was bloodless. The effect might have been due to a trick of light, but certainly Swain's neck was bleeding and scratched.



"Are you injured?" Robins asked anxiously.

Swain shook his head. "It's nothing," he replied brusquely. With an effort he drew himself more upright. Tiny beads of sweat seeped from his bare forehead. "Take the man nearer that light, where I can see him."

They did so, Swain hobbling painfully after them. Presently they all halted. The detective nodded his head.

"You're Monk right enough," their prisoner scowled. "That's not my name. My name is Reginald Carew."

Swain chuckled hoarsely. "You believe in choosing fancy names. To me you are George Monk, and wanted by the police for committing theft, and causing bodily violence to one Jesse Macdonald. I am taking you back to town, my lad, so I warn you."

For the third time Robins keenly scrutinised the face of the man from Scotland Yard. He knew Swain was hurt more than the obstinate detective would admit, and yet Swain was proceeding about his business as though nothing had happened. Of course, incidents of that nature were all in a detective's life. Nevertheless, just for a moment—and only for that moment—he experienced a feeling of admiration for Swain.

What kind of a man was the real Swain? Robins asked himself. Unknowingly, he had asked himself a question which nobody who knew Swain would have attempted to answer.

THE return trip to London passed without incident. From the terminus Swain took his prisoner to the local police station, where Monk was formally charged with the crime of committing robbery with violence, and was locked in a cell for the night.

His duty performed, Swain departed for his home.

He was in a truculently cheerful mood, and it Robins had seen him now he would have been more puzzled than ever—for with all his hardness Swain adored his young wife with a deep and abiding love.

For the past week he had seen little of Barbara. He had arrived home late at nights, and had left early in the mornings. Now he hoped to give her a welcome surprise.

Warned of his absence she would anticipate spending a lonely evening knitting, or doing some needlework or other, and listening-in to the wireless. Instead of which they would spend an hour together. The night was still comparatively young. They would be able to sit together on the sofa before the fire, his arm round her.

The train reached Rickmansworth. Alighting, Swain neatly folded his newspaper and tucked it into his overcoat pocket—Barbara was sometimes fond of reading the evening paper.

From the station to his home—a house on the outskirts of one of the new estates—was a distance of nearly a mile. Bending his head to the wind he strode forward. The wind had not the biting chill which he had encountered up north, but it felt clammy. It seemed to penetrate through his thick overcoat, through his clothes, and even through his underwear.

Nevertheless, even if he were physically cold, he remained mentally warm. He thought of the cosy room at home, of the glowing fire, and, above all, of Barbara's kisses.

He covered the ground between station and home in less time than ever before.

Fortunately so, for as he turned the corner of Ascot Road the long-threatened sleet began to fall.

His was the last house in Ascot Road. Beyond it was the open countryside. As he approached nearer home he saw that there were no lights to be seen, but he was scarcely surprised. Indeed, he would have felt annoyed had he seen any. He believed in strict economy, and in the early days of married life had expressed his views so forcibly that Barbara had learned her lesson, and now practised economy assiduously.

He opened the gate and commenced to walk up the gravelled path which led to the front door. After taking a few steps he altered his mind. Turning to the left he walked across the microscopic lawn, and so gained the path which led to the back of the house. Presently he saw what he had expected to see—strips of light shining through the windows of the sitting-room.

Smiling with anticipatory pleasure at the surprise he would give Barbara, he tiptoed toward one of the strips of light. Reaching the window he gently rubbed the moisture from the glass and peered into the room through a slight space where the curtains had not been drawn closely together.

There was a seat at the farther end of the garden, and to this he made his way. His physical movements were strange. They were stiff and unnatural, as though his body and limbs were made of some solid substance, and were activated by the pulling of hidden strings.

He sat down, his back stiffly upright against the seat's wooden rail. He stared at the cracks of light which came from the sitting-room. Then, in imagination, he stared through them, and saw again the scene which he had witnessed a few minutes ago—saw Barbara in the embrace of that stranger.

The minutes passed. Still and motionless, Swain continued to stare blankly. The sleet fell in mild flurries, stopping altogether one minute, commencing again the next. His nose and ears became chilled until they were numb. Presently his hands and feet, too, became numb. His hat soaked up the moisture until it was saturated.

At last his brain began to stir. The image of what he had seen remained as vivid as ever, but other cells awakened and became active. He began to ask himself what action he should take.

Divorce? He trifled with the idea, but not for long. For many reasons divorce was unsatisfactory. Divorce would not punish the rat who was in there with Barbara. Besides, divorce would deprive him of Barbara. He did not believe he wanted to be deprived of Barbara. Why should he be? He no longer loved her. He couldn't love her again—but was that any reason for cutting off his nose to spite his face?

In two years of married life he had become accustomed to being cared for, to having well-cooked meals nicely served, to having his clothes kept in repair, his trousers pressed, his ties pressed, his shoes cleaned. He was not at all anxious to experience again his pre-marital life, a life lived sometimes in a cheap boarding-house, sometimes in rooms, but whether in boarding-house or in rooms, a life of drabness, of uncare-for solitude, a slap-dash existence.

Falling divorce, what then? He knew he could not face a future which would

permit his wife to enjoy another's man's embraces. Sooner or later his control would snap. A hasty deed, and his life might be ruined, even imperilled.

What alternative to divorce was there which would ensure Barbara's remaining his property, and yet prevent her from continuing the intrigue which he had surprised?

At first there seemed none, but presently the trend of his deliberations insidiously altered. Death! Swain repeated the word to himself, again, again, and again until the sound was like a hammering in his brain. If the man should die no longer would Barbara be able to meet him.

For a long time the man battled with the detective. The man hotly demanded the penalty of death. The detective cynically recollected that one just execution would be the forerunner of a second just execution.

Yet need the second man die? With that thought, resolution came. It could be done. He was convinced of that. It was only a question of time and of method.

It could be done. It should be done. With evil eyes he watched his home for the first signs of the departure of Barbara's lover.

THAT night Swain slept in a small hotel in the Soho district, whence he had gone after he had shadowed Barbara's lover to the nearby hotel Montparnasse. At first he had found it difficult to sleep, but when at length he did succeed he slept soundly, and did not wake until he was disturbed by a maid who brought him an early cup of tea.

While he drank he reflected upon the events of the previous night, and his emotional reaction to them. Deliberately he analysed his feelings and found that far from his resolve being weakened by the passage of hours, it was strengthened. He felt the hurt to his self-esteem more than ever. His jealousy was fiercer, and more dangerous because he was able to control it. The man must die, even if the preparation of his death took weeks or months. He could feel no mercy for the robber, no more mercy than he had felt for any of the men he had arrested. They had all been punished; this man must be punished.

So be it. The die was cast.

While he washed and shaved, he began to make preliminary plans. The one, the main essential, of which he must never lose sight, was—self-protection. Every move he might make in the future was only to be executed after he had made the most scrupulous examination into its possible effects after the crime had been committed.

For instance, he must discover the man's name. As a C.I.D. man, it would be perfectly simple for him to walk into the hotel, prove his authority, and learn all there was to be learned. Such an act would cause the hotel management no surprise, for it would not be a particularly unusual occurrence, and not being unusual, might not remain in anyone's memory.

Yet there was the possibility of the call being remembered when post-death investigations were made there, and once the C.I.D. were set upon a path, that path was never forsaken until its end was reached—as he knew to his own cost.

For that reason, an alternative scheme of delegating the task to a detective-constable was equally unfeasible, if for no other reason than that the man would



enter the inquiry in his diary, and he, Swain, might be asked the reason for his causing such an inquiry to be made.

Without doubt, he would have to devote a great deal of time and thought to the problem. With that reflection he left his bedroom and proceeded downstairs to the dining-room.

After his lonely and uninviting breakfast, he discovered he had time on his hands, so he walked to New Scotland Yard. Immediately upon his arrival work claimed his attention. It was not until he had luncheon that he was able to devote further thought to his problem.

By that time it had become evident to him that, for safety's sake, he himself must visit the hotel. Not in his official capacity, but as a private individual, a colorless, neutral sort of an individual who would not attract attention. To do that Swain realised it would be necessary to disguise himself, for he knew he possessed a personality and an appearance which were apt to impress themselves upon people he met for the first time.

Having made that decision, it became necessary to invent a vital excuse to visit the hotel. He finished his lunch without having found one with which he was satisfied. Returning to work again, he shelved the problem for a later date—regretfully, though. Time, he felt, was working against him.

A possible solution occurred to Swain later in the afternoon—through his having to take a taxi to a surprising case of assault in an office. On the way to the office—no great distance—he approached the idea from every angle, but this time he could detect no loopholes. The more he thought of it, the better the suggestion appeared. As he arrived at his destination he decided he would put the scheme into operation.

NO one, Swain was satisfied, would have recognised him in the shabby taxi-driver who, late that afternoon, walked towards the Hotel Montparnasse.

He had changed and disguised himself in the bathroom of a cheap public-house, afterwards leaving his own clothes in a valise at the Charing Cross Station Luggage Office.

As he walked he became aware that he was doing one thing that was not commonplace—for to see a taxi-driver walking is as unusual as seeing the proverbial dead donkey—but fortunately the streets were too crowded with people hurrying homeward for any one person to attract particular attention.

He reached the Hotel Montparnasse. Entering, he walked across the small entrance-hall to the reception desk where sat one of the most enormous men he had ever seen, a man with a bald head and a big beard.

The mountainous man glanced inquiringly at him. The detective saw that the man's eyes were kindly, but bright with intelligence.

Awkwardly Swain removed his hat from his head, his cigarette from the corner of his lips.

"I brought back a gent to this here hotel last night," he mumbled thickly. "Bout half-past twelve it was. This morning when I was cleaning out me cab I found a wallet on the floor. I thought as how it might be his."

"I will try and find out." The big man slammed down an enormous fat hand upon a very small bell. The bell clanged once, loudly. A few seconds later an incon-

spicuous green-baize door opened, and an hotel porter, wearing a sleeveless leather jacket, made an appearance.

"Yes, Monsieur Dumoulin?"

"Julcs, were you on duty after midnight last night?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Who returned to the hotel after that time?"

"Monsieur Tremayne and Monsieur Sussmann."

"Did either arrive in a taxi?"

"Both, monsieur. Monsieur Tremayne arrived about twelve-twenty-five, and Monsieur Sussmann about ten minutes later."

Dumoulin rubbed his three chins. "Are they in?"

"They are both out, monsieur."

Dumoulin turned to Swain. "What was your fare like? Was he tall or short?"

"He was short, mister," Swain rasped.

"That must have been Monsieur Sussmann. Monsieur Tremayne is over six feet. He is a giant. But he is not in now. You cannot return the wallet to him. You will leave it with me to do so on your behalf, no?"

"Not likely."

"Here comes Monsieur Sussmann now," the porter interrupted suddenly.

Fortunately it was not necessary for Swain to move in order to examine the approaching man. As he did so he felt the blood stirring hotly in his veins. He wanted to step forward and seize the little whipper-snapper in his hands and choke the life out of the thin, blue throat.

To Swain, Sussmann did indeed appear somewhat of a whipper-snapper. He was little more than five foot six in height, and was dressed in an un-English fashion. His long, wide black trousers almost, but fortunately not quite, revealed patent-leather, cloth-topped boots. His overcoat was shaped at the waist and padded across the shoulders. His hat was black.

His facial characteristics, too, were those of a foreigner. His skin was brown, his eyes were so brown as almost to appear black. Above his upper lip he wore a trim, black moustache. His chin was blue with a beard which seemed as though it were threatening to grow in spite of a daily razor. Nevertheless, in an un-English way, he looked an attractive fellow. His brown-black eyes were full of quizzical vivacity, his movements were easy.

Dumoulin called out: "Monsieur Sussmann."

Instantly Sussmann approached the desk. With a graceful flourish he swept off his hat. "Monsieur?"

"This taxi-driver has brought back the wallet you left in his cab last night when you returned home."

"My wallet? Ah! Where is it?"

Swain cumbrously extracted a wallet from an inside coat-pocket. "Is this yours, mister? If it isn't yours, it must have been dropped by one of my other fares." He held on to the wallet, expecting Sussmann to deny ownership—not unnaturally, seeing that he himself had that afternoon bought it and placed a ten shilling note in it!

To Swain's surprise, Sussmann leaned forward and pulled it from his clutch.

"Pardon me," the Frenchman murmured politely. Opening the wallet, he looked inside. "A thousand thanks for returning it, monsieur. You will understand that it is mine," he continued easily. "Here is a small reward." Plunging his hand into

his pocket, he pulled out a coin which he passed over to the detective.

Mastering his fury with difficulty, Swain remembered his part. Taking the shilling piece, he touched his forehead, and muttered a hoarse and none too gracious thanks. Then he replaced his hat upon his head and shuffled out of the hotel. As he passed through the swing-doors he heard Sussmann exclaim to Dumoulin:

"A rarity, Monsieur Dumoulin. An honest taximan!"

SWAIN returned to Charing Cross station and, collecting the valise, he again made use of a public-house bathroom to change into his usual clothes. Once more clothed as himself, he returned to Charing Cross station, where he took a ticket to Beckenham. He waited until the train was about to start, then made for an empty carriage, entering it as the guard blew his whistle.

A few moments later the train was passing over the Thames. Half-way across, Swain undid the fastening of the valise, and with a dexterous throw sent the bag and its contents hurtling into the river below.

At the first stop he alighted from the train and gained the street. There he caught a bus proceeding in a north-bound direction. Eventually he arrived at Baker Street, later at Rickmansworth, and lastly home.

As he fitted his key into the lock he heard faintly the strains of music from the radio set which was in the back room. Entering, he closed the door with a slight slam. Instantly there was a glad cry of "Humphrey," and the music ceased abruptly.

He entered the back room. As he did so Barbara ran up to him. Slipping her arms round him, she reached up on her toes and kissed his lips. Then she sank back on to her heels again and snuggled her head against his shoulder.

"You are late, Humphrey. I began to think you were not going to be home again to-night," she whispered poutingly.

He returned her kiss. "I said I should probably be home to-night. Besides, haven't I always sent you a telegram whenever I have been unexpectedly detained?"

"Of course you have, darling, but soon we shall have been married two years."

"What difference does that make?" "Husbands begin to be forgetful about little things of that sort."

"What about wives?" To his own surprise he was able to keep his voice far steadier than he had believed possible. He had an extraordinary feeling that he was doubling the part of audience and actor in the comedy-drama, the first act of which was in progress.

"Wives do not forget all the little nicenesses that make married life so happy," she replied with mock indignation. "We are not allowed to forget. Our husbands would bully us too much if we did."

"Poor little wives! Are you so badly treated, then?"

"Of course we are, but you selfish men will never believe it. Look what we have to put up with. Alone in the house all day long, and when night arrives, when we want them with us, we never know what time they will turn up."

"Men must work, and women must weep," he commenced to quote.

"Work!" she interrupted scornfully. "That is only your excuse. When you are late, it is because you have met one or more of your friends and have stopped to have a drink somewhere. Or else you have gone to the club to play snooker."

"Don't be absurd, Barbara," he remonstrated sharply. "You know I do not play



billiards, and that when I am late it is simply because I have been working."

She squeezed him joyfully. "I wasn't speaking of you, silly. I meant husbands generally. But still, you are more often home late than early, even though work has been the cause of your absence. It doesn't make your absence any the less nasty. Supper's all ready, darling." Disengaging hers from his arms, she caught him by the hand and pulled him into the dining-room.

"Tell me about all your adventures up north," she demanded when she had served him with soup. "What a shame you were not successful in catching that awful man."

"What do you mean?" he asked, startled by her words.

"According to the evening papers he was brought before a London magistrate this morning," she replied.

Swain was conscious of a slight shiver disturbing his body. A newspaper report was a factor which he had overlooked, despite his astuteness and all his planning and scheming. No harm had been done. He knew he could easily concoct an excuse to account for his absence from home. Nevertheless, he was disturbed by the thought that he had overlooked such a simple matter. He felt alarmed. A slip of that nature might cost him his life, after he had killed Sussmann.

Presently his mood altered. From feeling chilled with dismay, he began to feel warm with gratitude to some unknown fate which, seemingly, was looking after him. He began to tell himself that he must look upon his mistake not as a mistake, but as a warning to be even more scrupulously careful than he had planned to be. Every act, every word, would have to be put upon the scales and weighed up against his life.

"I did catch him," he assured her. He proceeded to tell her the truth up to the moment of the actual arrest.

The other detective, Robins, brought Monk to town last night by a late train. I followed by an early one this morning. Yesterday, just as I was about to leave Manchester to meet the train which Monk was said to be in, I saw a jewel in a shop which looked to me to be one of the Craigwell jewels—do you remember the case?"

"You never recovered the jewels, did you, poor dear?"

"No. Well, after Monk and Robins had left for London, I caught a train for Manchester. When I arrived there I copied down particulars of the jewel from the description which had been circulated to all police forces at the time of the robbery. By then it was too late to visit the jeweller. So I went to an hotel for the night. First thing this morning, as soon as the place was open, I went along to inspect the jewel. Unfortunately it wasn't what I had hoped, so I caught the first train to town."

"What a shame!" she sympathised. "If it hadn't been for that nasty jewel, you might have returned home last night!"

He nodded his head.

"And I was so lonely without you," she continued sadly.

"You should have gone to the pictures."

"I did think of doing so, but I hate going to the pictures by myself."

"You must try to find someone else to keep you company when I have to be away all night," he suggested.

She pouted. "I don't want anyone else. I only want you."

He gazed at her, entranced by her superb

hypocrisy. She was so utterly natural, so entirely unembarrassed, so essentially her usual self that for one fleeting moment he began to wonder whether or not he were suffering from the effects of an hallucination. It seemed impossible to believe that the woman who sat opposite to him, gazing at him with a serene expression, was the same woman whom he had seen less than twenty-four hours ago in the most compromising of situations.

This moment of indecision did not last long. There was no denying the existence of Sussmann in the house. Had he not followed the Frenchman from home to Rickmansworth station, thence to Baker Street station, where he had overheard the man giving the name of the Hotel Montparnasse to a waiting taxi-driver?

Once again that part of his brain which housed his emotions became a battlefield where fierce, flaming pangs of jealousy waged warfare on an ice-cold decision to seek revenge. Schooled by long practice, his expression revealed no hint of the skirmish, but it was none the less savage. Fortunately the mood did not last long. He was able to resume both his meal and the conversation.

It took him more than two hours to fall asleep that night, though Barbara slept soundly. There were so many thoughts to occupy his mind—so many.

Wearied, his brain began to lose its power of concentration. Thoughts became hazy as sleep began to affect him.

In that moment when he was upon the brink of oblivion, he suddenly became fully awake. He wondered why. He tried to recapture the elusive suggestion which had flashed so unexpectedly across his consciousness.

Then he remembered. The thought which had banished sleep was concerned with an alibi. No, not an alibi, but a false trail. A red herring. That was it. When he killed Sussmann, he must so arrange matters that it would appear as though some criminal already known to the police had committed the crime.

Supposing, for instance, he were able to kill Sussmann by means of a knife-thrust through the throat—especially if he could train his left hand to do the trick—C.R.O. would immediately point to "Knife" Adams as being a possible suspect. Supposing one other slight clue also pointed to Adams as being the murderer—Even if "Knife" Adams were able to prove a weak alibi, the higher officials of the C.I.D. might be of the opinion that the crime was one more of those in which they were aware of the identity of the criminal, but lacked the necessary evidence to effect a conviction. If this result were achieved he, Swain, would have nothing to fear.

When at last he fell asleep a smile was parting his hard, thin lips.

BY some fortunate chance, the following morning was a comparatively slack one for Swain. He quickly cleared up outstanding business, and since he was not required that day as a witness in any of the courts, and not having received any instructions to proceed with any new investigations, he left a message that he would be found in the C.R.O. and proceeded to that part of New Scotland Yard.

He was greeted by the very tall and exceedingly thin inspector who was in charge of the Crime Index—Inspector Tulley. Had Tulley not been employed at Scotland Yard, he would have found no difficulty in finding a job with a circus, for no man ever

resembled a living skeleton more clearly than Tulley.

In his own quiet, cynical way, it amused him to intensify this effect, for he had grey, wiry hair, and this hair he kept cut so short that his scalp reminded one of a scrubbing-brush. He even spoke in a dry, rasping voice which smacked of rattling bones. Nevertheless, he was very much liked, and efficient at his business.

"Good morning, Swain," he greeted the sergeant.

"Good morning, sir."

"What can we do for you this morning?"

"One of my 'noses' was telling me of a curious conversation he managed to overhear. Unfortunately, I cannot rely upon him to any extent, but he was very insistent that I should look into the business."

"Having his own back, I suppose?"

"Very likely. As far as he could gather, the two men whose conversation he overheard were planning an hotel job."

"Didn't he know the men?"

"No, but he was able to describe one of them fairly well. He only saw the back of the other one. The one he did see was rather short, had ginger hair with a parting on the right-hand side, and spoke in rather a squeaky voice."

"Humph! Should be able to identify him."

Tulley crossed the floor to one of the many index cabinets which lined the walls of the large, well-lighted room. This index was devoted solely to criminals who were known to the police because of some peculiarity, or some physical feature, the man's name being classified according to that peculiarity.

First of all Tulley turned to the classification of criminals possessing red or auburn hair.

"Tony Butler—no, Tony's a good six feet in height. John Draper, 'Limpie John'—he's doing a stretch now, so it couldn't be him. Here's another John, John Freeman. Freeman's about five-ten—we'll take a note of him for the moment. What about 'Four-Fingers' Gregg—but your 'nose' would know Four-Fingers, everybody knows that blighter. Here's Freddie Gregory. Freddie's a confidence man—was it that sort of an hotel job, Swain?"

"I couldn't say, sir."

"It doesn't say anything on his card about a squeaky voice. Ah! What about Norris, Thomas Norris? Five-eight, high-pitched voice, been sentenced twice for robbing hotel guests. Has good appearance, able to pass himself off as a guest, has travelled widely, dresses well, speaks with an exaggerated Oxford accent. How does he sound to you, Swain?"

Swain nodded his head thoughtfully. "I would like to read up his file if I may, sir."

"Right you are. Johnson, fetch Thomas Norris—alias 'King' Norris—file." As the man departed, Tulley turned back to Swain again.

"What of the second man? Do you want to try to find him?"

"Shall I read up Norris' file first, sir?"

Tulley nodded. "We'll turn up a list of Norris' friends afterwards."

As soon as Norris' file arrived, Swain pretended to immerse himself in its documents.

Of course, Norris would not serve as a scapegoat for his crime. Tulley would almost certainly remember the conversation he had just had with Swain. But by a judicious reeling of lies at a moment



## NOT PROVEN

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

when Tulley was engaged with someone else, Swain at length did alight upon a name which sounded eminently suitable for his purposes—"Spider" Harris.

Spider Harris was one of those rare criminals who do not devote themselves more or less to one class of crime. He was not a specialist. He was ready to commit any crime by any convenient method if, by so doing, he could fill his pockets with money.

Harris was within an inch of being as tall as himself, being six feet and half an inch in height. The color of Spider's hair was dark brown—his own hair would be similarly described. The criminal smoked scented cigarettes, limped slightly, was inordinately fond of gambling, had a musical voice, drank Burgundy whenever he could afford to buy it, and invariably soaked his handkerchief with lavender water. He was married, had two children, but was notoriously unfaithful to his wife. He had been out of prison for nearly two months, having served his last sentence in full. His nature was violent, and, although the fact had never been definitely proved, he was suspected of sometimes carrying a weapon. Such was Spider Harris. Satisfied with what he had learned, Swain returned the files he had borrowed and returned to his room.

SWAIN had arrested Monk on the previous Tuesday. That same night he had discovered his wife's unfaithfulness, and had slept in a Soho hotel. On Wednesday he had slept at home.

On Saturday morning he told Barbara he had to leave her again, perhaps for a week, but certainly until Wednesday or Thursday night.

"Oh!" Tears filled her eyes. "I don't want you to go." She flung her arms round him. "I'm not going to let you go, my darling. I want you all to myself. Why should that horrid old Scotland Yard have you night and day? You ought to be married that nasty Chief Constable instead of me."

He gazed searchingly into her eyes. Their blue depths seemed clear of guile or deceit. All he could see in them was a softness which he had always concurred as love and sympathy. His resolution weakened.

He struggled not to give his wife the benefit of the doubt, not to let himself be swayed by her blandishments, but another Swain asserted himself. The Swain who had fallen in love with her and married her. He softened. He would never forget, never forgive, but if her offence had been a solitary, unpremeditated one, then there might be no need to take the risk of killing the Frenchman.

"You do want me to stay at home?"

"Of course I do, darling."

"Then I will try to wangle it with the Chief Constable. Perhaps he will arrange for someone else to handle the affair."

There was a slight pause. "That would not be a sensible thing to do, would it, dear?"

"What do you mean?"

"Might it not prejudice your chances of promotion?"

"I might, but I think old Mather would understand. Besides, what does it matter? You mean more to me than promotion."

"You must not ask him," she insisted decisively. "I am being a selfish baby. I wouldn't do anything in the world to spoil the chances of your promotion, my pet. One day you may be a Chief Constable."

"I hope to be."

"Then do not say anything to silly old Mr. Mather. Promise? Promise?"

"I promise," he muttered thickly.

She patted his cheek. "That's my sweet lamb. I can take care of myself while you are away. I will ring up Doris. Perhaps she might be able to keep me company now and again. What clothes shall I pack for you?"

That night, while Swain was keeping the Hotel Montparnasse under observation, he saw Busmann emerge and walk toward Oxford Street. The detective began to shadow him. Busmann proceeded to Baker Street station, and there booked a ticket to Rickmansworth.

Overhearing the Frenchman's request Swain clenched his hands until his knuckles turned white. He pressed his lips together until they pained him. Once again murder flamed in his heart. He could not doubt now but that Barbara had deliberately lied to him, and had played upon his emotions. His love for her when, all the while, she had been excited at the thought of having the opportunity of summoning her lover to her side.

He did not follow the Frenchman to Rickmansworth. It was not necessary. He returned to the Soho district, first picking up his bag which he had left in the Tottenham Court Road District station cloak-room.

Once again he slightly altered his appearance. Earlier in the afternoon he had purchased another second-hand overcoat. Also a cap and a scarf. Stowing away his own coat and hat in the bag, he soaked the cheap handkerchief, which he had purchased the day before, in lavender water, and thrust it into the breast pocket of the second-hand overcoat. Then he splashed some of the scent on the scarf, which he wound round the lower part of his face. Next he affixed himself in the overcoat, and pulled the peak of the cap well down over his forehead.

From the station he went to a certain house in Frog Street. The day before, he had passed by the house and had seen behind the grimy window a dirty square of white cardboard, on which had been printed in rough capital letters:

### ROOM TO LET

At the time he had been careful not to linger, for fear of drawing attention to himself, but, walking away, he had visualised the neighborhood, to arrive at a belief that the back of the Hotel Montparnasse could not be far distant from the back of the house in Frog Street.

The card was still in the window. He banged on the knocker. He heard the noise of movement and the sound of a match being struck. Then footsteps approached nearer, and the door opened.

He saw a fat woman in front of him, so fat that he knew she would have to turn sideways before he would be able to pass her in the narrow hall. So fat that a fleeting thought occurred to him—what an extraordinary sight it would be to see this woman and Inspector Tulley walking side by side down the street. He could not see her face properly because the gaslight was behind her, and as the mantle was broken the illumination it afforded was of uncertain quality.

"Yes?" she asked him challengingly.

"I see you have a bedroom to let."

"Yes. Twelve and sixpence a week, payable a week in advance."

"Can I see it?"

"You wouldn't want to be taking it without seeing it, I suppose. What's your name?"

Purposely he hesitated slightly before replying. "John Howard."

She sniffed. "Sounds a fancy kind of a name to me. What are you? I can't have anyone occupying my rooms without proving their respectability. I'm a respectable woman myself, and I expect the people who occupy my rooms to be respectable, too."

"I'm a shopwalker. I've just come to London from up north. I'm starting in a new situation on Monday morning."

"Sounds like a respectable occupation to me." Standing back so that her shadow did not prevent the light falling directly upon him she scrutinised him.

"Humph! You are dressed respectably, too, though what a young man like you wants to go around with a scarf round your neck and mouth for I don't know. All you young people are alike. Soft, the whole lot of you. Still, as long as you are respectable I suppose it is no business of mine. Come in."

As Swain had anticipated, it was necessary for her to place her back against the wall before there was room for him to squeeze past.

"Wait while I light a candle," she ordered. Shutting the door she waddled toward him. "Let me by," she commanded testily as he did not move.

In his turn Swain flattened himself against the wall. The woman squeezed past and entered a room to the right. She soon emerged again, holding in her hand a candlestick in which was a lighted candle.

It was a slow business, mounting the staircase to the first floor. Arriving on the landing he was glad to see her turn toward the back of the house, for from the beginning he had feared that the vacant room might be in the front.

She threw open the door of the bedroom, and held up the candle as high as she could.

"There you are," she puffed. "As respectable a room as any man could wish to sleep in."

Swain entered the bedroom. He did not look around; his glance went directly toward the window. As he approached it he saw, across the intervening space, several lighted windows. Whether they belonged to the hotel or not there was, for the moment, no means of learning, but meanwhile he had to stay somewhere for the night.

With an apparently critical eye he proceeded to look around. The room seemed moderately clean, even if it were not too cheerfully furnished.

"This will suit me—" he began.

"So it should," she snapped. "You will have to buy your own candles, but my daughter will make your bed for you each morning if you get up at a respectable hour. No visitors, and no drinking. Twelve-and-sixpence, please." She held out her hand for the money.

He counted five half-crowns into her palm. As the last one joined the others her hand closed with a snap. With her left she passed over the candle. "I'll give you a key to the front door when you come downstairs." She closed the door of the bedroom; he heard her feeling her way downstairs again.



## NOT PROVEN

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DURING the next few days Swain was a busy man, for the hours snatched from the time when he was not on duty he devoted to perfecting his scheme. This was rendered far easier by the fortunate chance which had enabled him to secure the bedroom he was occupying. The hotel windows, he discovered, were not immediately opposite his room, but they were not far away, and since nothing impeded his view he was able to observe, through a pair of field-glasses, much of the normal life of the hotel.

Especially was he able to watch Sussmann, for, to his profound joy, Sussmann had a room at the rear of the hotel, and as the Frenchman never troubled to close his curtains the detective was able to gain an insight into the habits of his prospective victim.

Thus Swain learned that Sussmann was awakened about seven-fifteen each morning. At seven-thirty a Continental breakfast was brought to him. About eight-forty-five he left his bedroom and did not return to it until about six-thirty in the evening. Between six-thirty and seven he pattered about, read a book, or wrote letters. At seven, dressed in a bath-wrap, he disappeared from his bedroom, to return about seven-twenty. Then he attired himself, taking the greatest care with his toilet.

Between seven-thirty and eight he vanished from the bedroom again, after which his movements became irregular. He had no fixed hour for sleep. Perhaps it depended on what company he kept during the evening.

So much having been ascertained, Swain proceeded with further details.

On Monday morning he reported his belief, "from information received," that "Nobby" Clark, a clever counterfeiter, was up to his tricks again. Mather, the Chief Constable of the C.I.D., listened carefully. "Do you believe your information to be reliable?"

"Yes, sir. It seems he's working in a cellar at Number 6 Lynchgate Road."

"Very well. Will you make arrangements to keep the place under observation? As soon as you are certain Clark is at work again apply for a search warrant and raid the place. Constables Wilson and Rose can assist you."

Some hours later Swain lunched at a cheap eating-house in the East End of London. When he left he had with him a long, pointed knife, capable of stabbing a man to death.

Still later that day he learned from Detective-Constable Wilson that two men, at separate times, had entered 6 Lynchgate Road, one of whom, with the assistance of the C.R.O., he had subsequently identified as a notorious utterer of counterfeit money.

On retiring for the night, he soaked his pyjamas in lavender water, and smoked several scented cigarettes.

By dawn the next day he was awake again. Having shaved and dressed, from then until it was time to leave for the Yard he surveyed the ground which lay between him and the hotel—a series of small, private backyards.

So passed the hours and the days until at last it was zero hour, six p.m. Wednesday.

At six p.m. Swain met Constable Rose at the place of observation in Lynchgate Road. "We are going to raid Nobby Clark's place to-night, Rose. I have the necessary

warrants in my pocket. I am going to relieve you now. Return to the Yard and arrange for Constables Wilson and Smith—John Smith, not Sidney Smith—with yourself, to meet me here at eight o'clock, precisely. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

As Rose vanished Swain pulled out his diary—the diary which every C.I.D. man must keep to account for his time—and entered up the fact that he had relieved Constable Rose for the purpose of keeping 6 Lynchgate Road under observation.

Giving Rose ample time to leave the neighborhood Swain deserted his post and took a taxi to Tottenham Court Road. From there he hurried to his temporary place of lodging. He let himself in by the key which had been given to him.

Up in the bedroom he made his final preparations. For the last time he sprinkled the bed with lavender water, and then, stubbing out a half-smoked cigarette, he dropped it behind the head of his bed. Next he packed in the valise everything which he did not want for the purpose of committing the crime. After that he slipped the knife, which he had stolen from the East End eating-house, into the pocket of his overcoat, and tying a knotted rope on to the leg of his bed, he carefully dropped this out of the window.

Taking care that his scarf was wound round the lower part of his face, and that the peak of his cap was well down over his forehead, he slipped on a pair of gloves. Then, blowing out the candle, he parted the curtains and climbed on to the window-sill.

The night was as dark as he could have wished. He listened carefully for any sounds which would warn him of the presence of someone in one of the several backyards, but hearing nothing he lightly gripped the knotted rope and began to lower himself to the ground.

This he reached safely. With the utmost caution he left the shelter of the wall, crossed the small yard, and climbing the unsteady wooden fence, dropped into a second yard. Twice, three, and then four times he repeated this performance until he was in the hotel yard. By this time his heart was beating a tattoo; he seemed to feel alternately chilled with apprehension and flushed with excitement.

It now became necessary to move with even greater caution than before. Not only was one of the hotel staff liable to emerge at any moment, but also he had to move and lift two or three empty packing-cases which were lying about in the yard. Furthermore, he had to do this without the assistance of any light other than the stray gleams which escaped from curtained windows.

The window of Sussmann's bedroom, for the moment in darkness—fortunately so, for had it been illuminated Swain would have been disconcerted by too much light—was the third along from the central corridor of the hotel. Inch by inch, lifting first one end and then the other, the detective gradually shifted the largest and firmest of the packing cases until it was immediately under Sussmann's bedroom window.

On top of this, with some difficulty he next lifted another, and lastly, on the second case he upended a third, smaller case. When he was satisfied that the whole structure was steady he retired to the shadow of the farthestmost fence, there to await his cue for the next move.

He had not been waiting long when one of the hotel windows came into prominence—Sussmann's. He saw Sussmann moving around, saw the Frenchman remove his tie and collar, his coat and waistcoat, saw him attire himself in the usual bathrobe. For ten more minutes nothing happened. Swain saw no sign of Sussmann. A wild fear seized him that the other man had altered his usual habits, and had proceeded to the bathroom without turning off the bedroom lights.

His fears were unjustified. Suddenly he saw Sussmann moving around once more. Then the window became dark again. Sussmann had departed for the bathroom.

Quickly but cautiously Swain approached the packing-cases. These he climbed until he stood upon the uppermost one, when the window-sill of Sussmann's bedroom was waist-high. Slowly he raised the lower sash. He made a noise—at least, so it seemed to his tautened nerves—but he persisted. Soon there was sufficient space for him to clamber into the room.

Once inside he carefully pulled the curtains, then crossed the carpeted floor to the door. He stationed himself behind this and prepared for a wait of approximately twenty minutes.

He held himself alert to act upon the instant. Several times he heard approaching footsteps, and believed them to be those of Sussmann returning to the bedroom. Each time they passed on.

Then once more muffled footsteps sounded outside. A hand was placed on the outer handle. The handle turned, the door opened—someone entered.

Swain took one pace forward. The light from the corridor betrayed the bathrobe. Sussmann closed the door with his right hand, while his left, he stretched out for the light switch. He turned it on. At that moment the detective struck.

The Frenchman sank upon his knees, then, with a slight thump, fell heavily forward against the door. Swain's thin lips smiled. So all who were guilty of his crime should die.

Rising to his feet Swain glanced at the curtains. They appeared to be well drawn; he did not believe he could possibly be seen from the windows opposite. With precise movements he began to search Sussmann's belongings. From a pocket of a jacket which the man had taken off before going to the bath Swain pulled a fat wallet. Inside one of the divisions of the wallet he saw a bundle of French notes, five one thousand-franc notes, quite a number of hundred-franc notes, and nine pounds ten shillings in English money. Extracting these from the wallet he pocketed them. The wallet he tossed carelessly to the floor.

The theft of the notes was sufficient for his purpose of implicating Spider Harris, but an impulse urged him to glance through Sussmann's belongings. Tossing the clothes about haphazardly he quickly searched the wardrobe, and then the chest-of-drawers. In one drawer he found a leather dispatch-case. It was locked, but he saw a small bunch of keys hanging from a waistcoat pocket. One of the keys fitted the dispatch-case, so he opened it. Inside were papers, written in a foreign language—and a letter in a handwriting he recognised—Barbara's!

The shock was numbing. Had he not been moved by an inexplicable prompting to search the Frenchman's belongings, the letter from Barbara would have been discovered by the C.I.D. men. It might have



served as a vital clue leading to himself. All his precautions would have been for naught.

Quickly he searched the rest of the room for any other incriminating evidence, but finding nothing he switched off the lights and crossed to the window.

Waiting only for his eyes to accustom themselves once more to the darkness he peered through the curtains into the yard below. He neither saw nor heard anyone. He stepped out onto the first packing-case, thence to the second, and so to the bottom one, and the ground.

The return to his temporary bedroom was as uneventful as the outward journey had been, although he found it more difficult to climb the rope than it had been to descend it. Picking up his bag he crossed the room and opened the door. Nobody was moving below. Hiding his bag as well as he could beneath the overcoat he descended the stairs, and let himself out of the house.

He walked quickly to Oxford Street, and took a taxi to Charing Cross District station. There he made use of his usual changing place. Afterward he checked the bag in the left-luggage office, and attired once more as Detective-Sergeant Swain, he took another taxi to Horseferry Road. Thence he walked to the place where the detectives had been keeping observation on the counterfeiters.

Five minutes later Detective-Constables Wilson, Rose, and Smith arrived, whereupon Swain gave the signal for the raid to begin, telling them he had seen a man named "Snide" Moore enter the house about 7.40.

The raid was entirely successful — so successful that Nobby Clark did not have time to learn that the message he had received from Snide Moore was a forgery. Nor did Snide realise that the note which had been delivered to him, suggesting he should call upon Nobby about 7.45 that night, had not emanated from Nobby.

They were caught red-handed. They knew their fate, and accepted it not cheerfully, but at least resignedly.

After Nobby and Snide had been charged and placed in cells for the night the detectives dispersed to their separate homes. Swain returned to Charing Cross. There he collected his bag, and caught a train going East.

Choosing one of the older type carriages, in which the end doors were hidden by a partition from the main body, while the train was proceeding from station to station he carefully opened the door and at different points disposed of several articles of clothing in the tunnel—the overcoat, the cap, the scarf, the gloves, the handkerchief, the empty lavender-water bottle, the remainder of the scented cigarettes. All he kept was the leather dispatch-case.

As soon as the last article was disposed of he alighted from the train, and when an Inner Circle train came along, he entered that, and proceeded to Baker Street. Thence to Rickmansworth and home.

**BARBARA** bestowed upon him all the affection of which she was apparently capable. She kissed him, ruffled his hair, clasped her arms round him and would not release her hold. Then she made him kiss her.

He did so, crushing her tightly to him. He felt contented. He still had Barbara.

Later on, lying contentedly in bed, Swain turned over in his mind the crime, and all that had led up to it. He recollected every

move he had made. Everything had turned out according to plan. Not a clue of any sort had he left behind him—that is, no clue leading to him.

What proof was there that he had ever met Sussmann? None—excepting the French money, and the dispatch-case which he would destroy as soon as he arose in the morning, before Barbara was out of bed. What proof was there he knew that such a man as Sussmann lived? None. What proof was there that he had been anywhere near the hotel at the time of the murder? None.

In fact, Rose would be able to give evidence for him amounting almost to an alibi, while he himself would be able to say that Snide entered Nobby Clark's house about 7.40, and would be able to call Snide and Nobby to corroborate that evidence.

If he had not been at his post of observation at 7.40, how could he have known that Snide had entered about then? How could he have known otherwise that Snide was inside the house? Nobody could prove he had been responsible for the sending of the forged letters.

With a hard smile he turned over on his side. He had nothing to fear. He had committed the Perfect Murder.

In the morning he arose early and stoked the boiler. When the fire was roaring fiercely he first of all burned the French money—although this caused him considerable heart-burning. Chuckling sardonically he slipped the English notes into his pocket. Then, with the exception of Barbara's letter he burned all the papers which were in the dispatch-case. When he had read Barbara's letter to Sussmann he burned that, too. As it flared up he savagely stirred the fire with an iron poker.

Lastly he dropped the dispatch-case into the flames until it was charred beyond recognition. Then, for he did not think it would burn to ashes, he pulled it out again, and let it cool off. He next detached the metal clasp, which he dropped into his trouser pocket, and wrapped the burned remains of the dispatch-case in a piece of newspaper. This he thrust into his overcoat pocket. Then he prepared his breakfast, and, having eaten it, departed.

On his way to Scotland Yard he carefully dropped the clasp down a drain. The burned leather case he disposed of over the Embankment wall, and saw it sinking to the bottom of the river. Crossing the road he entered the police headquarters, and proceeded to his room.

He had been there less than five minutes when he received a message. The Chief Constable wanted him immediately.

As he entered the Chief Constable's room Mather scrutinized him with keen eyes.

"We have been watching your career with interest, Swain. Ever since you joined the plain-clothes police you have shown decided promise. For that reason I am going to take the very unusual course of putting you in charge of an important investigation. All the senior officers have their hands so full at the present moment I can ill spare one of them. This will be a great chance for you, Swain. You must succeed in handling this case satisfactorily. If you do I think I can promise you an inspectorship in the very near future."

"Thank you, sir," Swain's expression was one of gratification for the opportunity, and an implacable determination to take advantage of it.

"You will work in conjunction with Divisional Detective-Inspector Gregg. Now,

take Detective-Sergeant Hugh Arnold with you, Swain, and proceed at once to the Hotel Montparnasse. A man named Sussmann has been murdered—"

**THE** law of averages is unmerciful. Dully Swain recognised that fact. Until this moment luck had been his ally. Now luck had deserted him. Nothing could have been more cruel than that he, of all people, should have been placed in charge of investigations into Sussmann's death, for normally cases of murder were investigated by chief inspectors.

He was between two stools, and was bound to fail. To obtain his cherished promotion he would have to solve the mystery of Sussmann's death. If he did that he would hang. If he failed—well, even a C.I.D. man cannot always be successful. Mather would recognise that fact of course. Nevertheless, in consequence of his failure the cherished inspectorship might not be his for years.

From the Chief Constable's room he returned to his own room, after borrowing from Chief Inspector Tanner a "murder bag"—a bag containing everything which a detective might need in such circumstances; pen, pencils, paper, rubber gloves, an apron, empty test tubes for fragmentary evidence, magnifying glasses, measures, tweezers, an electric torch—everything, even to a special railway pass.

With bag in hand Swain went in search of Arnold. Finding him, the two men proceeded to the car which was awaiting them, and in which Inspector Griffiths of the Finger-print Bureau, and Inspector Neale of the Photographic Section were already installed.

It did not take the driver of the police-car long to cover the distance between New Scotland Yard and the Hotel Montparnasse. As soon as they arrived they were shown into a small office, in which sat D.D.I. Gregg of C Division—the Metropolitan Police Division in which the crime had taken place—and Dumoulin, the proprietor of the hotel.

Both Swain and Arnold had previously met Gregg. The inspector greeted them shortly, and introduced them to the disconsolate Dumoulin, who sat in a huge chair before a huge fire, toasting the soles of his feet.

"Ah, gentlemen," Dumoulin murmured sadly. "I cannot say truthfully that I welcome you. I am overwhelmed by this terrible tragedy. I am shocked, bewildered, frightened. Poor Monsieur Sussmann. He was so young, so handsome, so—so—charming. Who is the monster who has inflicted this cruel blow upon him? You must find the villain."

"We are here, sir, to try to effect the arrest of the guilty man," Gregg assured Dumoulin patiently. He turned to Griffiths and Neale. "While we are interrogating Monsieur Dumoulin, will you two proceed with your part of the business?"

"Very good, sir."

"You will find Doctor Hall in the bedroom, making a brief examination of the body. We will follow in a few minutes." Then to the hotel proprietor: "Perhaps one of your staff would conduct these gentlemen up to the scene of the accident."

"But certainly, monsieur," Dumoulin touched a bell, and presently the porter, Jules, whom Swain had seen a week ago, entered.

"Jules, take these gentlemen up to—to the room of poor Monsieur Sussmann." Poor Dumoulin. He could not have been



sadder if the murdered man had been his own son.

Not so Jules. Jules' face was alight with excitement. The occasions were rare when the monotony of life was relieved by so sensational a happening. He intended to enjoy it to the full.

"Come this way, gentlemen, if you please," he exclaimed happily. With the pomp and solemnity of some public functionary he led the way out of the office, whereupon Gregg began questioning Dumoulin on the subject of his late guest.

"Now, as regards his correspondence and his visitors," he asked, after a number of preliminary routine questions. "Was he in the habit of receiving many letters?"

"Not many, monsieur. Perhaps one, perhaps two a day."

"Could you say whether they came from England or from abroad?"

"Some from England, some from France, monsieur."

"Many visitors?"

"But no, monsieur. Scarcely any. One only do I remember calling. A Monsieur Underwood, he said his name was. Possibly Monsieur Sussmann and he dined together."

"What night was that?"

"Last Monday night."

"Do you know anything of this Mr. Underwood?"

"Nothing, monsieur."

"We must make further inquiries," Gregg muttered. "Now, Monsieur Dumoulin, will you tell us, please, how the crime was discovered?"

"It should have been discovered at 7.15 this morning, monsieur, but alas! Marie Mercier, the stupid girl, she does not use the brains the good God has given her—few as they may be. It was Marie's duty each morning to take coffee to Monsieur Sussmann at 7.15."

"Didn't the news of the death come from her?"

"No, monsieur."

"Why not?"

"I do not know. I have been too horrified to question her."

"Can we do so?"

"Of course, monsieur. At once—"

Gregg stopped Dumoulin as he stretched out his arm to push the bell again. "In one moment. First tell us how the crime was discovered."

"François—the chef—came rushing into this office about thirty minutes ago. 'Come quickly, Monsieur Dumoulin,' he cried out to me. 'Someone has been playing what you call the giddy-goat in the hotel yard.'"

"What do you mean?" I ask him, but he will not reply. 'You must see for yourself, Monsieur Dumoulin,' he tells me. Attiring myself in a big coat I go with him through the kitchens, and into the yard beyond. I see that someone played a game with packing-cases. Someone has built them up to make giant stepping-stones to one of the bedroom windows."

"When I see what has happened I am nervous. I say to myself, 'There has been a robbery.' I call out the staff. I ask who occupies that bedroom. Marie Mercier, she tells me, 'Monsieur Sussmann.' I say to her, 'Has Monsieur Sussmann been robbed?'"

"Then the stupid girl, she bursts into tears. She says: 'I could not wake up monsieur this morning. He is still asleep. The door is locked.' Her words alarm me. 'My heart, it tells me all is not well. I am frightened. I dash into the hotel, I run quickly up the stairs to the door of Monsieur Sussmann's bedroom. I hammer on the door, and call out loudly, 'Open the

door, if you please, monsieur, open the door.' Great heaven! There is no reply."

Dumoulin paused for want of breath. Pulling a large handkerchief from one of his pockets he mopped his face and neck with it, then continued his story.

"When I cannot open the door my fears grow worse. I call Jules to bring along the master-key, but I cannot open the door with it; Monsieur Sussmann has left his key still in the lock. Jules says: 'Leave it to me, monsieur.' He fetches a piece of metal and through the keyhole he pushes the key until suddenly we hear it drop with a thump on to the floor."

"Once more I try to push the master-key into the lock. This time it fits in. I turn. We hear the tumblers fall. I turn the door handle and push gently, but the door does not move. I push harder, and slowly the door opens a little wider. And then—monsieur—we see through the partly opened door, an arm—a head—" Dumoulin's emotion overpowered him. His words became a whisper which died completely away.

"After that?" Gregg prompted.

"I push open the door a little wider," Dumoulin continued slowly. "My eyes see a knife, my fingers feel for a pulse. There is no pulse. Monsieur Sussmann is dead. There is nothing I can do, so I telephone the police. You arrive, monsieur. That is all."

Gregg rose to his feet. "I think it is about time we saw the body," he said abruptly. "Come along—you, too, if you would, Monsieur Dumoulin."

TO his own surprise Swain experienced no particular emotions upon observing Sussmann's corpse. He felt utterly detached, completely indifferent.

In a dry, impersonal tone, the doctor made his report. As far as could be judged, the man had been dead about twelve hours. He had been killed by a knife-thrust—quite a skilful one.

"A calculated blow?" Gregg asked.

The doctor nodded. "I think so. The dead man was unprepared for it. Had not the blow been so sure, or had the man been struggling with an assailant, I should expect to find certain evidence of the fact, but I have not seen so." The doctor paused. "Is there anything more I can tell you at the moment?"

"Thank you, no, doctor. I will make all the necessary arrangements for the autopsy."

The doctor picked up his overcoat from a chair upon which he had placed it, struggled into it with Arnold's assistance, picked up his hat, and, nodding genially to the assembled company, briskly departed.

As soon as the door had closed behind him Gregg turned to the photographer. "Have you finished?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you, Griffiths?" This to the finger-print man.

Inspector Griffiths shrugged his shoulders. "There are plenty of prints around except on the w.p., or anything else the murderer was likely to have touched. He wore gloves."

"Who doesn't in these days?" the D.D.I. grumbled. "All right. Rush the stuff through as quickly as you can."

Their work at the hotel concluded, the photographer and the finger-print man departed for Scotland Yard, there to rush through positives, and check off the finger-

prints, ready for the investigating detectives when they returned to police headquarters.

Meanwhile, standing carefully away from anything strewn on the floor, the detectives scrutinised the scene before them, while Dumoulin eagerly watched, his interest in the proceedings dulling his sense of horror.

Gregg's first move was to step forward and pick up a wallet from the floor. Opening it he saw that it was empty. He showed it to the hotel proprietor.

"Do you recognise this, Mr. Dumoulin?"

"But yes. It belongs—" he gulped,—"it belonged to poor Monsieur Sussmann."

"Do you know whether it was in this that he was in the habit of keeping his money?"

"But certainly. Each time he paid his weekly bill it was from that wallet he took the money to do so. It was always full of French money, mostly in one thousand franc notes, and sometimes English as well."

"Humph! Evidently robbery of his money was the motive for the crime."

"Can we be sure that money was the sole motive of the crime, sir?" The speaker was Hugh Arnold.

"Why?"

"Sussmann is in a bath wrap. He was either on his way to, or coming back from, the bathroom. It is fairly obvious he was coming back from the bathroom."

"Not necessarily," Swain interrupted in a slightly hard voice. "From the position of the—the body as it is at the moment it looks as though Sussmann was just leaving the room. He was facing the door. He was struck from behind. He pitched forward against the door—Monsieur Dumoulin had to push hard to open the door."

"If yours is the correct theory, Swain," Arnold countered, "we must arrive at one of two conclusions; either that the man remained hidden in the room while Sussmann prepared for his bath, or that Sussmann knew the murderer was here—and therefore was friendly with him."

"But I am sure, messieurs," Dumoulin burst out excitedly, "there was no other man here in this room. I myself gave the key of this room to Monsieur Sussmann soon after six-thirty, and nobody inquired for him while I was at the reception desk, which was until after nine p.m."

"You forget the murderer probably entered by the window," Gregg told him.

"But I do not forget, monsieur. Why should a friend of Monsieur Sussmann have entered by the window?"

"Exactly," Gregg agree a trifle dryly. "Which leads us to the conclusion that the man entered the bedroom while Sussmann was in the bathroom. But you were saying, Arnold—"

"Assuming Sussmann was in the bathroom when the murderer entered by the window, we can imagine Sussmann's movements. Having collected the key from Monsieur Dumoulin he came into this room and read for some time in that chair—it is the only comfortable chair for reading purposes, and furthermore, there is a reading-lamp on the small table beside the chair."

"How do you know he sat down and read?" Swain asked the question. He felt peculiarly amused by the circumstances—he had not realised how interesting it would be to be one of the investigators of this particular crime. In the past he had made deductions, and had made them just as confidently as Arnold was now doing, but as any other C.I.D. men working with him at such times had been just as much in the dark as he, mostly they had been unable to dispute his deductions.



In this investigation, however, he was perfectly conversant with all the essential facts. Knowing precisely what had occurred it might possibly prove thoroughly amusing to hear Gregg and Arnold deducing many things which had never happened.

"Because there is an opened copy of 'L'Echo de Paris' on the table beside the chair. Had he read it anywhere else, in the train, for instance, surely he would have folded it again."

"Well?" Gregg prompted when Arnold paused.

"When it was time for his bath Sussmann took off his coat and waistcoat, which he hung on the back of that small chair there. Then he took off his collar and tie, which he placed on top of the chest-of-drawers. Also he changed from shoes to slippers. Lastly he put on the bath-wrap and departed for the bathroom."

"The thief entered by the window. What would have been about the first thing to meet his gaze? Sussmann's jacket. In search of money—the money he must have known Sussmann carried about with him—he would immediately have approached the jacket, where he would have found the money. Once that was in his possession why was it necessary to search the rest of Sussmann's belongings? To steal something besides money?"

"Ingenious reasoning, Arnold, but do we know the wallet was in the pocket of the jacket? I think it more likely that Sussmann concealed the wallet somewhere before going to have his bath. Thus the thief found it necessary to turn everything upside down before he was able to discover the wallet."

"Excuse me, sir," Swain said dryly to Gregg, "but I think you are wrong. Sussmann took the money with him into the bathroom. If the thief had found the money before Sussmann's return why didn't he clear out at once? Why otherwise should he have waited for Sussmann to come back to the bedroom, and then have killed him?"

Arnold obstinately shook his head. "That is a sound theory, but how did it happen that Sussmann was killed from behind? Surely he must have seen this mess as he entered? If he had, his last impulse would have been to have kept quiet, have turned his back to the room, and to have calmly closed the door. Probably he would have yelled for the proprietor of the hotel, or for assistance to help him catch the thief."

"He may never have seen his belongings scattered all over the place. Probably he did not trouble to turn the light on until he had closed the door behind him," Swain retorted. "As he turned on the light the thief stabbed him. Sussmann fell to the floor. The man seized the wallet, probably from one of the trouser pockets, and bolted, extracting the money from the wallet as he did so."

This seemed a feasible theory, to which Gregg subscribed. "I think you are right, Swain. The next point is, who was the man? As likely as not a foreigner of some sort." He turned to Dumoulin. "I do not wish to be rude to your countrymen, Mr. Dumoulin, but they are more often in the habit of using knives than Britons are."

"But that is an ordinary table knife," Arnold protested, "and not the kind a foreign criminal would be in the habit of carrying around with him. They usually carry daggers, or stilettos."

"You believe Monsieur Sussmann was

killed by one of his countrymen?" Dumoulin asked in a sorrowful voice.

"It is too early to commence theorising, Mr. Dumoulin. I think it is time we searched the room." These last few words Gregg addressed to the two Central Branch men. Systematically the three men searched the bedroom for clues. No part of it was left uninspected, no article was left unmoved. From wall to wall, from door to window, the floor was examined. Then the furniture, the chairs, the bed, the blotting-pad which was on the small table beside the comfortable chair, the window. Finally, Sussmann's private belongings were searched; his clothes, especially the contents of the pockets, and his bags.

At last the detectives had finished their work. Slowly Gregg shook his head. "We've drawn a blank this time."

"You expected to find something, monsieur?" Dumoulin asked eagerly.

Gregg shrugged his shoulders. "One never knows what one may find, Mr. Dumoulin, in such circumstances. Perhaps a finger-print, perhaps a scrap of material, the imprint of a muddy foot, a tool. Perhaps nothing—as has happened now."

Dumoulin unhappily pulled at his beard. "Does that mean you do not expect to discover the identity of the murderer?"

For the first time since he had entered the room the D.D.I. laughed. "Good Lord, no! The very absence of clues may be the one clue which will lead up to the guilty party. Meanwhile—" he waved his hand toward the window. "Let's see where he came from."

The three detectives approached the window and gazed at the scene which met their eyes. Presently Gregg said: "Is there any way into this nest of backyards other than through one of the buildings?"

"I could not say, monsieur."

"We shall soon find out. In any case we shall have to make exhaustive inquiries in every one of the buildings roundabouts. Can you tell me how regular Mr. Sussmann was in his habits? Did he take his bath about the same time every night, for instance?"

"I believe so, monsieur, but Marie the maid would probably be able to tell you more."

"We will talk to her presently," Gregg frowned. "I wonder if the murderer has been keeping watch on this room from one of those windows." He swept his arm round in a comprehensive swing.

"He would not have been able to have seen much through these thick curtains," Swain pointed out, touching the articles in question.

"Oh, well, there is nothing more we can do here," Gregg said to Dumoulin. "If we could make use of your office again—"

Dumoulin flung wide his arms.

"The hotel is at your disposal, messieurs."

"Thanks, I would like to interview Marie,

the maid, first of all."

After instructing the man on guard outside the bedroom to admit nobody save those on business, the detectives proceeded downstairs to Dumoulin's office, where they seated themselves on what they could and awaited Marie. She was not long in arriving. She was a round dumpling of a person, French, and quite unlike the typical French girl of her class. Her eyes were dull, her skin was dull. She looked at the detectives as though they were ogres.

"Are you the maid who looked after Mr. Sussmann's bedroom?" Gregg began in a business-like manner.

"Yes, monsieur."

"What were your duties?"

She stared at Inspector Gregg. "I do not understand what you mean, monsieur." Although she spoke with a thick accent her words appeared to come easily enough to her tongue.

"Was it you who awakened Mr. Sussmann every morning?"

"Yes, monsieur. Each day at 7.15 I took to him a cup of café—coffee, monsieur."

A tedious process of questioning followed, giving Gregg precisely the same information about Sussmann's regular habits as Swain had previously acquired.

"About this morning, when you found the door still locked?" the D.D.I. asked then. "Why didn't you advise Monsieur Dumoulin that you couldn't wake M. Sussmann?"

"I was too frightened."

"Frightened of what?"

"That something had happened to Monsieur Sussmann."

"What did you think had happened to him?" the inspector asked quickly.

"I didn't know."

"Did you know anything?" Gregg questioned with exasperation.

"I was too frightened," she repeated mulishly.

The Inspector and Arnold gazed searchingly at the girl. She looked senseless enough to be capable of any stupidity, but they knew only too well that appearances were never to be trusted. Her attitude might be merely a mask to cloak possible complicity in the crime.

The murdered man had been French—in view of the weapon which had been used to kill him, the murderer might be French—she was French. That was not to say, for that reason, she was to be suspected, but the possibility of her being the link between the assassin and his victim thus suggested itself.

Also, she would have been aware of Sussmann's habits, which information she could have communicated to the criminal. She might have known the amount of money he habitually carried about in his wallet. She could have given the signal that Sussmann was in the bathroom. She could have lurked in the passage outside the bedroom, and so have been able to give, if necessary, a warning to the man inside.

Realising by the tense attitude of the two other men the thoughts which were passing through the minds of Gregg and Arnold, Swain inwardly chuckled. The affair was proceeding just as he had planned. Not that he had reckoned upon suspicion being directed particularly toward Marie, because he had not been aware of her existence, but he had hoped that the investigation would follow several false trails before definitely implicating Spider Harris.

After a pause, Gregg resumed his questioning. "How long have you been working in this hotel, Marie?" he asked casually.

"Nearly three years, monsieur."

"Where were you before that, in England or in France?"

"In Paris, monsieur, in a small hotel in Montmartre."

"Do you like it in England?"

For the first time her face expressed something of her thoughts. Her disgust was unmistakable. "But no, monsieur. I love Paris. I hate your cold, nasty, dirty London," she replied suddenly.

"Why do you stay here?"

"Because I make more money here. When



I have saved enough money I shall return to France."

"Perhaps you have no friends in London?"

"I have many, monsieur."

"Men or women?"

She giggled foolishly. "Men and women."

"Who are your male friends?"

"I like Jules, monsieur, and he likes me." She almost simpered. The detectives found it difficult to keep straight faces.

"Jules?"

"The porter here, monsieur."

"Ah! Who else?"

"Henri Tavernier—he is a waiter at one of the big hotels. He makes much money. He is big and handsome. He ought to be on the films, monsieur."

"And who else?"

She gave them three more names. Arnold took careful note of them all. As soon as he returned to Scotland Yard the services of the C.R.O. would be co-opted. Every name would be sifted, and whether or not the C.R.O. would be able to supply any information concerning them, each man would be investigated either by divisional or headquarters detectives.

At last Marie was dismissed. Jules was interrogated next, but the detectives learned nothing from him which seemed helpful. Then the kitchen staff was questioned. Nobody had heard any suspicious sounds of packing-cases being shifted, nobody could supply any reason to account for their being found where they were.

By ten o'clock a.m. Gregg felt that no useful purpose was to be gained by staying longer at the hotel. Everyone who might be able to throw light upon the affair had been interviewed, but with the exception of the interview with Marie, interrogations had seemingly failed to produce results.

FROM the Hotel Montparnasse the three detectives returned to Scotland Yard, where an immediate consultation was held, at which were present Mather, the Chief Constable of the C.I.D., Superintendent William Stevens, of C.I., Superintendent Tanner, one of the four area superintendents, and Gregg, Swain and Arnold.

Briefly Gregg recounted his first investigations. When he had finished Mather slowly nodded his head.

"This case seems as though it is one which the Central Branch had better handle, Tanner."

"I agree, sir, particularly so as we already have more work than we can really handle with ease."

"For the moment," the Chief Constable continued, "we have two lines of investigation to follow up. This girl, Marie, and her friends, and the people in all the buildings which comprise the block in which the hotel is situated. As you know, gentlemen, owing to the unusual demand at the moment on the time of our senior officers I have placed Detective-Sergeant Swain in charge of the investigation. You, Swain, will, of course, keep in touch with Mr. Stevens or myself. You, Arnold, will continue to act with Swain. That is all." With a brisk nod Mather dismissed the detective officers.

Within a few minutes Swain was issuing his orders. The French police were to be telephoned for particulars concerning Raoul Sussmann, and, if possible, the numbers of the one-thousand franc notes he had with him. All banks and tourist agencies were to be acquainted with the robbery of the French notes, and asked to communicate with the police in the event of anyone's

endeavoring to change notes of such high denomination. All detective officers on duty at cross-Channel ports were to keep a sharp look-out for known criminal characters who might attempt to cross to the Continent.

Inspector Tulley was asked to supply a list of criminals who were known to carry knives, also a list of criminals who specialised in committing thefts at hotels. Sergeant Arnold and two detective constables were to conduct inquiries among the people occupying such buildings as might have afforded access to the Hotel Montparnasse. Sergeant Timms was to discover what he could of those of Marie's friends not already known to the police.

As soon as he had done everything he should do Swain took a five-minute breathing spell. He gazed out of the window. An hour previously a watery sun had cheered the morning. Now it had disappeared, hidden behind heavy, grey banks of rain-clouds. The day looked as chill as it had felt to him when he had been out in the fresh air. He felt glad that Arnold, and not he, had the monotonous and dreary task of interrogating the occupants of the many buildings adjacent to the Hotel Montparnasse.

Hugh Arnold, meanwhile, had embarked upon the arduous task of interviewing some of the people who lived in Frog Street.

The first door he approached was Number One, Frog Street. By the side of the door was a small wooden noticeboard on which was painted the words:

BASEMENT: Caretaker.

GROUND FLOOR: Messrs. Rabinovitch & Rehm. Importers.

FIRST FLOOR: Peter Sheratsky.

SECOND FLOOR: Poggioli's Macaroni.

Seemingly the caretaker was the man to interview. Seeing that the basement was gained by descending a few area steps, Arnold went down. After much hanging the door opened, to reveal a small, thin man with untidy iron-grey hair, and a straggly, dirty iron-grey moustache, who gazed short-sightedly up at him through a pair of thick-lensed, metal-rimmed spectacles.

"Well?" the man demanded.

Arnold curtly announced his identity, and for nearly ten minutes, fired questions.

By the time he had finished with the caretaker he knew it would have been quite simple for Mr. Peter Sheratsky to have climbed to the ground from his rooms on the first floor, to have killed Sussmann, and to have climbed back into his own rooms again, without anyone's having been the wiser. Unfortunately, it would have been equally easy for Mr. Rabinovitch, or one of his two assistants, to have done the same, except that, in their case, no climbing would have been necessary.

Indeed, Poggioli alone might, for the moment, be considered above suspicion, because although he had not left the building until 8.30 p.m. or thereabouts, nor had Miss Baswitz, his typist, and from what the caretaker suggested by inference, it was highly probable that Poggioli had been occupied in a more pleasant fashion than robbing and killing people.

All these things noted, Arnold then visited Number Three. At Number Three he found he had to interview a Chinese, for Mr. Wung Hoo Su had a seven years' lease of the place, and had converted the building into a Chinese restaurant. At first it seemed to Arnold that any one of thirty or forty Chinese might have been responsible for Sussmann's death, for that was the number of diners and staff, but

patient questioning subsequently seemed to prove that it would not have been easy for anyone—save, perhaps, Mr. Wung Hoo Su himself—to have slipped away without his absence being noted, either by fellow-diners, or fellow-staff, as the case might be, or for that matter by both.

So the arduous work continued. Questions, questions, questions for two continuous hours. As for the replies, sometimes they were direct, sometimes they were vague; sometimes they rose readily to the lips of the person whom the detective was interrogating, sometimes it was with the utmost difficulty he could persuade the other person to speak.

After leaving some of the houses Arnold was convinced that no further inquiries would have to be made in there. These, unfortunately, were all too few. In most cases it was evident to him that, unless more definite evidence soon came to light, further investigations would have to be conducted.

At last he arrived at Number Seventeen. He had to knock several times before it was opened. When at last his summons was answered he saw before him an enormously fat woman who glared angrily at him.

"What do you want, banging like that on the door of a respectable house at this hour of the day, and fetching me downstairs?" she demanded furiously, before he had an opportunity of speaking. "If you're a salesman I don't want soap, I don't want a vacuum cleaner, I don't want any notepaper and envelopes, even if you do belong to the Federation of Discharged Soldiers, or whatever you call yourselves."

"I am not a salesman, madam," Arnold informed her. "I am a police officer, and I have called—"

She did not give him an opportunity of finishing his sentence. "A police officer!" she repeated shrilly. "I knew it. I knew something would come of letting my room to that man. And me such a respectable woman and all. Too smooth, that's what he was, though he looked respectable enough. What's he done? He weren't no shop-walker. Right from the moment I first saw him I mistrusted him. Up to no good, I said to myself. What with—"

"One moment, madam, please," Arnold interrupted sharply. "Have you had some trouble with a man?"

"Trouble!" She flung her hands upward in horror, and Arnold asked quickly:

"What has he done to upset you?"

"What has he done? He's done a bolt, that's what he's done. I'll have the police on him, the scoundrel!"

This was more promising. Arnold went on keenly:

"I must know more about this man, madam. What was his name?"

"John Howard he called himself, but a man like him wouldn't give his real name to a respectable woman."

"How long has he stayed with you?"

"Since last Saturday."

"As a lodger?"

"He hired a bedroom."

"Where?"

"On the first floor at the back." Somewhat flustered by the rapidity with which he asked the questions, she did not attempt to elaborate her replies.

"What happened last night?"

"I don't know, but when my daughter went up to make his bed as usual this morning he hadn't been there all night. His bed hadn't been slept in, and he'd taken his baggage, the wretch."



"At what time did he leave?"  
"I don't know. We didn't none of us hear him."

"What was he like?" she repeated dully.  
"He was—why—?" Her eyes opened wide. She became excited. "I don't know."

Arnold gazed suspiciously at her. "Do you mean to say you did not see him?"  
"Of course I saw him, but—"

"But what?"  
"I never saw his face. He always wore a scarf wound round his neck and mouth, and a cap pulled down almost over his eyes."

Arnold knew from past experience the folly of jumping too quickly to conclusions, but notwithstanding the warning voice which sought to remind him of this, he felt that much of what the woman had told him was significant—a man who took care always to keep his features well hidden was a person to view with suspicion, but when this circumstance was allied to the sudden disappearance of that man from his bedroom on the night of Sussmann's murder, suspicion that he was not unconnected with the crime almost became a certainty.

"Madam, I called here to-day to make inquiries about a certain criminal whom the police are anxious to interview. It may be that your lodger was the man in question. Might I have the privilege of examining the bedroom? I might find a clue to the man's identity?"

"Indeed you might and all," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "The brute! Picking on a respectable woman like me for his nasty business. Follow me, mister, and close the door behind you."

Waiting to see that he did shut it, she waddled along the passage and up the flight of stairs, he following. Stepping into the bedroom after her, he gazed quickly around. A first glance showed him the room was tidy.

"Have you cleaned up after the man?" he asked anxiously.

"Not yet. I was just starting when you knocked."

Suggesting to the woman that she should sit while he searched the room, Arnold commenced his task. Methodically he examined the place as he and the other detectives had examined Sussmann's bedroom an hour or so ago. At the same time he looked also for finger-prints. He found several, but from their size he believed they belonged to the fat lady. Nevertheless he determined that the room merited a visit from Inspector Griffiths.

His examination was not without results. The floor was dusty, but in one corner was a piece of linoleum where there were four small round circles. The position of the four circles suggested to him that four studs had rested there—the round, brass studs which one sometimes finds on the bottom of a suitcase. The diameter of these circles he measured with meticulous care, and then, afterwards, the distances between the four circles.

Not much of a clue in itself, of course, but it might prove useful as confirmatory evidence. If a suspected person were found to possess a valise, the studs of which would leave impressions conforming exactly to the measurements taken down by Arnold, it would be added proof that that person had been the mysterious lodger at Number Seventeen.

On the chest-of-drawers Arnold found

three short hairs. These he placed carefully in an old envelope he chanced to have in one of his pockets. Elsewhere, on the floor, he found a blurred impression of a footprint. Of this, too, he took measurements.

Nevertheless, he reached the bed without having discovered anything of genuine importance, or rather, of importance at that moment. That is to say, he found nothing which might be considered as supplying a clue to the identity of the man who had occupied the room. It seemed obvious to Arnold that the criminal had taken every precaution to leave nothing compromising behind. It was very disheartening.

He peered under the bed. At first he saw nothing but dust, but in a moment his sharp gaze observed some small white object on the floor behind the head of the bed. Obtaining it with some difficulty he found it to be a cigarette-end.

Whether this was likely to prove of any assistance he knew not. He would unhesitatingly have believed that it would prove utterly useless as a clue except for one strange point. It was tipped with some colored silky substance.

"Did your lodger have any female visitors?" he asked.

The woman's expression became angry. "Me, a respectable woman, permit that sort of thing in my house, mister?" In her wrath she almost choked.

He hastened to apologise. "This butt end of a cigarette is silk-tipped. I have never come across a man who smoked silk-tipped cigarettes."

"Well, he did. They were scented and all."

"Scented!" Arnold felt startled, but jubilant. The knowledge that the man had been in the habit of smoking scented cigarettes might easily prove to be a clue of some consequence.

On her part the woman looked disgusted. "Yes, mister. He smelt like a barber's shop, what with his cigarettes and the scent he used. Fair made me sick. You smelt his bed, mister."

Turning back the bedclothes Arnold lowered his head and smelled the sheets and the pillow. A sweet but faint fragrance still lingered about them which he seemed to recognise.

"Eau-de-Cologne," he muttered.

The fat lady laughed loudly. "Lavender water, you mean, mister."

Scented cigarettes and lavender water! Surely a criminal who used such things would be not unknown to the C.R.O. He decided to telephone Scotland Yard. With one last fond glance around, to see that he had missed nothing of importance, Arnold took his departure.

As soon as Swain heard from Arnold he proceeded to the C.R.O., where he approached the sepulchral Tulley.

"We have a line on the Sussmann affair, sir," he said.

"Scented cigarettes and lavender water," Tulley gave his funeral croak. "Then it won't take me long to tell you the name of the bright boy who did Sussmann in."

Spider Harris, Swain is the man, you want. I'll get you his card."

With the particulars of Spider Harris in his possession Swain returned to his office. He whistled contentedly as he entered. Everything was proceeding according to plan.

But he did not know that at that moment Inspector Pierre Allain, of the French Surete Generale, was closeted with the Assistant Commissioner, Sir Arthur Summers.

SIR ARTHUR cheerfully greeted the Frenchman.

"Monsieur Raoul requested us to allow you facilities for investigating the death of Monsieur Sussmann."

"But yes, monsieur, if you will permit me that privilege. The death of Sussmann is deeply disturbing to certain authorities in Paris. It may possibly cause severe political repercussions."

"Political?"

"Yes, monsieur. Monsieur Sussmann was a secret representative of the Bank of France. He was in London on business, business of which the Bank of England was cognisant."

"The Bank of England! You will excuse me for one moment, monsieur. I will ask Mr. Mather and your old friend Mr. Stevens to come here immediately." Sir Arthur quickly communicated his orders through the telephone. "Mr. Stevens has not heard of your visit," he told the Inspector.

Allain's eyes flamed with mischief. "He will be surprised to see me?"

"I believe so."

"Ah! You will permit that I embrace my dear friend, monsieur?"

Sir Arthur coughed with embarrassment, but before he could reply there was a tap upon the door. In answer to Sir Arthur's "Come in," Mather, the chief constable, entered. If he were surprised at seeing the Frenchman he did not reveal the fact, but glanced expectantly at the assistant-commissioner.

"You have met Monsieur Allain, of the Surete Generale before, I believe, Mr. Mather?"

"Several times, sir." Mather held out his hand to Allain. "How are you, Monsieur Allain?"

"Very ill," Allain told him dully. "I feel I am still in the aeroplane which conveyed me to London. I can still feel its movements—" He groaned loudly, because he was invariably flamboyant. It was his nature to be theatrical. When he could not posture and act his emotions of the moment he was unhappy.

As Mather was about to comment politely there was a second discreet tap upon the door. Once again the A.C. called out: "Come in." The door opened, and Stevens appeared.

As he saw the Frenchman, Stevens' expression revealed his surprise, but before he could move or speak Allain had rushed up to him, and he felt Allain's arms embracing him, and Allain's beard brushing first his left cheek and then his right.

This was the second time Allain had treated him so. The first time only a uniformed policeman had witnessed his discomfiture. This time his emotions were doubly agitated, for he saw Mather all but guffawing, and the assistant commissioner hiding his mouth behind a discreet hand.

"Good—good—morning, monsieur," he stuttered unhappily. "I did not expect to—meet you here. This is a surprise." The disconsolate superintendent felt like a schoolboy who has just been discovered kissing the little girl next door.

Quite aware of Stevens' abashment, Allain chuckled deeply. He linked arms with the superintendent, and pulled the Englishman towards the assistant commissioner's table. "Meeting all my good friends in Scotland Yard is my one consolation when visiting



your cold, cheerless country, Sir Arthur," he said cheerfully.

"We feel honored," Sir Arthur murmured dryly.

When they were all seated, he turned to Mather. "The Surete Generale has requested permission for Monsieur Allain to assist in the investigations into the death of Sussmann. It appears there is a possibility that the crime was a political one."

"Political!" The chief constable echoed the word with some amazement. "Our preliminary investigations have suggested that the crime was committed for the purpose of robbery, sir."

"Robbery of what?" Allain asked fiercely.

"Why, money, of course, monsieur. According to what we have been told Monsieur Sussmann was in the habit of carrying several thousand-franc notes as well as English notes in his money wallet. The wallet was found, but empty."

"Do your robbers usually murder men for the sake of a paltry few thousand francs?" the inspector asked scornfully.

"Not usually, but that is no reason for us entirely to ignore that motive," Mather's voice sounded somewhat testy.

"How was he killed?"

"A knife thrust."

"A knife thrust!" Allain gesticulated excitedly. Then the crime was committed by a foreigner. Possibly a Frenchman."

"Possibly," Mather agreed cautiously. "But does that make any difference to the theory that Sussmann was killed for the money he had in his wallet? There are thieves as well as politicians in France, I believe?" he concluded heavily.

Allain was insensible to the undercurrent of sarcasm in Mather's voice. "Were Monsieur Sussmann's belongings searched?"

"Of course."

"What papers were found?"

"None, I believe."

"Great heaven!" The inspector groaned loudly. "Before leaving Paris I was told that if Monsieur Sussmann's papers should fall into the hands of the leaders of a certain opposition party in France there would be a political crisis of the first magnitude. This must be recovered at all costs, Sir Arthur. They must not leave your country whatever happens."

"You were saying the Bank of England was cognizant of the reasons for Monsieur Sussmann's visiting this country?" Sir Arthur asked.

"But, certainly, monsieur. Monsieur Sussmann came to London on business connected with the parity of the French franc. Beyond that I know no more; I am not likely to know more, save what I might conjecture for myself." He snorted angrily. "Although we are ordered to solve mysteries of this sort, we are not entrusted with the secrets of the Government."

"This crime seems far more complicated than we first believed," Sir Arthur said gravely to the chief constable. "I believe you said Sergeant Swain was in charge of investigations."

"Yes, sir. Swain has shown aptitude for his work ever since he joined the Central Branch. All the senior officers are already overburdened with work just now."

"You acted correctly, Mr. Mather, but now that the circumstances have altered new arrangements must be made. There must be no possibility of Sussmann's murderer not being arrested, and the papers recovered. Mr. Stevens, you have worked with Monsieur Allain so often I can think of nobody better qualified to take charge of the investigations. Will you see that all

outstanding work, which you feel you will be unable to continue, is passed on to one of the chief inspectors?"

"Yes, sir." If Stevens' face expressed his joy at this request, then his face was a true mirror of his emotions. Since his promotion to superintendent too much indoor, and insufficient outdoor, work had been his lot.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur was speaking to Mather again. "If Sergeant Swain is in the building, Mr. Mather, we will hear from him what progress has been made." The assistant commissioner drew the telephone towards him and proceeded to give directions for Swain to be found and sent in to him. When he had finished he turned to Stevens again.

"In view of what Monsieur Allain has had to say concerning Sussmann's death it would be as well as you interviewed the Governor of the Bank of England. We must try to find out what stage the negotiations had reached, and whom Sussmann had interviewed before his death."

"I will do that, sir."

"I presume the French police are making investigations in France, Monsieur Allain?"

"But certainly, Sir Arthur. From the moment when we heard from the French Embassy in London that Monsieur Sussmann had been killed, men from both the Surete Generale and the Prefecture de Police were detailed to make investigations."

"Excellent!" Sir Arthur nodded his head several times with an air of abstraction which revealed the fact that his thoughts were elsewhere. Before he spoke again a knock upon the door heralded the arrival of Detective-Sergeant Swain.

Swain and Allain had not previously met. Having learned of this fact the assistant commissioner briefly introduced them. When the two men had shaken hands Sir Arthur said: "Mr. Swain, Monsieur Allain is over here on behalf of the French police to assist in investigations into the death of Sussmann."

This announcement, so casually passed on by the assistant commissioner, was a shock to Swain. He stiffened abruptly, while his thoughts raced in an endeavor to acquaint him with the reason for this startling move.

"It appears, Mr. Swain," Sir Arthur went on, "that Sussmann may not have died as a result of a successful attempt to rob him of his money."

"Why else should he have been killed, sir?" Swain asked harshly.

"Monsieur Sussmann was over here on business which might almost be described as semi-Governmental. There is a possibility that the crime was a political one. In the circumstances, Mr. Swain, it will be necessary to transfer the responsibility of the investigation into the hands of one of the senior officers. I need hardly add that I am compelled to do this with very much regret, for I have had good reports of your work."

"Mr. Stevens will take charge from this moment, Mr. Swain. Meanwhile, we should like to hear from you what progress has been made."

This question quickly altered the trend of Swain's thoughts. The slight sensibility to disturbance vanished. Instead he felt triumphant, and supercilious. Arnold had telephoned just in time. Not only would he be able to show the Frenchman that Sussmann's death was in no way political, but he would achieve a personal

success in that so soon he was able to indicate the name of a possible suspect.

"I have reason to believe I can name the guilty party, sir."

"Can you indeed?" Sir Arthur made no effort to disguise his satisfaction. He glanced at Allain, perhaps unconsciously, but there was no mistaking the unspoken meaning of that glance—there you are, Monsieur Allain. You have had an opportunity of seeing for yourself an example of C.I.D. efficiency!

"Most gratifying, Mr. Swain, and highly commendable. Who is the man you suspect?"

"A persistent criminal, sir. A man named Thomas Harris, otherwise known as 'Spider' Harris."

"On what do you base your deductions?"

"Upon examining the scene of the crime. Divisional Inspector Gregg and myself arrived at several conclusions. The bedroom in which Sussmann had been killed was utterly devoid of any clue whatever. It was obvious that the crime had been carefully timed, which suggested that watch must have been kept on Sussmann's movements for many days. Taking these two facts into consideration, we believed that the crime had not been committed by an amateur."

"To have kept watch on Sussmann, and also to have gained the bedroom window from the hotel backyard, the criminal must have made use of one of the buildings backing on to the hotel. I sent Sergeant Arnold and two constables to make the necessary inquiries. A few minutes ago Sergeant Arnold telephoned to say that in one of the houses he had interviewed a woman who had let a bedroom for the past week to a man. He had always taken care to keep his face concealed by a scarf and cap, and disappeared with his baggage, last night."

"Ah!" Sir Arthur nodded his head. "This sounds interesting."

"The woman gave Sergeant Arnold permission to search the bedroom. All he found there was a cigarette-end. The end of a scented cigarette, sir."

Allain sat abruptly upright. "A woman in the case?"

Swain's thin lips parted in a faint, sneering smile. "Not at all, sir. Sergeant Arnold was informed by the woman in question that her lodger had been in the habit of smoking scented cigarettes. Not only that, sir—and here Swain turned toward the A.C. again,—"but the woman also volunteered the information that the man always soaked himself in lavender-water." "Lavender-water!" It was Stevens who interrupted. "I remember a crook who always used lavender-water and used to smoke scented cigarettes. His name was Harris."

"Inspector Tulley gave me the name of Spider Harris. He has already served one sentence for stabbing a man. Just as I had returned to my room after learning this information I heard that you had sent for me, sir."

Sir Arthur glanced at Allain. "At the moment the case seems cut and dried, monsieur."

Allain pursed his lips. He was angry. He could sense an atmosphere of triumph.

"This Harris has a record, you say?" he asked Swain, in a belligerent manner.

"Yes, sir."

"What are the crimes he has committed?"

Swain consulted a paper he had with him. "He is catholic in the matter of crime. He has served sentences for being drunk and disorderly—in that case, as an



alternative to a fine—housebreaking, robbery with violence, arson, being in possession of noxious drugs, committing grievous bodily injury, and larceny."

"Which one of those crimes was political?"

"Not one of them, to the best of my knowledge."

"Then why should Spider Harris suddenly engage in international politics?" Allain demanded loudly.

Swain shrugged his shoulders. "I really couldn't say, sir, but as I have already said, he was very catholic in the variety of crimes he committed."

The inspector's mouth closed tightly. He gazed fiercely at Swain. His half-imperial beard almost appeared to bristle.

"I do not believe Spider Harris was the murderer of Monsieur Sussmann," he announced at last.

"Come, Monsieur Allain," Sir Arthur remonstrated gently. "It is rather soon to— His words were interrupted by the telephone bell. "You will excuse me?"

Whoever was at the other end of the wire did not take long to impart what he had to say. "Thank you," Sir Arthur muttered very soon, and replaced the instrument on its stand. There was a strange expression in his eyes as he glanced slowly at the Frenchman.

"I must apologise, Monsieur Allain," he muttered. "You were right."

"Of course!" Allain agreed with infuriating complacency. He stroked his small beard, reminding the assembled detectives of a fighting-cock smoothing its ruffled feathers. "Spider Harris did not kill Monsieur Sussmann?"

"No, monsieur," Spider Harris was drowned in the Thames two days ago."

ALLAIN in Swain's forehead commenced to throb. He was seized with an impulse to lift his hand there for the purpose of pressing the tips of his fingers on the spot, but he did nothing so stupid. Nevertheless, his thoughts became chaotic.

For the first time the chill of danger affected him.

Why in the name of the devil had it to happen that Sussmann had been engaged on semi-official business? The fact made so much difference to the method of investigating the crime.

Sussmann was all but a Government man. As such the French Government was likely to badger the British Government until the murderer was convicted. Worried by the Foreign Office, the Home Office would, in turn, worry the commissioner, and, through him, the assistant commissioner of the C.I.D. and every man-jack in the plain-clothes force.

On top of that shock now came the news of Spider Harris' death. The trail leading to him which he, Swain, had so carefully laid, was wasted. And as it was now obvious that Harris could not have committed the murder the C.I.D. would have to find the man who did. The search would become intensified. If he, Swain, had made one mistake—

He became conscious of the fact that someone was speaking. "Where is Sergeant Arnold?" The questioner was the assistant commissioner.

"I told him to return here immediately," Swain replied huskily. "He should be back by now, sir."

"I shall send for him." Once again Sir Arthur pulled the telephone towards him. An inquiry soon elicited the fact that Arnold had returned, so the A.C. gave orders

for the sergeant to attend him immediately.

Arnold was quick in answering the summons. Entering the assistant commissioner's room he nodded to Allain, whom he had met on one of Allain's previous visits to Scotland Yard.

Sir Arthur commenced immediately to question him. "With reference to the man whom you believe may have had a hand in the death of Monsieur Sussmann, about what time did he leave the bedroom which he had been occupying near the Hotel Montparnasse?"

"I am afraid I cannot answer that question, sir. The woman herself did not know. She did not hear him leave. He must have crept down the stairs and have let himself quietly out of the front door."

"Is it possible he did not enter his bedroom at all yesterday?"

Arnold shook his head. "I do not think so, sir. He was heard to enter the house soon after six p.m."

"There is no doubt about that statement?"

The sergeant moved uncomfortably. "I have only the woman's word for the fact, sir."

"Yes, of course, but can we place any reliance upon her information?"

"I believe so, sir. She seemed a very respectable woman."

"The information which you telephoned Mr. Swain seemed to prove that the man who occupied the room was a criminal known as Spider Harris, but Harris was drowned two days ago. There is, then, no possibility of Harris' being that man?"

"I am afraid not, sir. In questioning the woman about her lodger's baggage I learned that it had been in its usual place yesterday morning, and as her daughter had made the bed after he had left the building, it seems obvious that he slept in the room Tuesday night."

"By which time Harris was dead, according to the doctor's evidence. Then the fact must be faced, either that the lodger was not Spider Harris, or alternatively that he was Spider Harris until Tuesday night. On Tuesday night, aware of Harris' movements, and learning of Harris' death, some other person occupied the bedroom for the purpose of robbing the dead man of his personal belongings—an unlikely theory."

"Excuse me, sir," Swain interrupted suddenly, "your theory may be probable in essence. Supposing Spider had been planning to kill Sussmann, he may have collared the assistance of an accomplice. That accomplice, learning of Spider's death, may have decided to continue the scheme by carrying it through on his own. Indeed, if I may say so, sir, such a theory may not be unacceptable to Monsieur Allain."

"Why?" Allain demanded violently.

"The accomplice may have been the political party who, you are convinced, is connected with the crime. He may have agreed to pay Spider Harris so much for killing Mr. Sussmann."

"Not for killing Sussmann. It was Sussmann's papers, not his death, which presumably was the direct cause of Sussmann's murder," Stevens interrupted.

Swain started. A picture of the leather dispatch-case filled with papers flashed into his memory. So that was why Allain had been sent over from France—to see that the papers were recovered! The French Government would not be satisfied until they were—and he, Swain, had destroyed every one of them. He cursed the impulse which had led him to steal the papers.

He should have taken only Barbara's letter. If the papers had been left intact in Sussmann's bedroom Allain would have been satisfied that Sussmann's death had had no connection with politics, in which case, with the vital papers in his possession, Allain—and therefore the French Government—would have ceased to have any further active interest in the unfortunate Monsieur Sussmann's death. The C.I.D. would have been left in peace to carry out the investigation in their own way, without being spurred on by the Home Office.

Swain opened his mouth to speak of the papers, but miraculously recollected that, until that moment, no mention had been made, in his presence, of any papers.

"What papers do you refer to, sir?" he asked the superintendent.

"Papers referring to some financial transactions on behalf of the Bank of France," Swain was quick-witted. "Then the theory becomes all the more probable."

"You have not, as yet, told us everything of that theory," Sir Arthur pointed out.

"Someone desired to rob Mr. Sussmann of those papers. That person got into touch with Spider Harris. Arrangements were made to rob Mr. Sussmann. The accomplice learned of Spider's death. In despair of finding another criminal to carry out the plan the accomplice decided to do so himself. Disguising himself as the lodger this second party gained Sussmann's bedroom."

"He searched Sussmann's baggage without finding any papers. He concluded Sussmann had taken the papers with him into the bathroom. He decided to wait for Sussmann's return."

"The moment the unfortunate victim entered the bedroom the murderer struck the fatal blow and seized the papers from Sussmann's pocket, together with the money wallet. Stealing the money, he left the wallet on the floor to make it appear as though death had been caused by someone robbing Sussmann only of money, not of papers."

The chief constable nodded his head in agreement with these deductions. Sir Arthur did the same. "A workable theory, Mr. Swain. What do you think, Monsieur Allain?" the assistant commissioner asked. Allain was still in a contradictory mood.

"Why should this second party, as you call him, have murdered Sussmann? To steal the papers it would have been sufficient only to have rendered him unconscious, or even to have held him up at pistol point."

Swain laughed dryly. "For the obvious reason, Monsieur Allain, that the murderer did not dare risk being seen by Mr. Sussmann in case he should be recognised."

"You think the murderer was a Frenchman?"

"If the motive for the crime were political, yes, sir. Besides, the weapon which killed Mr. Sussmann was a knife."

"Do only Frenchmen use knives to kill people?" the inspector asked furiously.

"It is very seldom one is used as a weapon of offence by an Anglo-Saxon," Sir Arthur interposed mildly. "I cannot help thinking that, for the moment, we should work along the lines suggested by the theory which Mr. Swain has put forward." His demeanor became more business-like. "Mr. Stevens, will you take charge of investigations? I suggest that the C.R.O. be asked to look for any other names of criminals using lavender water, and smoking scented cigarettes. Inquire



are still being made in the neighborhood of the Hotel Montparnasse, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," Swain replied. "They should be continued, in case the disappearance of the scented lodger should prove to be a coincidence. The Special Branch might be consulted for names of foreigners suspected of political intrigue. The Bank of England officials should be interviewed, as I have already indicated. Check off Spider Harris' movements for the past week to ascertain whether he can have been the lodger at—"

"Number Seventeen Frog Street," Arnold told him.

"Ah, yes! And you, no doubt, Monsieur Allain, would like to inspect the scene of the crime."

"But certainly, if I might be permitted that privilege, Sir Arthur?"

"Of course. Mr. Stevens can accompany you."

Taking leave of Sir Arthur then, Allain made his way with Stevens to the Hotel Montparnasse, where an interview with Monsieur Dumoulin yielded him one crumb of information that he seemed to consider useful. Sussmann, Dumoulin recalled, had been visited by a friend, a Mr. Denis Underwood, with whom he seemed to be on very intimate terms.

Obviously pleased with himself, Allain asked to be conducted to the actual scene of the crime.

THE three men went upstairs to room number five on the first floor. Throwing open the door Dumoulin motioned the two detectives to enter, but himself remained at the door.

"If you do not need me—" he began.

"But we do," Allain assured him swiftly. With a gesture of resignation Dumoulin entered the bedroom, and closing the door behind him, advanced to the position which he had occupied an hour or so earlier.

All the things which Greg, Swain and Arnold had done earlier, Stevens and Allain now proceeded to do. With scrupulous care they examined the room, the furniture, and Sussmann's belongings; but they found nothing. As the minutes passed by, Allain became increasingly irritable, which was his customary reaction when events were not moving in the direction he desired them to go.

He commenced to fire questions at the unfortunate Dumoulin. If the hotel proprietor did not reply quickly, the inspector scowled, and his eyes flamed with impatient anger. Before long he had worked the poor fat man into a state of nervous excitement, which did not make matters easier for either Allain or Dumoulin.

"There is nothing here," Allain burst out at last, "nothing at all. We are wasting time."

"You must remember," Stevens told him, "that three of our men, good men, too, have already combed this room. They found nothing. We could scarcely expect to find anything."

"Pah!" Allain exclaimed angrily. "They were not Superintendent Stevens or Inspector Allain. Yet there is nothing in this room. There is nothing where there should be something."

"Why?" Stevens asked him. "Not all criminals leave their visiting cards behind."

"But yes—criminals! But are we not working on the theory that the man who killed Sussmann is not a criminal, but a political agent? If Sussmann were killed

by a man who was interested only in securing the papers, and who was such a poor criminal that he originally found it necessary to hire the services of a professional to steal the papers, how is it that he succeeded in killing Sussmann so flawlessly?"

"Perhaps the man whom you call a political agent is a criminal too," Stevens pointed out.

"But why then should he have sought the assistance of this man Spider Harris?" Stevens reflected carefully before replying. When he did speak, it was to ask a question: "What is your theory, monsieur?"

"But I have none," Allain shouted surprisingly, in a loud, angry voice. "I am worried. I am confused. It is not natural for Inspector Allain to be worried or confused. It is absurd to think of the greatest detective in France finding no clue to a criminal who has committed a crime, or having no theory as to who that criminal might be, or as to how to look for him."

The inspector did, indeed, look troubled. His expression was fierce, his gaze tense, as though, by sheer concentration, he would drag from the mute, unwilling witnesses to the crime some deeply hidden clue which would lead to the arrest of the murderer.

"Whereabouts was this bedroom which this Spider Harris was supposed to have occupied?" he suddenly asked Stevens.

Stevens did not know. He turned to Dumoulin. "Do you know whereabouts Number Seventeen Frog Street is, Monsieur Dumoulin?"

The proprietor stepped up to the window. He pulled reflectively at his beard. "Let me see, monsieur. Number Seventeen should be—"

"Ah! You see that building almost opposite us, the one with the white bricks. That is Number Thirty-five. Number Seventeen should be—"

He began to count the buildings, nodding his head each time he counted on. "About there," he exclaimed triumphantly, and pointed his podgy finger at the back of a house which, from where they were, appeared to be in need of several coats of paint, and a new tile or two on the roof.

Allain unceremoniously pushed the proprietor to one side and eagerly surveyed the dreary spectacle of dilapidated buildings and untidy backyards. Critically he inspected the angle between the two bedrooms. "From that window he would have been able to have seen some, but not all, of this room. He would have seen much, but not all, that happened in it."

Stevens agreed with him. "Probably he used field-glasses."

"Of course he did. I took that for granted," Allain snapped. "But the man who occupied that room was not the man who killed Sussmann."

The superintendent looked startled. "What makes you say that?"

Laughing harshly, Allain pushed Stevens to one side. Catching hold of the curtains, one in each hand, he gave them a quick tug towards him, so shutting out most of the daylight.

"Now what could the man have seen, field-glasses or no field-glasses?" he shouted. "The man who killed Sussmann must have carefully studied Sussmann's movements. He must have known approximately at what time Sussmann went to the bathroom, and what time he came out again. The man who slept in that room over there could not have known all those things, because he could not have seen through these curtains—unless he had X-ray eyes," the inspector concluded heavily.

An intense silence followed. Stevens stared at the curtains, aware that Allain must have spoken correctly, and yet searching for a possible flaw in his theory.

It was Dumoulin who broke the silence. "But for one thing I would agree with you, monsieur l'inspecteur," he murmured meekly.

"And that?" Allain snorted, scornful of criticism.

"Monsieur Sussmann never troubled to pull his curtains," Dumoulin replied in a voice fainter than ever.

THE effect of Dumoulin's words was precisely what both men had anticipated it would be. Already irritated because he felt intuitively that some aspect of the crime was eluding him, the inspector lost his always unstable temper. Raising clenched fists into the air, he raved at Dumoulin.

"Am I an Inspector of the Surete Generale, the greatest detective in France? Am I to be told nothing? Have I to drag every scrap of information from unwilling lips, as a demolition man tears the bricks away from a room, one by one?"

"But this is the first time you have asked about the curtains, monsieur l'inspecteur," Dumoulin pointed out meekly.

"Words are beyond me"—which was as far from being the truth as anything he had ever said. Words were never beyond Allain.

"Pah!" he exclaimed at last. "We are wasting time. It is that bedroom over there—" he stabbed his forefinger into the air in the direction of the window,—"upon which we must concentrate. Come, come, my friend, we will return here later." With that quick, jerky action of his he commenced hurrying toward the door.

"Monsieur l'inspecteur," Dumoulin began tentatively.

Allain whirled round on his heel. "Well?"

"If I am to speak first, without waiting for questions to be put to me, may I say something now?"

In all the years Stevens had known the inspector, never had he seen Allain's mercurial temperament react so swiftly. The transformation was miraculous. "You have thought of something, my friend? You are the man I believe you to be. You are my friend, and not my enemy!" Allain cried out joyfully.

"It concerns the taxi-driver of whom I have already spoken, monsieur l'inspecteur."

"What taxi-driver?"

"The one who brought something to Monsieur Sussmann, which had been left behind in the man's taxi-cab. It comes back to me now. I remember Monsieur Sussmann's words. 'What a surprise!' he said, 'An honest taxi-driver!' Then Monsieur Sussmann showed to me what the taxi-driver had returned to him. It was a money-wallet, monsieur l'inspecteur, with a ten-shilling note in it."

"Well?"

Dumoulin pointed dramatically to the floor. "That was not the money-wallet which the taxi-driver returned to Monsieur Sussmann. Nor is it anywhere in this room."

"Continue," Allain told Dumoulin sharply, when the proprietor paused. "You have more to say?"

"But yes, monsieur l'inspecteur. A man does not as a rule carry about with him two money-wallets. There on the floor is the one which Monsieur Sussmann always carried with him. I have seen him pulling it from his pocket again and again, and always it has been filled with much French



and English money, not just one ten-shilling note."

Scarcely had the last words issued from the proprietor's lips than Allain leaped towards him and clasped the other man in his arms.

"I embrace you! You are my friend. Ah! What a true friend, what a great detective you are." In his exuberance Allain attempted to encircle Dumoulin's body with his arms, but the feat was physically impossible. His short arms got no farther round the proprietor's bulk than just past his waist. Then Allain turned swiftly towards Stevens.

"You see, we have our first clue in this taxi-driver who returned to Monsieur Sussmann a money-wallet which did not belong to him."

Stevens slowly shook his head. "How do we know that the wallet did not belong to Sussmann? On the contrary, it probably did belong to him."

"Why?"

"Because he accepted it from the taxi-driver. Surely nobody would have accepted from the man something which was not that person's to accept."

Allain laughed scornfully. "Ah, you English, you are so honest, so scrupulous. Why should not Sussmann have accepted it? Probably the taxi-driver would not have found the real owner, so why should Sussmann not have it rather than your Lost Property Office?" Observing Stevens' expression, he laughed still more loudly. The next moment the laughter vanished, a frown took its place.

"But why should that taxi-driver have returned the wallet to Sussmann? Why should he not have kept the wallet and its contents to himself? Was there a message as well as a ten-shilling note in that wallet?" he asked himself reflectively.

"But no, monsieur," Dumoulin interposed decisively. "Monsieur Sussmann showed me the wallet. There was nothing in it other than the ten-shilling note, because I saw him examining it thoroughly."

"After the taxi-driver had left?"

"Yes."

"More evidence that the wallet did not belong to Monsieur Sussmann," Allain exclaimed triumphantly to Stevens. "If that wallet has been Sussmann's he would have examined it before the taxi-driver had left the hotel, in order to be sure that its contents were intact."

The superintendent did not dare to contradict the feasibility of this argument, but whether it were right or wrong, he felt that an interview with the taxi-driver was necessary.

"You did not happen to notice his number, Monsieur Dumoulin?" he asked swiftly.

"Number, monsieur? What number?"

"Taxi-drivers wear a numbered disc on their chests," Stevens explained carefully.

The proprietor frowned. "But I do not remember having seen such a thing as you describe, Monsieur Stevens."

"And Dumoulin is observant; he is a detective," Allain burst out excitedly. "The man who gave that wallet and the ten-shilling note to Sussmann that night was no taxi-driver."

"But he looked like one," Dumoulin protested.

"Can you give us a description of him?" Stevens asked.

Dumoulin thought carefully, but slowly an unhappy expression crept over his face. "No, monsieur, he was just like any other taxi-driver one sees in the streets of London. He was not short, nor was he tall. He was clean-shaven, and I believe I can

remember seeing that his hair was dark and greasy. He wore a great-coat, but more than that there is nothing I can add."

Stevens frowned. The episode of the pseudo taxi-cab driver undoubtedly appeared to be a puzzling complication.

"Did the man ask for Sussmann by name?" he asked.

"But no, monsieur," Dumoulin replied. He merely said he wanted to speak to the fare whom he had driven to the hotel the previous night about twelve-thirty a.m. I asked Jules which of our visitors had come back to the hotel about that time. Jules answered that Monsieur Sussmann and Monsieur Tremayne had done so. When I asked the taxi-man which of these two gentlemen had been his fare he did not know the names, but when I told him Monsieur Sussmann was small, and Monsieur Tremayne was tall, he said Monsieur Sussmann was the man he wanted."

"Monsieur Sussmann was not in then, so I asked the taxi-driver whether he would like to leave the wallet, but he would not. At that moment Monsieur Sussmann came in. I called to him, and informed him what had happened. Monsieur Sussmann took the wallet from the man, said it was his, and passed a coin over to the taxi-driver as a reward."

With an angry gesture Allain smashed a clenched fist into the palm of his other hand. "I do not understand this business. If we are to believe that Sussmann was killed for the purpose of securing papers relating to his business in London, we should look for a man to whom Sussmann was already known. We might look for a man who knew Sussmann by name, but not by appearance. Instead, what do we find? A man who knows Sussmann by appearance, but not by name!"

"It is puzzling," Stevens agreed, speaking slowly. "This taxi-driver was an Englishman, I suppose?"

"Without a doubt, monsieur."

"Did he smell of lavender water?"

Dumoulin expressively shrugged his shoulders. "I did not smell him, monsieur."

The superintendent faced Allain again.

"The taxi-driver may have been Spider Harris. Dressing up as a taxi-driver, he used the story of the lost wallet as an excuse to discover Sussmann's name. It would seem that Swain's theory was a correct one, that a second party agreed to pay Harris a sum of money to secure the papers."

"And do you think this second party gave Sussmann's description to Spider Harris?"

"A likely theory."

"No! Anyone knowing so much about Sussmann, his appearance and his coming to London, would have known his name."

"Spider Harris would have pretended not to have known Sussmann's name so as not to make anyone suspicious of him."

The inspector pursed his lips. He could not contradict the superintendent's reasoning, and he was never happy to be at a loss for words.

"Monsieur Dumoulin," Stevens said suddenly, "if you were to see a photograph of Spider Harris, might you recognise the taxi-driver?"

The hotel proprietor raised his bushy eyebrows, and turned out his lower lip in an expression of doubt. "Perhaps, monsieur."

"If you would accompany us to Scotland Yard—"

"It would give me the greatest pleasure to do so," Dumoulin replied eagerly. Sud-

denly forgetful of the tragedy which had taken place in the bedroom, Dumoulin chattered away like an excited schoolboy.

AFTER he had left the assistant commissioner's office, Detective-Sergeant Swain took the opportunity of a slack moment to snatch a belated luncheon, only to find that he had little appetite for it.

He had cursed vigorously to himself upon learning that he had been placed in charge of the investigations into the death of Sussmann.

Now that that charge had been transferred, he realised his original objection had been a mistake. While he had been in charge of the investigations, he had known everything which was happening. Instantly a new clue was discovered, or a new theory advanced, he, as the officer responsible, had been made acquainted with that clue or that theory. Consequently, knowing from hour to hour what was happening, he had had no reason to worry or to fret about the unknown.

From now forward these circumstances would be changed. Generally speaking he would know what was happening he would know roughly what trend the investigation was taking. Nevertheless, the finer points might not be made known to him. Superintendent Stevens might chance to discover some slight fact dangerous to Swain's safety and Swain might not hear of this danger until it was too late to counteract it.

The plate of ham and tongue before Swain, also salad—a small, luscious-looking tomato set in a bed of crisp, dry lettuce—lost all its attraction. Swain gazed with aversion at the food.

"Not hungry, sir?"

Swain looked up. The barman was observing him with undisguised curiosity.

"I am hungry enough, Sam," Swain replied raspingly. "My thoughts were wandering."

"Work, sir?"

"Yes."

Sam nodded sympathetically. A number of the C.I.D. officers frequented his lunch counter, so he knew that the detective staff had rarely been busier.

"You mustn't lose your appetite, sir," he told Swain gently. "That won't help matters much."

"You're right, Sam." Taking up his knife and fork Swain forced himself to eat.

Fortified by the meal, unpalatable though it had been, he returned to Scotland Yard and attacked his work with his customary enthusiasm. He had not long been back when he chanced to see, proceeding along one of the passages, Stevens, Allain, and a huge, fat man whom he recognised as Dumoulin, the proprietor of the Hotel Montparnasse. Swain was startled. Obviously Dumoulin's visit portended something.

As they continued upward, Swain realised they were making for the C.R.O. He must know why, so he determined to follow the others into the C.R.O. As he walked he invented a mythical description which he would persuade Inspector Tulley or one of his men to look up. Or if it were a photograph that Dumoulin was to try to identify, then he, Swain, would ask to see all the photographs with criminals with broken noses. This last request would be a legitimate one, for he was indeed trying to find a man suspected of stealing from churches and whose broken nose seemed to be the sole feature of identification.

The three proceeded to the room where the Rogues' Gallery is housed. Swain followed them in, almost on their heels.



As soon as a photograph of Spider Harris was laid in front of him, the superintendent proceeded to draw Dumoulin's attention to it.

"This is Spider Harris, Monsieur Dumoulin. Do you recognise it?"

Putting on his spectacles, the hotel proprietor minutely inspected the photograph. After some time he glanced up. His expression was disconsolate. "I do not seem to think I have ever seen this man before, Monsieur Stevens."

"You are quite sure? Look at that face carefully, monsieur. Imagine to yourself that a taxi-driver's hat covers the hair, and that a big coat covers that chest."

Swain gazed across the big room at the windows which were supposed to light it, but which, because of the gathering fog scarcely did so. There was still just enough daylight not to justify switching on the electricity. The gloomy, yellow half-light was indicative of Swain's thoughts. They, too, were foggy. The clear light of calm reason was obscured and darkened by a confusion of apprehension and doubt. Something inside his chest fluttered aimlessly, like the wings of a sparrow whose legs were entangled in thread.

Presently Dumoulin slowly shook his head. "But no, monsieur, I am confident that the man in the photograph was not the taxi-driver who returned the wallet to Monsieur Sussmann."

"If the taxi-driver was not like Spider Harris, what was he like?"

Dumoulin thought carefully, but presently gestured hopelessly. "I am desolate, Monsieur Stevens," he replied unhappily. "I paid no attention to the man. What would you? One taxi-driver is very much like another."

"Would it help, monsieur, if we showed other photographs to you?"

"Monsieur Stevens, would photographs help you to recollect the face of the ticket-collector who took your ticket this morning, or the face of the omnibus-conductor to whom you paid your fare last night—or even the face of the man who drove the last taxi in which you rode?"

The shrewd question made Alain chuckle, but Swain did not hear the superintendent's answer. The inward fluttering subsided, smothered by a swift rush of jubilant warmth.

His disguise, such as it was, had been perfect. Three people only had seen him, Dumoulin, Jules, and the dead man, Sussmann. Of the two alive Dumoulin seemed unable to give even the vaguest description of the man who had returned the money to Sussmann, and Swain was convinced that the hotel porter would prove even less helpful.

SWAIN was strangely tired as he sank into a corner of an outgoing train at Baker Street. The hour was not early, for, toward late afternoon, Stevens had unexpectedly sent him to investigate a queer fact which had been brought out while Detective-Sergeant Timms had been investigating the several friends of Marie, the maid at the Hotel Montparnasse. One of them had disappeared, namely, Henri Tavernier, the waiter. By a strange coincidence, Tavernier had disappeared since the previous evening.

Interrogating the manager of the restaurant at which Tavernier had worked for the past two years, Swain had discovered that Tavernier had been rather mysterious

of late. He had fallen into the habit of disappearing, without telling any of his friends or acquaintances either where he was going on, afterward, where he had been.

But until to-day, Swain was informed, the waiter had vanished from the public eye only during those few hours which were his own, a matter which was entirely his own business. But when he was missing at a time he should have been working—the restaurant manager began to wax eloquent upon Tavernier's sins of omission and commission.

From the restaurant Swain had proceeded to the bedroom which Tavernier had occupied until the previous night. There, Swain discovered torn-up scraps of a note. With the pieces arranged in their proper sequence, the secret of Tavernier's disappearance was disclosed—an elopement with the wife of a fellow-waiter who happened to be in hospital. These tiny pieces of paper Swain had carefully destroyed.

He thought of this note as he stared across the carriage, empty as yet. How foolish people were, he reflected, not to make sure, when engaged in wrongdoing, that they left no evidence behind them to lead to their unmasking.

Had he done his duty as a detective-sergeant, and communicated the contents of the torn-up note to Superintendent Stevens, by now the C.I.D. would probably have learned not only the name of the woman with whom the waiter had eloped, and everything about her and her husband, but also possibly the address to which Tavernier had fled. As it was, for the moment Stevens was definitely suspicious of the waiter. A warning had gone forth to every police station in the kingdom, requesting the members of the Force to keep a sharp look-out for the missing waiter. Detective-constables had been detailed to keep Marie under constant observation.

Some time later Swain arrived home. There was no light in the front of the house. Of course not; Barbara would be in the back room as usual, he told himself. Opening the front door he listened for the sound of the radio, but he heard nothing. The house was strangely quiet.

His nerves, racked as they had been all day long, gave him no peace. A dread that something had happened set his heart thumping again. Pausing only to switch on the hall light, he hurried down the passage toward the back room and threw open the door.

Once again mental relief took its physical toll of him. His legs felt weak to the point of collapse.

"So there you are, Babs," he whispered hoarsely, wearily pulling off his overcoat and throwing it upon a convenient chair. "I wondered what had happened to you."

"Why?" she asked in a toneless voice.

"You haven't the wireless on. Isn't the programme good?"

"I don't know."

The room felt cold to him. Looking at the fireplace he saw there was only a glimmer of red in the grate. Moving around the end of the chesterfield, he dropped into its springy depths beside her. Pushing one arm behind her, he pulled her limp body toward him, so that her head rested in the hollow of his shoulder. "Aren't you feeling well, Babs?"

Her voice was flat when she replied. "Yes, I am feeling well—no, I have a headache, Humphrey. I've had a headache all day long."

"Poor little thing!" With his free hand he lifted her chin so that he could gaze into her face. Her eyes were red and swollen. "You have been crying," he accused her harshly.

"Why should I cry?"

"That's what I should like to know."

"But I haven't been crying."

"Your eyes are red and swollen. Why are you lying to me?"

"I am not lying to you." Her voice rose shrilly. "I told you, I have a headache, I feel terrible, I am afraid I have influenza." She wrenched her head away from his hand so that she did not have to stare up into his angry eyes.

Out of the corners of his eyes he saw, across the room, an evening newspaper. Surging jealousy flamed into being. She had been crying because Sussmann was dead. His grip tightened. Strange voices shrieked into his ears. He had killed Sussmann. He could so easily kill Barbara, too.

Suddenly she pushed him away. "Leave me alone! Why can't you leave me alone?" Her voice was harsh and shrill. "I am not well—you know I am not well."

"I am trying to comfort you, Babs, darling," he muttered huskily.

Her laughter rose shrilly. "Do you think that can comfort me? What do you care for a woman's soul? Oh, Heaven help me!" She burst into a storm of tears.

SUPERINTENDENT STEVENS studied the reports that lay before him, then he turned to Pierre Alain, who was waiting expectantly. Monsieur Sussmann had been in touch with about six people, he told Alain. Each of those six men had been interviewed the previous afternoon. Not one of them was able to throw any light upon the mystery of Sussmann's death. He had given none of them any indication that he knew his life was in danger, or even that he was being shadowed, or that anyone might try to steal his papers.

"But the report from Paris which was telephoned to me this morning says much the same, my friend. Though my Government are convinced that Sussmann was killed for the purpose of securing the papers, it hasn't been traced from which office the information leaked out."

"Tavernier is still missing," Stevens remarked. "The more one knows about waiters the more it seems possible that he may be our man. Other people besides Marie have mentioned the fact that Tavernier always appeared to have money to spend. Some waiters, of course, do succeed in making plenty of money, but the restaurant at which Tavernier worked was not an expensive one. One would not have expected his tips to have totalled very much."

"Nothing is known against him, Monsieur?"

"Nothing; at least not under that name."

"The knife with which this man was killed—" Alain began.

"Detective-Sergeant Swain is at Tavernier's restaurant at this moment, making inquiries."

Alain pulled irritably at his beard. "Marie, the waitress, admired this Tavernier fellow. She was in a position to have passed on to him information of Sussmann's movements. Sussmann was killed with a knife which may have come from the restaurant where he works. Tavernier's movements have been mysterious of late. On the night of the crime he mysteriously disappeared. The pieces fit together, and yet I am not satisfied. If Marie were the accomplice of Tavernier, why did she so readily draw



attention to the fact that they were friendly?"

"According to the reports, Marie is slow-witted. She might not have realised what she was doing when she revealed her admiration for Tavernier. Indeed, Tavernier may have extracted the information he wanted from her without her being aware of the fact that she was being pumped."

"But this man Tavernier, has he been a waiter for six years?"

"Yes."

"To have remained a waiter for all those years, he must have been a hard-working man. The criminals in our country have a strong objection to working. I would not care to be too ready to suspect a hard-working man of being a professional criminal." Seeing that Stevens was about to speak, he continued hurriedly. "Or a political agent."

"Then you do not believe Tavernier to be the murderer of Sussmann?"

Allain suddenly jumped up from his chair and commenced to stride up and down the room with that quick, jerky walk of his. "I do not know what to think. My brain does not work. I am dull. Something inside me tells me we are off the point, that we are looking at this crime through distorting spectacles. There is something behind it of which we suspect nothing. It eludes us. It laughs at us."

The Englishman watched Allain pursuing his erratic course up and down the room with quizzical eyes. On the face of things Allain's remarks seemed theatrical. The investigation was moving, if not quickly, at any rate satisfactorily. And yet Stevens found it difficult to treat the inspector's fancies lightly. He had a great respect for Allain's intuitive powers.

"What my heart suggests, my head contradicts," Allain went on vigorously. "My head, my Government, all the evidence in my possession, point to the death of Sussmann as being a political crime, and yet my heart says—No!"

This time Stevens really was startled. "But you have maintained from the beginning that Sussmann was killed so that someone could obtain possession of his papers."

"And the papers are gone, and yet—"

"And yet?" Stevens prompted.

"I cannot comprehend the episode of the taxi-driver. If it were not for the missing papers I would suspect—"

His words died away into an inaudible mutter.

"Well, what would you suspect?"

"That Sussmann was killed by—a woman."

Stevens had been playing with a pencil, idly scribbling unattractive designs on a piece of scrap paper. At the inspector's words he threw the pencil down on the desk. "For the love of Mike!" he groaned. "Can you never get away from the subject of women, Monsieur Allain?"

"But not!" the inspector excitedly shouted. "Women are at the root of all murders, my friend. Men murder for the love of a woman, they murder for the hate of a woman. When they murder for money it is love for a woman which urges them on to crime. My heart tells me—"

There was a knock on the door. Allain ceased abruptly. Stevens called out: "Come in."

In answer to his response, Sergeant Swain entered.

"I have seen the manager of the restaurant, sir," he reported. "He has seen the knife."

"Can he identify it?"

"He hesitated to do so, sir."

"Then the knife did not come from his restaurant?"

"It might have done so, sir. Less than a year ago the manager attended an auction sale of goods taken from a bankrupt restaurant. Among the lots he purchased was one lot of cutlery. The knife might or might not have been one of that lot."

"You saw some of the staff who handled the cutlery?" Stevens snapped. "What did they have to say about it?"

"Two of them said they had never seen the knife before. Another two believed they recognised it."

"Confound it!" the superintendent muttered irritably. "That leaves us—"

His words were interrupted by the telephone. He made a snatch for the instrument. Having heard what was said at the other end he muttered: "At once."

Then he turned to Allain, a strange expression on his face. "We have a visitor," he said. "Henry Tavernier."

SWAIN cursed inwardly. If nothing went wrong, at the same time it could not be said that anything went right for him. The result of the interview with Tavernier was a foregone conclusion. Within the hour Stevens heard the story of Tavernier's elopement from the man's own lips and knew that the waiter was not the murderer of Sussmann.

Meanwhile detectives were busily searching for the Denis Underwood who had called one night at the Hotel Montparnasse, asking for Monsieur Sussmann. Every available directory was being searched, every Underwood in the London Telephone Directory was rung up on the telephone and asked if there was a Denis Underwood in the house, and if so, was there any possibility of his being questioned. Provincial telephone directories likewise were searched, and all the Underwoods in them questioned in a like manner.

When these efforts proved futile, London and Suburban Street Directories were next consulted, and men from the local police stations were ordered to call at the houses in question and to make the necessary inquiries. Chief constables or other heads of provincial police forces were asked to do their share in the national search for Denis Underwood. Every London hotel was visited by one of the divisional detectives. The B.B.C. was asked to broadcast a police message asking for Denis Underwood to get into touch with the police authorities.

Meanwhile, Detective-Sergeant Arnold was travelling in the East End, where he called on Mrs. Harris, wife of Spider Harris.

As smoothly as he could, Arnold interrogated the woman with respect to her husband's movements during the few days preceding his death. Her answers were unsatisfactory and evasive. It was not long before Arnold knew that Harris had been planning some crime or other. She did not know what that crime had been, she did not even know the names of Spider's accomplices—or if she did know, she did not mean to reveal the secret.

The more questions he asked, the more Arnold reached the opinion that there was no doubt as to the identity of the man who had occupied the bedroom in Frog Street.

About to rise from his seat, he asked one last question. "I won't worry you much more now, Mrs. Harris. Can you tell me the address where your husband had been sleeping lately?"

She stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"Your husband has not been sleeping at home lately."

"You're barmy," she sneered. "Of course he slept here. Where else should he sleep? The only nights he never slept here was when you policemen shoved him into quod."

The detective gazed keenly at her. Despite her surly demeanor, she had appeared sincere. Arnold began to experience an uneasy conviction that she had spoken the truth.

"You are quite sure, Mrs. Harris, that you are not lying to me? It is important that you should tell me the truth."

"Why should I tell you lies now he's dead?" she demanded scornfully. "He did sleep here, I tell you. If you don't believe me, ask the kids, or them as lives by the side of us, or across the road. They knows everybody's business, they does."

Arnold believed her, but he did not care to trust to her word alone. As she had suggested, he made inquiries among the neighbors. Before he left the neighborhood he knew that, whatever crime Spider Harris may have been planning before his death, at least he had not spent one night away from his wife. In short, Spider Harris had not been the man who had occupied the bedroom in Frog Street.

ALLAIN was still with Stevens when Arnold telephoned his news through to the superintendent. As soon as the conversation was over Stevens repeated it to the Frenchman.

There was a strange expression in Allain's eyes when he next spoke. "The man who killed Sussmann was a very clever man."

"Unless he was a woman," Stevens taunted. "Or unless he was a lucky man," he continued more gravely.

"I think he was clever, my friend, not lucky. He was clever enough to leave no clue whatever behind him—save a false one."

"A false one?"

"The lavender water, the scented cigarettes. You have told me, my friend, that your C.R.O. has no record of any other criminal who scents himself with lavender water, or who smokes scented cigarettes."

"That is true."

"Well, the man who left behind that scented cigarette knew Spider Harris, knew he was a criminal, that he had once been convicted of using a knife, knew he used lavender water, and smoked scented cigarettes. Perhaps he knew that Spider Harris was himself planning some crime or other, that Spider's alibi would not be believed—"

"But we are believing that alibi," Stevens pointed out quickly.

"But would you have believed it had Spider Harris not been a dead man? With Spider dead, there is no reason for those people, his wife and his children, and his neighbors, to lie about him. Had Spider been alive this morning, and possibly suspected of the death of Sussmann, would you have been so ready to have believed his wife and his neighbors?"

"Perhaps not."

"But no, monsieur, you would not. And so, to find Sussmann's murderer, you must look for him among Spider's friends, or—"

"Or?" Stevens prompted impatiently, for the inspector had suddenly stopped speaking.

"Or among the only other people who would have known as much about Spider Harris—among members of the C.I.D." Allain concluded slowly.

The superintendent gazed at the Frenchman with amazed astonishment. Then he



burst into a roar of laughter. "The first part of your theory is feasible, but the second—!" He shrugged his shoulders.

"It has happened once, my friend, why should it not happen a second time?"

"But that was in—" Realising what he was about to say, the superintendent stopped short. There was a look of embarrassment on his face.

Allain was not offended. His eyes twinkled slightly. "—in France," he finished for the other man. "French detectives are capable of treason, disloyalty and murder, but English detectives—Oh, la, la! they are such saints!"

"I did not mean to be rude," Stevens mumbled awkwardly.

"Of course you did not," Allain hastened to assure him. "And perhaps my suggestion was not meant as a serious one."

Nevertheless, it might be as well to check up on Spider Harris' friends. As Arnold is in that district, Stevens continued in a matter, more to himself than to Allain, "he could commence inquiries. Whom could I send to help him? Tabby would be a good man, but he should be out. What about Roberts, or, better still, Swain? He looks as if a little outdoor work to-day would buck him up. I will send Swain."

The superintendent sent for Swain.

"I want you to go along and meet Arnold at Mark Lane Station, Swain," he told him. "Call in upon the D.D.I. and ask him if it is possible for him to supply you with a list of all the known friends and acquaintances of Spider Harris."

"Yes, sir."

"When you have this list, arrange with Arnold to divide the work between you. The inquiries I want you to make are, who among Spider's friends was aware that Spider was planning to pull off a job, what that job was, and when it was planned to take place. If you succeed in obtaining any names, then find out if they have been missing from their usual work, or otherwise acting mysteriously during the last few days, and particularly try to find out whether any of them are suddenly flush."

"Yes, sir."

"It is quite certain, Swain, that Spider Harris had nothing whatever to do with the Sussmann affair. We are convinced that he was not the man who occupied the bedroom in Frog Street, but that the man who did purposely left behind those clues which he hoped would lead ultimately to Spider Harris."

"Yes, sir," Swain answered huskily.

"If we can find a man who was sufficiently acquainted with Spider Harris to know all his habits, and who knew it might be difficult for Spider to prove an alibi, it is possible that he is the man who murdered Sussmann."

"I understand, sir. At what time am I to meet Sergeant Arnold?"

"The superintendent consulted his watch. 'Say in thirty minutes' time. Meanwhile I will telephone him to expect you.'"

"Very well, sir," Swain lurched out of the room.

At one p.m. precisely a police message was broadcast to the National wavelength, asking one Denis Underwood, known to have dined with a certain Monsieur Sussmann on the night of Monday, 25th November, to communicate as soon as possible with New Scotland Yard, telephone number Whitehall 1212, or with any chief constable.

At one-four p.m. precisely Denis Under-

wood telephoned Whitehall 1212. He was connected with Stevens, who asked him whether he could possibly call at New Scotland Yard. Underwood replied that he could, so soon as desired, so Stevens fixed the appointment for two-fifteen. As soon as Underwood had rung off, Stevens telephoned the Hotel Montparnasse. Allain, however, was out at lunch, so the superintendent left a message.

Underwood turned up punctually. Allain arrived two minutes later.

As soon as he had introduced himself, and then Allain, to Underwood, Stevens said: "We have been searching for you for nearly twenty-four hours. Mr. Underwood, we have searched every directory on which we could lay our hands, but without success. It was fortunate you were listening-in to the wireless programme to-day."

"I am on leave from East Africa," Underwood explained, "and am staying just outside Guildford with my aunt, Mrs. Hayes. I am afraid you might have searched until Doomsday without finding me in any directory."

"Then it is all the more satisfactory that we have been lucky enough to get into touch with you," Stevens leaned forward. "You are, of course, aware that we are desirous of interrogating you with regard to the death of Monsieur Sussmann, of Paris."

"Yes, but I fail to understand what there is that I can tell you, Mr. Stevens. I know nothing whatever of his death. On the contrary, it was a very great shock to me, when I read the evening papers last night, and so learned of his dreadful death."

"We did not believe that you knew anything of his actual death. Mr. Underwood, but from information we have received we understand you to have been more or less friendly with the dead man."

"That is so, to some degree. We first met when I was a student in Paris. Since I have left Paris for good, I saw Raoul only when he came over to England, or whenever I was in Paris."

"I will be frank with you, Mr. Underwood. So far I am absolutely in the dark as to the identity of the murderer. We have no clues upon which to work. We do not know where to look next for information which might be useful to us. In the hope of learning something, however vague, we are probing the apparently most improbable sources."

"Aware of your friendship with Sussmann, also that you probably dined with him on the night of Monday last, we are wondering if, during the course of conversation, Sussmann said anything to you which might help us in our efforts."

Underwood crossed his knees, and leaning back in his chair he gazed from one to the other of the photographs of past detectives who gazed down at him from the walls of the room. Presently he spoke, articulating each word with a precision which revealed his desire to forget nothing of the events of the evening.

"We left Raoul's hotel at once, and walked to Gennaro's, where we had dinner. As far as I can remember, the first thing he said to me, outside the hotel, was: 'How are you getting on in East Africa?' I might add that it was the first time we had met since my appointment abroad. I told him about my work, then we went on talking about old times—old friends. For the most part it was a story of marriages and births, with an odd death thrown in here and there." He paused.

"It seems stupid," he confessed at last, "but that was about all. You see, I left him about eleven o'clock, and the time soon flies when two friends are exchanging reminiscences of the past."

"Did he speak of the past all the time? Didn't he tell you anything of his reason for being in London?"

"He mentioned something about being engaged in a financial transaction for some big French interests, but that was all. I did not question him. By the way, just now I said our meeting on Monday was the first since I went to East Africa. That was not strictly correct. I met him at dinner last Thursday. It was then that we fixed up the meeting for Monday."

"What did you talk about on the Thursday?"

"All about the same sort of rot. Of course it isn't rot really," Underwood muttered with an embarrassed laugh, "but you know what I mean. I'm afraid we were rather like a couple of old women."

Stevens drew a picture of a horse—at least, he thought it was a horse—on a piece of scrap paper. "Your account is not very helpful to us, Mr. Underwood."

"I am afraid it isn't," Underwood admitted unhappily. "I wish to heaven I could think of something to put you on the right track. It would give me great pleasure to know that the swine who killed Sussmann was to hang."

There was no mistaking Underwood's sincerity. His frank boyish countenance and his manner bore testimony to his good faith.

"It may surprise you to know, Mr. Underwood, that for the moment the only evening of which we have any knowledge of Monsieur Sussmann's movements was the one he spent with you, and three others, which he spent with business acquaintances. We do not know how he spent the rest of his free time, or where he went. Didn't he mention anyone else in London whom he had seen?"

"He did say he had seen Herbert Young."

"Herbert Young? Do you know anything of him?" Stevens asked swiftly.

"He is an old friend of mine whom Sussmann met some years ago. You should be able to get hold of him pretty easily. He is with one of the big insurance companies, the Royal, I believe."

Stevens made a note of the name. "Anyone else?"

There was a long pause, at the end of which Underwood regretfully shook his head. Meanwhile Allain had been fuming with impatience. He seized his opportunity. "Monsieur Underwood, did Sussmann at any time mention a woman's name to you, or even that he was interested in a woman?"

"No." Then a tiny smile parted Underwood's lips. "Though I should not have been surprised had he done so. Poor Sussmann had a weakness for the opposite sex."

"You are quite sure?" Allain persisted. "You are certain that he said nothing which might suggest to you now that in some way or other a woman had been responsible for his death?"

"No."

Allain shrugged his shoulders despairingly.

Underwood half rose from his seat. Then he sat down again abruptly. "There is one little thing—" he began.

The effect of his words was almost comical. Stevens and Allain shouted simultaneously, one snapping: "Well?" and the other: "And that?"



"He mentioned something to the effect that, on the Saturday after his arrival, he hired a motor car and went off by himself for the week-end."

At Underwood's words Stevens relaxed, but Allain became still more tense. "The name of the firm from whom he hired the motor car, monsieur? Did Sussmann mention it to you?"

"As a matter of fact he did, because he told me to go to the firm if ever I needed a car, because their terms were reasonable. The firm was the Motor Holiday Hire Company, Great Portland Street."

Fifteen minutes later a Flying Squad car rushed Stevens and Allain to the offices of the Motor Holiday Hire Company. There they interviewed a tall, sleek young gentleman who looked as though he had walked straight out of the pages of a tailor's catalogue.

Stevens quickly announced his identity, then added: "Nearly three weeks ago a Monsieur Sussmann hired a car from you—"

"The poor gentleman who was murdered in a London hotel two days ago?" the other man replied in an affected voice. "That is so, sir."

"Is there the slightest chance of your knowing why Monsieur Sussmann wanted the motor car, or where he drove it?" Stevens asked hesitatingly.

The other man shrugged his shoulders elegantly. "I am afraid not, sir, but if it's of any importance, something was left in the car, which our cleaners found, sir. I have kept it. It is in this drawer, sir." Opening the drawer in question, the man delicately picked out something which he showed to the detectives.

It was a scrap of black chiffon. "Great heaven!" Allain snatched it roughly from the sleek young gentleman. "What is it?" Stevens asked impatiently. "What is it?" Allain fairly roared his excitement. "If this is not a woman's scarf, then I have ceased to be France's greatest detective!"

He was still in a state of great excitement as the two men stepped back into the Flying Squad car.

Stevens remained comparatively unimpressed, however. "The point is," he said, "whom does it belong to, and what has its owner to do with the Sussmann affair? Probably nothing."

"Nevertheless, you will follow up that clue in the hope of finding its owner?" Allain questioned anxiously.

"And when we find her I suppose you would welcome the opportunity of being present at the interview?"

"Of course!" the Inspector exploded decisively.

"Then perhaps you will suggest how we should commence trying to find the owner of this very pretty little thing," Stevens grinned. "Advice for the lady who lost a scarf, three week-ends ago? I wonder how many replies we should receive?"

"First of all we must find out where Sussmann went during that week-end. Find that out for me, my friend, and—I shall find the lady."

AS soon as Stevens returned to Scotland Yard he set in motion the necessary machinery for finding out where Sussmann had slept on the night of the 9th November. That done, he turned his attention to other work not connected with the Sussmann affair.

News regarding where Sussmann had slept

on the Saturday night came through to Stevens remarkably promptly. Answering the telephone at twelve minutes past five he learned that he was wanted by the Rickmansworth police station.

"We have some information for you, sir," the voice at the other end continued, "with regard to the Frenchman by the name of Sussmann. He stayed the night in Rickmansworth, sir, at the Lord Nelson Hotel."

"Did he stay there by himself?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time did he leave on the Sunday?"

"Directly after he had eaten breakfast."

"What car was he driving?"

"The manager of the hotel was not sure, but the porter seemed to think it was a Riley."

"Do you think it is our man?"

"I think so, sir. At any rate he gave his name as Raoul Sussmann, of Paris."

"Thank you very much for your quick work."

So Sussmann had not proceeded very far from town. Strange, Stevens thought, that he should have gone to the expense of hiring a car for such a short drive. Then, remembering the scarf, Stevens realised that it might have been for the purpose of taking some woman out driving that the Frenchman had hired the motor car.

Stevens wondered whom he should send to Rickmansworth to make further inquiries with regard to Sussmann's short stay at the Lord Nelson Hotel. To his mind, the journey there would be in the nature of a wild-goose chase. Allain could think what he pleased, but even if Sussmann had taken some woman out for a drive, it was difficult to see what bearing such a journey could have on his death.

The superintendent was still engaged in trying to settle this problem when he was again disturbed by the telephone.

This time it was Swain.

"Mr. Stevens?"

"Yes."

"I have come across something interesting, which you should know immediately. During the course of my investigations this afternoon I learned that a man called Bert Lucas had been seen once or twice with Spider Harris during the days preceding Harris' death. Nobody seems to know anything about Lucas, except that he is believed to have come from Newcastle. In all probability Bert Lucas is not his name."

"Quite likely."

"I thought it might be interesting to try to find out more about this man Lucas, but he disappeared some time on Thursday morning, and so far I have not found anyone to tell me where he has gone, or even where he may have gone. Then I heard he had been staying with Papa Lavinsky."

"Lavinsky? That old scoundrel! If Lucas has been staying with Lavinsky that is nothing in Lucas' favor."

"That is what I thought, sir. However, I went along and interviewed Papa."

Stevens snorted. "You wouldn't get anything from that old devil."

"I'm afraid I didn't get much, sir. Lavinsky had to admit that Lucas had been staying with him until Thursday, but I could not get him to say a word beyond that. I asked him whether I could search the room in which Lucas had been sleeping. For a long time he refused to let me, until at last I used a little gentle persuasion." Swain coughed slightly.

Stevens chuckled to himself. It was not for him to ask what that gentle persuasion was. "Go on."

"There was another man occupying the room, but Lavinsky cleared him out of it. I searched around, but found nothing. Lavinsky told me that the room had been cleared out. Just as I was about to leave I lifted up the bit of dirty carpet which was beside the bed. Underneath I found a tiny scrap of charred cardboard, which looked as though it was a piece of cigarette packet. The letters 'eam' are just distinguishable."

"Miranda's Dream! The cigarettes Harris smoked!"

"Yes, sir. One last thing; just before Lucas disappeared he let someone know that he was pretty flush."

"Excellent work, Swain," the superintendent congratulated. "Carry on and see what you can find out about any other friends of Spider Harris, and particularly about this man Bert Lucas. Meanwhile, I will circulate an all-stations call for him."

Prising the buzzer below his desk to summon Smith from the adjoining room, the superintendent began to dictate a paragraph for inclusion in the next issue of the Police Gazette. To Smith also he gave instructions to proceed to the telegraph office and request an all-stations notice to be telegraphed, asking for information as to the whereabouts of Bert Lucas.

When Smith had departed Stevens reflected cheerfully upon Swain's latest discovery. The lead sounded a promising one. The circumstances surrounding the disappearance of Lucas were certainly, on the face of things, very suspicious—his friendship with Spider Harris, his disappearance soon after the crime, his sudden acquisition of money, the piece of burnt pasteboard with the letters 'eam' still decipherable.

The trail might of course prove to be yet another false one, but for the moment it was promising, distinctly promising, he repeated to himself, and a promising trail was better than none at all.

As he pulled some papers towards him, he suddenly remembered that he had done nothing about sending a man to Rickmansworth. In the light of Swain's telephone call the Rickmansworth business seemed even more unimportant. Nevertheless, someone must go.

At that moment he recollected Allain's words. "Tell me the town where Sussmann stayed, and I shall find the lady." Why should he not pass the information on to Allain, and let the French inspector make all the necessary inquiries?

Speaking into the telephone he asked for the Hotel Montparnasse. A moment later he heard Dumoulin's voice, and then, having asked for Allain, heard the Inspector.

"I have news for you, Monsieur Allain. I have heard where Sussmann slept that Saturday night."

"Ah! But this is wonderful news. You are magnificent, marvellous. There are no police in the world so wonderful!"

Stevens grinned. Even through the phone the Inspector's boisterous enthusiasm was palpable. "He slept at the Lord Nelson Hotel, in Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire," he said quickly, preventing a second flow of flowery compliments. "Would you like to go there, monsieur—"

"But of course. I will go at once. I will catch the next train. To-morrow the mystery of Sussmann's death will be a mystery no longer. Good night, my friend, and do not be home too late, in case you should have to work overtime to-morrow night."

Before Stevens could answer, he heard the receiver being replaced.



STEVENS glanced at his watch, then sighed. It was not all honey, being a detective. Five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, and still working. He thought regretfully of the millions of other men who were at home with their wives and families, most of them probably sitting before a cheerful fire, toasting crumpets or muffins, listening-in to the radio. What a contrast.

Meanwhile he was anxious. Almost three days had elapsed since the discovery of Sussmann's death, and it almost seemed as if in that time no progress whatever had been made towards solving the mystery.

Then there was Allain. Since he had telephoned Allain at the Hotel Montparnasse he had not received one word from the Inspector.

Presently Arnold came in. He was just back from Windsor, whence he had gone to bring back a prisoner, a man wanted by the London police, and arrested in Windsor.

Arnold made a brief report with regard to the prisoner. He had scarcely concluded when Stevens received a second visitor—Pierre Allain.

"Good afternoon, my friend, good afternoon, Monsieur Arnold," the Inspector greeted them.

Stevens glanced curiously at the Frenchman. Allain looked tired, a little worn out.

"Shall I go, sir?" Arnold asked, as Allain sank into a chair.

Stevens commenced to nod his head, but Allain swiftly interrupted. "But no, Monsieur Arnold; I have a story to tell, an epic of detection. Your ears should hear it; it will be a lesson to you, of intelligence, of audacity, of perseverance."

"Have you found the woman who went for a drive with Sussmann?" Stevens asked.

Allain dramatically waved his arms in the air. "You shall hear, my friend, how I proceeded on my task of discovering that charming lady."

First of all I booked a room at the Lord Nelson Hotel, where I stayed the night. In the morning I asked the manager for the name of the best hairdresser in the town. I was told Messrs. Chenelet et Cie. Thither I went immediately I had finished breakfast—and such a breakfast, fit for a dog, or a navy, prunes, porridge, bacon and eggs, fish, marmalade. But, no matter, never in history has the Englishman ever learned the art of gastronomy. I opened the door of Messrs. Chenelet's shop, and there I saw before me a vision of delight, a girl so beautiful that my heart went pit-a-pat."

"Did I not say that wherever you go you come across beautiful women?" the super-intendent commented regretfully.

Allain laughed carelessly. "I am a jester, to which beauty is invariably attracted. But to continue my story. To Dolores I said—"

"You know her name, then?"

"But of course. How could I address her without knowing her name? To Dolores I said: 'My charming one, give me a list of all the beautiful ladies who live in Rickmansworth.'"

"Good Lord!" Stevens stared at the Frenchman. "I'll be hanged if I would have thought of going to a hairdresser's to secure a list of beautiful women. Go on. The sweet Dolores gave it to you, of course?"

"But naturally."

"And then?"

"The first name on the list was that of a Mrs. Trent. I called upon her, and said:

'Mrs. Trent, I have a message for you, from the poor, unfortunate Monsieur Sussmann—'

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

Allain disregarded the interruption. "I saw from her expression that the name meant nothing to her. Pretending she was the wrong Mrs. Trent, I next visited a Mrs. Chapman. To her also the name of Sussmann meant nothing. And so, one by one I visited all the beautiful ladies in the town."

He shrugged his shoulders despondently. "Without success."

Stevens grinned. "So you returned to Scotland Yard?"

"But no," Allain shouted out indignantly.

"Is Pierre Allain dismayed by one failure, by two failures, by three failures? Never, never is Pierre Allain dismayed. I commenced anew. I told myself that somewhere in Rickmansworth is a woman whose expression when I mention Sussmann's name to her would betray her knowledge of him. How was I to find that woman?"

There was only one reply. I must visit every woman in Rickmansworth, one by one, be she old or young, be she halt or lame, be she beautiful or ugly."

Stevens was aghast. "Do you mean to say you determined to visit every house in Rickmansworth? Do you know there are over ten thousand inhabitants there?"

"What matter? That woman must be found. Besides, of those ten thousand inhabitants already I have visited one hundred or more; to-morrow I shall continue, and the next day, and the next day."

Stevens grinned. "You are in for a busy week. But what excuse have you used in calling upon the different ladies?"

Allain gestured comically. "I have told them I am a French journalist in search of England's womanly beauty. Some of them have been most flattered by my visit."

Stevens had to laugh. The picture of Allain, who hated any form of exercise, tramping the town from door to door, flattering, cajoling, lying, was too much for his self-control.

Allain was not offended; he was always gratified to find himself a centre of attention.

When Stevens was calmer, he said: "If you had wanted a list of the pretty women who live in Rickmansworth, you should have come to Scotland Yard. Detective-Sergeant Swain lives there."

"Where is Swain?" Allain snapped.

"Still in Whitechapel, making inquiries—"

"He must stay there," the Inspector interrupted brusquely. "Meanwhile, an revolt." Snatching up his hat from the floor, where he had cast it, he commenced to hurry across the room.

"Where are you going?" Stevens called out anxiously.

"To Rickmansworth—to interview Mrs. Swain." The door slammed behind him as Allain rushed impetuously out of Stevens' office.

ARRIVING at Baker Street Station, Allain recollected that he did not know the Swains' address. A telephone call to Stevens, however, served to rectify his impulsiveness.

He caught the next train to Rickmansworth, and arriving there, hired a taxi to take him to his destination.

He walked up the short path, knocked heavily upon the door, and a moment or two later saw some distant light revealed through the glass panel of the door. Then

the panel became altogether white as the hall light was switched on.

The door was opened, and Allain saw before him a girl who appeared to be not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. Even in the far-from-flattering white glare of the hall light, he saw that she was extremely pretty, though perhaps her prettiness was too suggestive of artificiality to be really superb.

"Mrs. Swain?"

"Yes."

He swept his hat off with a flourish, and bowed. "Ah! My search is ended, madame. It has been an arduous one, but now, as I gaze upon such a vision of loveliness, I know that my work has earned its own reward."

"I am afraid I have not the slightest idea what you are talking about."

"You must forgive a poor Frenchman, madame, if he uses flamboyant language. You must blame not him, but the Latin blood in his veins."

"You are a Frenchman?"

He was convinced that there was a note of aroused interest in her voice. "But yes, madame. A Frenchman in search of beauty, and here we are!" He bowed for the second time. "You are enchantingly lovely." Seeing that she was about to speak he quickly raised his hand. "But wait, madame, I should explain myself. I am a journalist from France. I have been commissioned by my editor to come over to this lovely England of yours to find and photograph lovely women for the pages of our magazine. May I have the privilege of interviewing you, Mrs. Swain?"

He saw that she was flustered and embarrassed, as people often are when interviewed for the first time.

"You cannot want to know anything about me."

"But you are mistaken, madame. Do you think because you are not an actress, or a film star, or a beauty queen, that the French public, always lovers of a beautiful woman, are not anxious to see your photograph, or to know something of you, of how you keep so slim, or why your complexion is so flawless?"

"If you really wish to interview me—"

she began a little tremulously.

"But I do, madame."

She stood aside. "Won't you please come in?"

"A thousand thanks." He stepped inside.

They proceeded to the back room, and after she had seated herself on the sofa, he drew a comfortable chair as near as possible to her, and did the same.

"My name, madame," he commenced, "is Pierre Mossant. And yours?"

"Barbara Swain."

"A lovely name for a lovely lady," he murmured, gazing at her frankly, with bold, admiring eyes. In the softer light she looked prettier and even more attractive than when she had been standing at the front door, though he was still conscious that her beauty lacked life. She was no like a magazine cover that it became strange to hear her speak and see her move.

"Have you ever been to France, madame?"

"No." She clasped her hands. "I would love to go there. I think I would give anything to go to Paris, to walk down the boulevards, to gaze into the shops, to drink coffee at the cafes—it is the dream of my life to go there, monsieur, a dream which will never come true now."

"Now?" he asked swiftly. "Why should it not now come true?"



She moistened her lips. "I am married, monsieur," she said in a low voice. "My husband's work keeps him here in England."

"Ah, these husbands. What has made you fall in love with Paris?"

"Reading books, seeing plays." "And has nobody told you with his own lips of Paradise? Has no man ever whispered into those pretty ears of yours, madame, stories of Paris, stories of stolen kisses, of love, of life? For there, madame, in Paris, all things are possible. Paris is the city of romance."

"Oh, please!" she whispered entreatingly. There was a note of pain in her voice.

He laughed triumphantly. "Ah, but I see that someone has whispered all those things in your ears," he continued remorselessly, leaning nearer and nearer to her. "And I can tell you whose lips they were—Raoul Sussmann's." As he spoke, he jumped to his feet, towering over her, and pointing a rigid forefinger accusingly at her.

"Oh!" Leaning forward she buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

Allain sat down again, fondly stroking his beard, and chuckling softly. He felt warm with satisfaction, with triumph. There were no longer doubts in his mind as to the identity of the woman whom Raoul Sussmann had taken for a drive in his hired automobile during the week-end of three weeks ago.

Presently she glanced up at him with frightened, fearful eyes. "What have you been saying? I don't understand. You have frightened me."

"You do not have to worry, madame," he murmured soothingly. "Raoul Sussmann was my friend. He had no secrets from me."

"No secrets? Oh!" she gasped. "Then you—you know—"

"Everything," he lied blandly. "Less than an hour before Raoul was—Raoul died, we talked together, he and I. I think he had a premonition of his death, for he said to me, 'Pierre, if anything happens to me, go to Barbara Swain, who lives at Rickmansworth, and tell her I shall die loving her to the end.'"

"Oh!" she wailed, sobbing piteously. "Did he say that?"

"As heaven is my witness," Allain vowed solemnly. "Raoul said those things to me. He told me that I was to come to you, so that you could confide your troubles to me. He asked me to try to make you happy—for you aren't happy, are you, madame?"

"No," she replied harshly.

"You need love to make you happy, and your husband, does he love you?"

"He does, in—in a way. But he is so jealous. It is not me he loves, but—" Her face crimsoned.

"Ah, madame," he murmured, "your husband is just—a husband. No longer do his lips tell you of your undying charm, no longer does he tell you that you are delightful, that you are a beautiful, charming angel, that your eyes are stars—". Suddenly his arms were around her, tenderly he pulled her toward him, then lifted her face up. "Lips, Barbara," he continued deliberately, "which hunger for love, love and kisses." He bent his head and kissed her.

THE following morning, Sunday, five men were closeted in the Commissioner's room. They were Sir George Crisp, Commissioner of Police, Sir Arthur Summers, Assistant Commissioner of the Criminal In-

vestigation Department, Timothy Mather, Chief Constable of the C.I.D., Superintendent Stevens, and lastly, Inspector Pierre Allain.

Sir George glanced around. There was a distressed expression on his face. "Now that we are all here, gentlemen, we will discuss this extraordinary matter of Sussmann's death. Though I have heard but the most meagre details of the crime, it does not seem credible that a member of the C.I.D. can have been responsible. However, I think I shall ask you to go over the whole matter again. I feel sure there must be some mistake."

"I am afraid I cannot agree with you, Sir George," the assistant commissioner admitted. "However, that is the question which we are here to discuss. Meanwhile, Sir George, I will recount briefly the story of Raoul Sussmann's death."

He outlined the progress of the case, ending with the startling discovery that Mrs. Swain was the owner of the car found in the car Sussmann had hired.

"Incredible! Astounding!" Sir George muttered. Then he looked at Allain. "There is no possibility of any mistake?"

"None whatever, monsieur," Allain replied emphatically.

"Monsieur Allain will tell you more of his interview with Mrs. Swain later on, Sir George. It is necessary now to weigh up the evidence against Detective-Sergeant Swain."

Sir George shook his head. "I do not agree with you, Sir Arthur. I think we had better hear Monsieur Allain's story now." He glanced expectantly at the Inspector.

"Certainly, sir," Allain agreed readily. "Last night I called upon Mrs. Swain, and talked her with having been a friend of Sussmann. During the course of a long conversation—" His mischievous eyes glanced wickedly at Stevens—"Mrs. Swain confessed to me that on the afternoon of Saturday, November the 9th, she went for a walk along a country road in the neighborhood of Rickmansworth."

"Suddenly she slipped over a stone, and badly twisted her ankle, so much so that she found it impossible to walk any farther. She decided to hail the first motorist who approached. That motorist was Sussmann."

"The sequel to this strange meeting was that Sussmann took Mrs. Swain, firstly, to a doctor to have the ankle dressed, and then afterward, in his automobile, for a long drive, which lasted until nearly eleven o'clock that night."

"Sir George sidged with the knot of his black tie. "Mrs. Swain must have been a very trusting woman, and Monsieur Sussmann a very attractive man."

Allain laughed. "Let us admit, monsieur, that at any rate Monsieur Sussmann was a fascinating man. To continue, Monsieur Sussmann stayed the night at the Lord Nelson Hotel, and left on the Sunday morning immediately after breakfast. Probably had he known more of the hotel he would have left before breakfast," the Inspector murmured reminiscently.

"Why?" "No matter, sir. Sergeant Swain was absent on business for the week-end, so Mrs. Swain and Sussmann spent the whole day together. He must have left her about the same time on the Sunday evening, for he was back in town just after midnight."

"There was one other essential fact which I persuaded Mrs. Swain to disclose, namely that on the night of Tuesday, November the 19th, Detective-Sergeant Swain did not sleep at home. Furthermore, that night was one of the nights on which she welcomed Sussmann to her home."

"What significance does that particular night bear?"

"Perhaps it would be better if I were to continue, Sir George," the assistant commissioner interrupted. "On the night of November the 19th, Detective-Sergeant Swain travelled from the north of England with a prisoner by the name of Monk. Strangely enough, although he delivered Monk to the police station early enough to have then travelled home to Rickmansworth, apparently he did not do so, but slept the night elsewhere. Where, we do not know. The following night, on arriving home, he told his wife that he had only arrived in London that morning, and that he had stayed the night up north."

Sir George pursed his lips. "He lied to his wife. Why?"

"Why? We must begin to theorise, Sir George. For the purpose of argument we must assume that Swain returned to his home that night—perhaps I should add that he had previously told his wife not to expect him, thus her audacity in inviting Sussmann home."

"As I was saying, we must assume that Swain returned home, and so discovered his wife's infidelity. He did not tax her with it; indeed when he saw her the next night, his demeanor toward her had not altered in the slightest. From that one must conclude either that he was complacent to his wife's infidelity, which we must consider most unlikely, or alternatively, that he had already made up his mind to kill Sussmann."

"But surely, Sir Arthur, you are not suggesting that Swain killed Sussmann just because he discovered that the Frenchman was his wife's lover?"

"It has happened before, Sir George. However, I will pass on. On the morning of Saturday, November the 23rd, that is just over a week ago, Swain told his wife that he had to be out of town from that day until the following Wednesday or Thursday. Therefore, from the night of Saturday until the night of Wednesday Swain did not sleep at home."

"Well?"

"But, Sir George, there was no reason for Swain to have lied to his wife. Not once in all that time did Swain's duties take him away from London."

Sir George drummed his fingers on the table. "That, of course, is a telling point against him."

"That was the same Saturday, Sir George, as the mysterious lodger first occupied the room in Frog Street."

"It was, eh?"

"And the last night Swain spent away from home was the last night the lodger spent in Frog Street. Thus, Sir George, you will realise that the evidence is gradually accumulating against Detective-Sergeant Swain. Swain could have learned of Spider Harris' eccentricities and habits from the C.H.O. he had a motive for killing Sussmann, he could have been the man who occupied the bedroom in Frog Street. He is a very clever and intelligent man. He is known to be passionately in love with his wife. As a detective, he knew enough



of detective investigation to avoid leaving behind any clue leading to himself."

Following Sir Arthur's words there was a long silence. Sir George, the other men could see, was deliberating upon what he had heard from the assistant commissioner. Presently he glanced at Sir Arthur Summerson.

"Swain might have discovered his wife's infidelity, but what proof have we that he did, indeed, do so?"

"As yet, none, I am afraid."

"Apart from his wife's word, what evidence have we that he did not sleep at home on the night—November the 19th, I think you said—the night he escorted the prisoner Monk back to town?"

"None, sir."

"And her evidence, of course, is not admissible in a court of law. The same remark applies to the nights when he is supposed to have occupied the bedroom in Frog Street. About what time was Susmann killed?"

"Between six o'clock and eight o'clock last Wednesday night."

At this point the chief constable interrupted. "If I may add something, sir—"

he began tentatively.

"Of course, Mr. Mather."

"It was on that night that Detective-Sergeant Swain organised a raid upon a house in Lynchgate Road and arrested two men, one by the name of Clark and the other Moore. Clark has been charged with various counterfeiting offences, and Moore with uttering and being in possession of counterfeit money. According to Swain's diary, he commenced observations at six p.m., after relieving Constable Rose. Acting upon instructions, Rose and two other detective-constables met Sergeant Swain at eight o'clock, precisely."

"Swain informed the constables that while he had been keeping the place under observation he had seen this man Moore enter the house at seven-thirty-six, and it is a fact that when the house was raided, Moore was found within. According to the statement Moore made at the police-station in answer to the charges, he confirmed that he had entered the house about seven-thirty, but of course he did not admit that it was for the reason of buying counterfeit notes from Clark."

"Have you no information as to what the Susmann was killed? Between six and eight p.m. is a very wide margin."

"Yes, sir," Mather admitted. "According to evidence given by members of the hotel staff it is almost certain that Susmann was attacked between seven-fifteen and seven-twenty-five."

Sir George raised his forehead. "Then how can Sergeant Swain have been the murderer? Between seven-fifteen and seven-twenty-five p.m., I understand he was on duty in Lynchgate Road, keeping a certain house under observation."

"That is true, sir," Mather admitted, "but the only evidence we have that he was there was his own word."

"If he were not there, how could he have seen that this man Moore had entered the house?"

"He might have received information that Moore was going to call upon Clark about that time."

"Have you any proof which might confirm that theory?"

"I am afraid not, sir."

Sir George made an angry gesture. "It seems to me, gentlemen, that we have plenty of theories and explanations to account for how Detective-Sergeant Swain might have killed Monsieur Susmann, but not one shred of evidence that we could put before a jury. Good heavens, what the Public Prosecutor would have to say about this business I hesitate to imagine! And yet, Sir Arthur, you are morally convinced of Swain's guilt?"

"Everything points to him as being the murderer—except evidence which we can put before a jury."

"Astonishing," Sir George muttered, "and sad. The honor of the Metropolitan Police means no less to me than its efficiency. I have striven hard, gentlemen, as you are all aware, to impress the public with the integrity of the Force. I have conceived it to be the first duty of the force to stand above suspicion of wrong-doing, and now—this." Wearily he sank his head forward, and covered his eyes with one hand.

Presently he uncovered his eyes. "You must proceed with your investigations, Sir Arthur," he said decisively though wearily. "Every possibility of Detective-Sergeant Swain's guilt must be examined and analysed. If he is guilty he must be charged with his crime before his fellow-men. If he is innocent, the honor of the force demands that he be vindicated."

The assistant commissioner shook his head wearily. "I am afraid the result of our investigations will prove neither one thing nor the other, Sir George. I very much fear that this crime will go down as, in the words of the Press, another unsolved mystery."

SUNDAY morning. The thought afforded Swain a feeling of lazy enjoyment, as he stood gazing out of the bedroom window.

All traces of the fog which had been hanging about for the past few days had disappeared. Within the limits of the window, the sky was cloudless to his gaze, and was of that brilliant hue which promises that the day will be a sunny one.

Curiously enough, Swain thought, for the first time since the night of the crime, he felt really safe. His nerves were now so calm that he was able to face up to the situation with a clearer mind, and with his old courage. There was no longer doubt about his safety.

The G.I.D. was an efficient and hard-working organisation, but its individual members were not magicians, and just as even the finest bloodhounds cannot scent a trail which is cold, so the passing of every day made it more and more sure that the finger of suspicion would never point toward Detective-Sergeant Swain.

By the time he joined Barbara downstairs the breakfast was almost ready. "I am going for a walk afterwards," he told her.

"It is rather a nice day for a walk," she admitted. "The sun is almost warm."

"Would you like to come?" he asked her eagerly.

She pouted. "You know I do not like walking, Humphrey. Besides, it's ever so cold out."

"The exercise will soon warm you up. Still, as you say, I know you are not fond of exercise. Would you rather I didn't go?"

She smiled at him, and pouring out his cup of coffee, she arose from her seat,

carried it round to his side of the table. And standing beside him she put one arm round his shoulders, and stroked his head with her other hand.

"No, you go, Humphrey darling. You are looking tired. The fresh air will do you good."

He pushed the coffee away, and looked up at her. "Kiss me, then, dear," he entreated.

He felt her lips brushing his own. Pushing the chair back from the table he caught hold of her and swung her off her feet, so that she fell onto his lap, and he was able to hold her tightly to him.

"Oh, Barbara, my sweet, I love you so."

"Do you, Humphrey?" She looked up at him and smiled, while she played with the flap of his tie.

"You know I do," he assured her roughly.

"I love you more than anything on this earth. Without you I would kill myself."

"Of course you wouldn't, you silly boy. There are thousands of other women in this world."

"Not for me. For me there is only one: my Barbara."

"That is what you say now," she teased. "Wait until we have been married ten years instead of only two."

"Why should I change?"

"Men always do."

"What about women?"

She did not answer immediately. Instead of looking into his eyes she looked at the tie with which she was playing.

Then suddenly she caught hold of his head, and pulling it toward her she kissed him again and again.

"You love me as much as that?" he asked presently.

"More than that," she breathed into his ear.

The world was a fine place, he told himself later, for the hundredth time, as he closed the door of his home behind him and strode briskly toward the country. His crime had not been in vain. Once again Barbara loved him alone. No woman could kiss a man as Barbara had kissed him if she loved another. The world was a fine place, and he himself was a fine man. He had done well, removing Susmann from Barbara's life with the least possible fuss.

That morning was the happiest Swain had spent for weeks. He swung along with an easy stride, covering mile after mile, breathing in deep gulps of the invigorating air. At last, warmed physically and mentally, he arrived back again on the outskirts of Rickmansworth. He glanced at his watch. Time for a drink. He proceeded in the direction of his favorite saloon bar.

Arriving there, he found the place moderately crowded. Some were men who had done the same as himself, others had remained at home in their gardens, breaking up the frozen ground. A few just had no excuse whatever, but were there nevertheless. Swain ordered half a pint. He swallowed it eagerly, and ordered another. As it was handed to him, he remarked to Jim, the barman: "Busy here this morning?"

The barman grinned. "Yes. Give me either a very hot morning, or a very cold morning. The two extremes bring them in."

Swain glanced around the crowded saloon. Most of the faces were mainly familiar to him. "Not many strangers about."



"Not at this time of the year, though the hotel ain't doing too badly. Are there many foreigners up in town, sir?"

"There have been during the summer months, but most of the visitors clear out of England as soon as autumn sets in. Why?"

"It's a funny thing, but we've had several foreigners here lately, Frenchmen too, of all people."

"We have had more French visitors during the last two or three years than ever before," Swain pointed out.

"Perhaps that explains why they've drifted out as far as here. The old man don't like them, I can tell you. A fair to-do he had with one of them only last night."

"What happened?"

"Why, one of them cocky Frenchies stalked into the hotel, as large as life, just as if he owned the place. As soon as he had booked a room, he commenced to ask the old man questions about another Frenchman who had stayed here about three weeks ago. Of course, that put the old man's back up, even though the Frenchy did call himself the greatest detective in France."

"Detective? What do you mean?" Swain asked sharply.

"That's what he said he was, anyway. Bamboozled the gov'nor he fair did, too. Said he'd been told to come down here by Scotland Yard. Foreign liar!"

Swain stood as though transfixed, a prey to sensations and emotions which paralysed his reasoning. With a prodigious effort, he beat off the pressing fears and asked the barman, with a very fair imitation of casual interest: "What was the detective's name?"

"Pier Allen, it sounded like to me, but more probably it was some outlandish name."

Pierre Allain! The name confirmed Swain's worst fears. Allain had traced Sussmann to the Lord Nelson Hotel in Rickmansworth. How the inspector had succeeded was beyond his comprehension.

He became conscious of the fact that the barman was talking to him. "Not feeling too well, are you, sir? You've overdone your walk to-day."

Of what use to lie? "Yes," Swain admitted huskily. "Take back that beer, and give me a brandy, there's a good chap."

Jim did so. With an unsteady hand the sergeant lifted the glass to his mouth, swallowed down its contents in one gulp, and groped his way through the chattering groups into the fresh air. Then he commenced to stumble an unsteady way along the pavement.

The following morning Swain had occasion to speak to Superintendent Stevens. Their conversation was formal, confined to business in no way connected with the Sussmann affair. Just as he was about to leave, Swain turned and found himself gazing directly into Stevens' eyes. Then he walked blindly out of the room. Without either of them having spoken, he knew that Superintendent Stevens was aware of the name of Sussmann's murderer.

The ensuing days served to prove that Swain had not been mistaken. Picking his men with care, Stevens set three chief-inspectors to collect sufficient evidence against the sergeant to justify Swain's being charged with the crime. They worked

with unflagging enthusiasm for their task, eager to pluck the noxious weed which had grown up in their garden. They worked long, arduous hours, but without success.

Monsieur Dumoulin of the Hotel Montparnasse was questioned.

The ticket-collector at Rickmansworth station who had been on late duty on the night of November the twenty-seventh was interrogated.

Every hotel in London was visited to discover where Swain had slept the night when he had brought Monk to town, but their search was unsuccessful, because they did not know that Swain had registered in a false name.

Swain's house was kept under constant observation, but nothing was learned. Mr. and Mrs. Swain seemed on the best of terms.

So the days passed, and Swain, noting much of what was happening, although every endeavor was made to keep the investigation secret from him, chuckled louder and louder. His demeanor became overbearing, as he felt more and more conscious of his superiority. Moreover, the secret of his crime leaked out, as secrets have a way of doing. From where the information emanated nobody knew; it was none of those men who had taken part in the conference held in the commissioner's room on the Sunday following Allain's discovery. It was not Sergeant Arnold. Nor were any of the chief inspectors responsible for this leakage. But somebody was, and the secret was repeated from mouth to mouth.

His fellow detective officers spoke to Swain in as few words as possible. Their manner towards him was frigidly aloof. Whenever he drew near, conversation usually dwindled away. No longer was Swain given responsible tasks.

Despite these happenings, Swain himself remained insensible to ostracism, and unperturbed by investigation. Convinced of his own safety, he became scornful of the efforts made to discover more concrete evidence against him.

Nevertheless, confident though he was of his own safety, despising the treatment meted out to him by his fellow men, and gloating in the thought of his triumph, he was not a happy man. The demon of jealousy which he had thought was banished with the death of Sussmann remained with him. Though Barbara's demeanor gave him no cause for suspicion, yet he was haunted by the thought that, once having sinned, she might sin again.

The thought of the possibility haunted his every hour, asleep or awake. Asleep, he suffered constant nightmares, wherein Barbara mockingly flaunted her lovers before him, taunting him with his impotence to kill them all, or when she was not doing this, he dreamed that she had fled from him with someone else.

Soon, his only happy period of the day was when he was by her side.

So the weeks passed. Fresh crimes were reported to the police. Men investigating the death of Sussmann had to devote their time and attention to other business. At last all hope of proving Swain guilty of Sussmann's death was abandoned. Indeed, as Swain had foreseen, some of the members of the C.I.D. began to show more geniality in their attitude toward him. After all, some mistake might have been made.

They didn't know for certain that Swain had killed Sussmann. It wasn't sporting to condemn a man unheard—

**NEW YEAR'S EVE.** On his way home Swain reflected hopefully upon the coming of the morrow. A New Year!

He carried a small parcel. A present for Barbara. A New Year's present.

As he approached nearer home he saw that there were no lights to be seen, but he was scarcely surprised.

Opening the gate he commenced to walk up the gravelled path which led to the front door. Opening the front door, he listened for the sound of the radio, but he heard nothing. The house was strangely quiet.

His nerves, racked as they had been all day long, gave him no peace. A dread that something had happened set his heart thumping again. Pausing only to switch on the hall light, he rushed down the passage toward the back room, and there open the door. The light was on.

He laughed with relief, but the laughter became strangled in his throat as he saw that Barbara was not in the room. Rushing back into the hall, he called to her, loudly, passionately, fearfully, but there was no reply. He hurried back into the back room again. Perhaps Barbara was playing a trick on him, mischievously celebrating the coming of the New Year by hiding behind the curtain, or behind a chair. He swung aside the curtains, moved the chairs, but there was no Barbara. Perhaps she was somewhere else in the house, upstairs—

At that moment he saw the envelope it was addressed simply to "Humphrey." Ah, she was out visiting. A note to say she would be back soon. Hastily he slit open the envelope. The note inside read:

Humphrey,

You will never see me again. I am leaving for Paris, where I am going to live with the nicest man in the world. His name is Pierre Allain. He is a French detective. We love each other passionately. —BARBARA.

P.S.—Pierre says: "Do not come over to Paris to try to kill him, as you killed poor Raoul Sussmann. Over in France a man is considered guilty until he has proved himself innocent."

P.P.S.—Pierre says: "There are more ways than one of killing a cat." I don't know what he means, but I promised to tell you. I love him so.

The church bells chiming happy greetings to the New Year. Hap-py New Year! Hap-py New Year! Cheers rising to the heavens from homes, from hotels, from the streets. Cheers, hurrahs, shouts. Happy New Year! "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, for the sake of auld lang syne?" Hurrah! Hurrah!

Cheers, music, bells, dancing. Crowds with linked arms awaying. Laughter, kisses, stolen embraces. Ding-dong-ding-dong! Hap-py New Year—Hap-py New Year!

In the Swain home a ruddy-orange flash—the sharp echo of an explosion—as eddying bluey-brown smoke—

There are more ways than one of killing a cat—or a murderer—

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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